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THE MINISTERIAL RE-ELECTIONS.

NOTHING could better illustrate the total uselessness of the constitutional rule which requires Ministers of the Crown to be re-elected than the elections which have taken place this week. No opposition has anywhere been offered. Most of the Ministers hold seats too secure to be attacked, but even where a contest might have promised a possibility of success, it has not been attempted. It always seems ungenerous to try to turn a man out simply because he has had a piece of personal good luck. Success in a particular contest would not affect the general result; the Ministry would still govern the country; the policy and the principles of the Ministry would still be triumphant. It would be only the individual official that would be hurt, and it seems very invidious to grudge a member a piece of good fortune, and to prevent him from having a rise in the world or a share of the good things going. If the object of these re-elections is not to give their opponents an opportunity of displacing the Ministry, and if attacks on individuals are thought, as they are most justly thought, beneath the dignity of honourable opponents, the only possible good that it can do to send back a new Minister to his constituents is to force him to explain why he takes office, and what is the policy of the Government he is going to join. In real life it is quite needless for him to explain why he takes office. In nine cases out of ten he takes office because he is very glad to get the chance, which is the simplest of reasons and requires no explanation. In the tenth case the official takes office because his friends represent to him that he will damage his party unless he does take office; and he yields to their representations. To allege that he would not be able to explain his conduct except by vacating his seat, is simply ridiculous. Is there not the penny post always at his service? or, if he likes it better, cannot he always take a return ticket and address the local reporters at a public luncheon? As to explaining the general policy of the Ministry on the occasion of a re-election, that is impossible. Either the whole Government is new, as on the present occasion, and then each member of the Government tells his constituents that, as nothing has been decided, there can be nothing to reveal, or the particular member is new, and then he says that he cannot commit his colleagues, whose circle he has only just joined, and with whose views he is necessarily but very imperfectly acquainted. The sooner, therefore, this absurd custom of forcing Ministers to be re-elected is abolished the better. It was originally intended for a purpose now happily obsolete, and was meant to check the power of the Crown, and to frustrate a job by which a totally unfit person might have been made a Minister. We are not aware that it ever was of any practical use. The power of the Crown, and of the different cliques that wielded that power from time to time, was much too great at one time: frightful jobs were perpetrated, and very unfit persons were put into various good places in the official world. But this enforced appeal to the constituencies did not act as a check. The official had been thought good enough to be the representative member of the constituency appealed to, and why should a constituency that thought a man good enough to be its representative hesitate to think him good enough for office? The only practical effect of the rule has been a bad one, for on many occasions an official has been appointed, not because he was the best man in the House of Commons for the place, but because his seat was a safer one than that of a rival who would have served the country better. But, although all this is obvious enough, yet as the custom of requiring re-elections only caused a moderate practical inconvenience, and did not do any very great harm, it endured simply because it existed, and was protected by that reverence which Englishmen pay to every part of their Constitution which is not evidently mischievous. At last an occasion has arisen when the inconvenience of the

custom and its total inutility have been brought out into the strongest relief. Ministers elected at a General Election have been obliged to be re-elected before they had even taken their seats. This, we may hope, is an extreme of absurdity which will put an end to the custom altogether. The Ministry can scarcely perhaps be expected to put an end to it themselves, for they might in doing so be thought afraid of their constituents; but any independent member who liked to stir himself in the matter would have an opportunity such as independent members so dearly covet and so seldom have—an opportunity of proposing a Bill generally welcome, and of carrying what he proposed.

It is not, however, to be supposed that all the speeches that have been made this week by different Ministers have been totally devoid of all interest and meaning. Nothing in them was, or could have been, worth the trouble of a re-election; but naturally there were things said which, in one way or another, were not mere platitudes. In the first place, it was especially observable that all the Ministers chiefly concerned spoke their minds freely about retrenchment. They said that the little—and it certainly was very little—of what they had seen of office only confirmed their previous impressions, and convinced them that retrenchment was possible. They are now committed to a reduction of the Estimates for the Army and Navy; and it must be said, to their credit, that they have not sheltered themselves behind the usual official platitudes. They have not talked darkly about the troubled state of Eastern Europe, and endeavoured to raise the impression that, but for events which no one could have foreseen, they would infallibly have reduced the Estimates to the satisfaction of the most sanguine. They have boldly promised that the Estimates shall be reduced. Mr. CHILDERS especially has taken the bull fairly by the horns. He has undertaken to reduce the Navy Estimates, not perhaps to so low a point as he hopes to reduce them if he holds office for a considerable time, but still in a marked and unmistakable manner. At the same time he promises us a thoroughly efficient navy, sufficient to satisfy the pride of the nation, and to give it a consciousness of power and a guarantee of security. The ships are to be of the best possible kind, the gunnery up to the standard of the latest approved inventions, the men ample in number and of the highest quality. How is this to be done? That is his secret. All he told his constituents was that all his wishes had been strictly carried out, and that the administration of the Board of Admiralty is now such that he alone has full power and the whole responsibility. If reductions can be made, and he is the man to make them, he has now the best possible opportunity. Mr. GLADSTONE reminded his constituents at Greenwich that, at a very early period of the late electoral campaign, he had denounced the extravagant expenditure of the Conservatives. Three millions of money had, he said, been added to the Estimates, apart from the cost of the Abyssinian war, and this was almost wholly, if not quite, unnecessary. The spokesmen of the Conservatives answered, that the extra expenditure had been owing to certain definite causes—to the necessity of paying the troops higher wages, to the cost of following the course of scientific invention, to the constantly increasing demands for protection made by a constantly increasing commerce. Mr. GLADSTONE and his present colleagues did not contest, or only contested in a very lame and imperfect manner, the justice of these pleas, but they said that what they complained of was a policy generally and radically wrong, and they asserted that if they were in office they could make great savings. It must be allowed that this is a fair offer. It is quite true that it is only by being in office, and by having complete control over the whole national expenditure, that any set of men can be expected to make reductions. Better arrangements will sometimes enable half of a given sum of money to produce greater results; and although it is ridiculous for private persons who criticize the Estimates to say that they think they are far too

high, but that they cannot say that any particular item is wrong, yet a man like Mr. GLADSTONE, who has had great official experience, and who is the leader of a great party, is perfectly justified in saying that he pledges himself, if he is placed in power, to give the nation a much better bargain for its money. But then things of this sort must be said seriously, and the man who gives these pledges must be called on to redeem them strictly. What we are offered is an army and navy equally efficient at a cost considerably less. If Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues give us this, let them have all the credit that will be due to them. But if they fail, their failure will be most justly remembered against them. If they effect no reduction, or effect a reduction by crippling and injuring the two services, then they must bear to be ranked on a level with the members of the late Ministry, who got six additional months of office by bragging that the minds of the constituencies were secretly with them, and who left office because the elections gave a majority of over a hundred against them.

There were personal revelations, too, made by some of those re-elected which were not without interest. Few Englishmen will have read the address of Mr. BRIGHT to his constituents without curiosity, and few probably without approbation. It had excited some attention in the public mind to hear that Mr. BRIGHT had accepted so minor an office as that of President of the Board of Trade. Some of the Conservative organs of opinion, with that delicate satire and keen appreciation of the shades of truth which distinguishes them, had rejoiced in discovering that the man they hated had given the man they dreaded a humble part only to insult him, and that Mr. BRIGHT had been condemned, as they put it, to be the "walking gentleman" of the Cabinet. Mr. BRIGHT took the occasion of his re-election at Birmingham to explain himself what happened. He had been offered one of the first parts in the play, and had been invited to become Secretary for India. With great good sense he declined the office. He did not think he would have been the right man for the place. He held views about Indian administration which are not in harmony with those generally received, and either he would have had to govern in a state of partial variance with all his subordinates, or he would have had to spend his days in working a system which he believed to be radically wrong. Then, again, the very first duty of all concerned in the government of India is to see that our military hold on it is preserved in the highest state of efficiency. But this military side of Indian affairs struck Mr. BRIGHT as a little out of keeping with the habits and traditions of a Quaker. He therefore considered it much better in every way to accept the lighter post he now holds, as more congenial to him, as better for his health, and as more likely to allow him to take his proper part in great debates. He had also the pleasure—and it was a pleasure in which he might, without reproach, find much satisfaction—of telling his constituents that he had reason to suppose the offer to him of office had received the full approbation of the QUEEN. Rumour says that there was something more than approbation of his being invited to join the Cabinet, and that the QUEEN took occasion to say a few words of gratitude to him for the kind expressions he had used in her defence when she was accused of indulging in an excess of sorrow. Whether the rumour is true or not, we do not pretend to know; but it is exceedingly probable that among her new Ministers the QUEEN—who naturally regards minute differences of social rank with the equal eyes of royalty—might have felt a marked degree of friendliness for a man whose pride in England as opposed to pride in the English upper classes, whose deep sense of family affection, whose tender memory of family sorrows, and whose passionate love for the poor are not without echoes in her own bosom. Mr. BRIGHT's principal aim, however, was not to show that he was right in accepting the office he holds, but to show that he was right in accepting office of any kind. Those whom he addressed were quite ready to absolve him, and were not perhaps without a legitimate pride in thinking that their member was a Right Honourable and among the foremost men in the actual government of the country. It is impossible to criticize unfavourably the course taken by Mr. BRIGHT in accepting office at the earnest entreaties of his friends, and with the approbation of all who wish well to the Liberal party and desire that the system of Parliamentary government should be kept up. But the difficulties which a Premier has to encounter when he is forming a Ministry were illustrated, not only by the hesitation as to accepting office which Mr. BRIGHT described himself as having felt, but by the extreme disinclination for office which the SOLICITOR-GENERAL avowed he had entertained. And if difficulties are caused by some being too unwilling to take office, equal difficulties are caused

by the jealousies and ill-humour of those who are disappointed. Ordinarily, those who do not get what they expect have the good sense and good taste to hold their tongues, and let others dwell on their wrongs for them. But Mr. LAYARD has this week most obligingly offered to an amused public the whole story of his disappointment. He expected, as he said at Southwark, to have been in the Cabinet; he was not in the Cabinet, and so he could say nothing about any subject of political interest. The grand gentlemen in the Cabinet must settle what was to be done, and then poor fellows like himself would be expected to back it up, and to swear it was the best proposal ever made, and to work and speak their hardest to carry it. If Mr. LAYARD, of all impossible people, expected to be in the Cabinet, what expectations Mr. GLADSTONE must have had to disappoint, and what intrigues he must have had to baffle! If Mr. LAYARD really wishes to know why he was not in the Cabinet, let him study the speech made at Bradford by Mr. FORSTER, whose exclusion from the Cabinet was perhaps unavoidable, but was a real loss to his party and the nation, and who yet not only did not say a single word that could indicate pique at his being still a subordinate, but who had even the worldly wisdom and tact to seem in the highest degree satisfied, and even to rejoice that he had got to work under such a splendid hand at educational reform as Lord DE GREY.

TURKEY AND GREECE.

THE efforts of the Great Powers to prevent the dispute between Turkey and Greece from becoming identical with the "Eastern Question" seem not unlikely to prove successful. It was clear from the first that they must be successful if there was nothing in the immediate quarrel beyond what was visible on the surface. That Turkey should be irritated into sudden action by a series of petty annoyances, and by the disposition lately shown in the English Foreign Office to underrate her powers of self-defence, was perfectly natural. The speculations as to the share which Austria or France had had in the despatch of the ultimatum partook of that excessive farsightedness which, in the attention it pays to the horizon, forgets to look at what is lying just before it. Why Austria, to whom peace is a necessary of life, should have gone out of her way to risk a European war was a problem which the inventors of these rumours prudently declined to consider. Some passable reasons could, it is true, be assigned why France might not dislike an outbreak at a safe distance from her own doors; but that she should identify herself at starting, and in so marked a manner, with the cause of the Porte was sufficiently improbable. If the action of the Turkish Government admitted of being explained without resorting to any recondite theories, that of the Greek Government was equally open to an interpretation not inconsistent with a peaceful solution of the difficulty. Whether, indeed, Greece would have rejected the ultimatum without some prospect of assistance, is open to doubt; but it does not follow that this expected assistance was necessarily to assume a warlike shape. Supposing that the Greek Ministers found themselves unable to concede the demands of the Porte without an unpleasant conflict with the popular feeling at home, or without creating a precedent of submission to Turkey which might entail inconvenient consequences, a powerful friend might stand ready to take the matter out of their hands, and so relieve them of the responsibility for a settlement which would be in name, as well as in fact, the work of the Great Powers. If by this method the friend in question could serve a purpose of his own, and reassume a position which circumstances had lately forced him to relinquish, such a conclusion of the business would have the double recommendation of pleasing both parties. Let us apply this hypothetical explanation to the facts of the case. What, presuming it to be true, would be the form which the diplomatic negotiations inevitable under the circumstances might be expected to take? Would it not be that Russia, after allowing Europe to get sufficiently frightened at the prospect of a general war, should propose, either by herself or by an agent, that so tremendous an issue should not be left to the decision of the Governments immediately interested, but should be referred to a European Conference? What has actually happened is not very unlike this. For some days a war between Turkey and Greece seems almost inevitable. The Great Powers are all in accord as to the extreme importance of preventing such a catastrophe, but they are not equally agreed upon the means by which their views are to be carried out. While they are waiting for some happy in-

aspiration which shall animate them all at the same moment, the danger that some decisive step will be taken by the Porte increases every day. Then, almost at the last moment, a Conference is suggested—whether by Russia directly, or by Prussia, does not much affect the theory—and is assented to by the other Governments; not willingly, for the very word Conference has an ominous sound in connexion with Eastern affairs, but because there is nothing better to be done. The precise result of the discussion is a matter of minor importance to those by whom it is originated. Greece will doubtless have to yield something, but she will do so under pressure which it is obviously impossible to resist. Russia will once more find herself discussing the position of Turkey, and will thus terminate the enforced abstinence from that, to her, most interesting of questions which she has had to put up with since 1856. And in this way the ends which both Governments had in view when the rejection of the ultimatum was determined on will have been sufficiently attained. That this has been the real course of events we cannot undertake to say. But it will be admitted that the hypothesis is not without a certain *prima facie* probability.

Whatever objections may exist to the application of the proposed remedy, the fact that it is inconsistent with a policy of non-intervention is certainly not one of them. A good deal has been said during the last fortnight about the folly it would argue in the English Government to allow this country to be mixed up with the Eastern Question. The politicians who take this view seem entirely to forget that there is such a thing as being committed by previous acts. If the subject were now raised for the first time, something might perhaps be said in favour of England holding aloof from the discussion. In point of fact, however, it has long ago been decided that we shall bear our part in every negotiation which arises; nay, more—it has to a great extent been decided what that part shall be. There is a school of writers who approach every question of European diplomacy as though it were a question of first instance. They seem to forget that a nation has any continuous life, or that it is in the least degree pledged by the obligations it has voluntarily incurred. It will be of little use therefore to recommend the advocates of unconditional non-intervention to read the treaty between England, France, and Austria, signed at Paris no longer ago than the 15th of April, 1856. And yet, if words mean anything, there must be something in the agreement of these three Powers to “guarantee jointly and severally the independence and the integrity of the Ottoman Empire” as recorded in the Treaty of Paris, and to consider “any infraction of the stipulations of the said treaty as a *casus belli*.” Different views may be taken of the duties which this agreement imposes upon the contracting parties, but that it imposes some duties, and that the discharge of those which it does impose is binding upon Great Britain, admits of no doubt at all. What, therefore, could be more absurd than for a Government thus pledged to proclaim non-intervention as its policy? And yet this is the line which, if it were to listen to some of its advisers in the press, the English Cabinet would take. The very Minister who signed the Treaty of Paris on behalf of Great Britain would now have to proclaim to Europe that it is nothing better than waste paper. We are not arguing that there is anything in the terms of the treaty which calls for an intervention as between Turkey and Greece. A treaty can only be violated by the Powers which are parties to it, and Greece was not one of the signatories to the Treaty of Paris. Nor does an undertaking to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire commit England to any hostile action against the revolted subjects of the Porte. But the position taken up by the advocates of non-intervention is absolute and without exception; and it is a sufficient answer to their arguments to say that England is pledged to intervene in the Eastern Question under certain defined circumstances, and that it is extremely improbable that a war between Turkey and Greece could subsist for any length of time without these circumstances arising. If the Western Powers took no part in the matter, and if Greece, as would be most probable, got the worst of the contest, it might be out of the power of the Emperor of Russia to remain a mere spectator, however anxious he might be to do so. The moment he draws the sword against Turkey the state of affairs contemplated by the Treaty of April, 1856, comes into being, and with it arise, without any further act on our part, a whole series of international obligations. So far, therefore, from an assent to a Conference on the part of England being an unwise meddling in questions with which we have no concern, it may rather be

regarded, as matters stand at present, as the only method by which we can avert a grave and unwelcome necessity.

What should be the course taken by Great Britain in the event of the Conference assembling, is a matter which may fairly admit of argument. The first effort of all concerned will naturally be to stop the impending war without compromising the independence of either combatant. If this proves to be impossible, the English Government can hardly go far wrong in assenting to such action as can be jointly undertaken by the Great Powers. Both sides of the dispute may be said to be represented, the one by Russia and the other by Austria, and an exercise of authority which commands itself to both these Governments is not likely to press with undue weight upon either Turkey or Greece. If no such general agreement can be arrived at, the difficulty of the situation will be greatly increased; and it will then become a question whether the efforts of the Western Powers ought not to be strictly limited to the exclusion of any third Power from the field of battle. It would be obviously premature to discuss such a point as this before the Conference has been even agreed upon.

THE IRISH CHURCH AND ULTRAMONTANISM.

ENGLISHMEN who wish to speculate on any Irish subject soon find themselves discouraged. Ireland is one of those countries that seem to baffle all calculations, and to be surrounded by a haze of mystery that frustrates all inquiry. Books about Ireland tell us little that is useful, for an account of one part of Ireland gives an impression wholly false as regards other parts of Ireland, and what is true to-day in any district becomes false to-morrow. Irishmen themselves have not much information to give that is worth having, for their minds are almost always biassed by the prejudices among which they have been brought up, and by the jealousies and rivalries of different localities and different creeds. Englishmen who travel in Ireland are consciously and avowedly humbugged by the most hospitable gentry, the pleasantest women, and the most inventive peasantry in the world. When, therefore, we begin to speculate upon any of the consequences of disestablishing the Irish Church, we can only do so after premising that all prophecies and guesses about Ireland will very probably be falsified by the event. Still the connexion between the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the triumphant growth of Ultramontanism in Ireland has been so often put forward as a main element in the decision of the question whether the Irish Church ought to be disestablished, that it is almost impossible to avoid speculating how far it is true that Ultramontanism has the promise of a great success if the Irish Church is disestablished. Fortunately those who look upon the main question from the point of view which guides the Liberal party, and which has received the sanction of the nation, are free from the trouble of considering, for the purposes of practical action, whether Ultramontanism will benefit or not by the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The Irish Church is defended and maintained on the ground that it has been erected as a symbol of the detestation with which the conquering nation regards the religion of the conquered. It answers exactly the same purpose as would have been answered if every parish in Ireland had been forced to set up a bronze statue of WILLIAM III. within its bounds out of the parochial funds. Of course, there are other grounds on which it is defended, but this is one ground, and it is quite enough for all those who have adopted one of the primary principles of the Liberal party, that it is wrong and wicked to use physical strength in order to give pain to the religious feelings of those who are governed by force. As soon as an English Archbishop put forward in defence of the Irish Church the plea that it was a good symbol of religious hatred, further discussion, so far as the Liberal party went, was unnecessary. If the consequence of disestablishing the Irish Church would be that every one of the seven hundred thousand Irish Anglicans would fall under the sway of Ultramontanism within a week, no one could be shaken in his resolve to do away with a symbol of religious hatred who not only thinks such symbols bad in themselves, but whose whole policy and conception of government would be cut away if he had to accept such symbols as part of the system he upheld. Whether, therefore, Ultramontanism would be most likely to win or to lose by the disestablishment of the Irish Church is only a point of theoretical importance, just as it is only a point of theoretical importance whether the Irish will be in any way conciliated by what we are going to do with the State Church. It may be that Protestantism will make progress when animated by the ardour of voluntarism, and it

may be that the Irish will appreciate with kindly feelings the sacrifice we shall make; but we are going to disestablish the Irish Church, not to benefit Protestantism or to please the Irish, but because government on Liberal principles and the maintenance of the State Church of Ireland cannot go on together. Simply as a matter of speculation, and of speculation based on the extremely imperfect data procurable on all Irish questions, we venture to hazard the opinion that the immediate effects of disestablishing the Irish Church will be favourable, and the ultimate effects unfavourable, to Ultramontaniam.

It seems extremely improbable that the ardour of voluntarism will be so great as to provide for the celebration of Anglican services, and the residence of an Anglican clergyman, in every Irish parish. However devoted Irish landlords may be to their Church, and however heartily they may subscribe to provide for its wants, it is scarcely likely that those who preside over the administration of the Church will find themselves possessed of funds so ample as to warrant them in supporting a clergyman in places where he has often nothing else to do except to read the services to his wife. Protestantism will therefore retire out of some of the territory it now holds. The deserted sheep, where there are any, will first deplore the absence of the shepherd to whom they have been accustomed, will then probably keep aloof for some time from all folds, and ultimately will in many cases stray into the fold that is nearest to them. We may put against this loss the gain which Protestantism, if it has more energy and life put into it, is supposed by sanguine calculators to be likely to achieve in large towns. But in any case there will be human beings, whether many or few, who, if the Established Church were maintained, would be Protestants, and who, if the Established Church is not maintained, will be Ultramontane Catholics. In this sense Ultramontaniam will profit by the disestablishment of the Irish Church. It will win over some fraction of the seven hundred thousand Anglicans. But this is by no means all. The Protestant clergyman, even in the most Catholic parishes, is something more than the representative of an alien Church and a foreign conquest. He is also a man of some education, position, and means; he is generally a married man, and his wife is able to show what a home is where comfort and refinement have a place. He has got the impress of secular ideas on his mind, and to some extent the English way of looking at things. It is impossible that such a man should not exercise some influence, however faint and indirect, on the peasants around him. They must have some sort of reverence for the one man they know who is not afraid of the priest; they cannot help getting a glimmering of a conception that there are at least two ways of looking at religious matters, and although he seems to them, of course, a heretic, and destined to be most properly punished for his heresy, yet the mere daily prospect of a heretic who draws a decent income from his heresy, and lives and dies contentedly in it, cannot fail to have some effect on their minds. But if the State Church is disestablished, this influence will in many districts be withdrawn; and very naturally the counter-influence will prevail more strongly or more completely. Not only will Ultramontaniam prevail throughout many parishes, but the very germs of all religious thought not in harmony with Ultramontaniam will be crushed. The peasantry will go what we shall call back, and what Ultramontanes would call forward, in some parts of Ireland, and will be more entirely submissive, and more absolutely destitute of a thought that can be called their own. Lastly, Irish Ultramontaniam will still have many battles to fight with the English Government, even after the State Church is got rid of, and it will fight these battles in reliance on the hold it possesses over the peasantry. It must be expected that it will make use of its present triumph as an incentive to exertion, and an encouragement to perseverance. The priests will invite their adherents to labour to get rid of this or that thing they dislike, and will promise as easy a victory as that gained over the Anglican Church. Irishmen, like other people, wish to be on the winning side, and Ultramontaniam will represent itself as having made the English Government give way once, and perfectly able to do so again.

In these respects the disestablishment of the Irish Church will probably be beneficial to Ultramontaniam, but its ulterior effects will perhaps incline the other way. It is not Protestantism that Ultramontaniam fears, or has to fear; it is the spread of what it stigmatizes as the dangerous principles of modern civilization. The Pope has lately had a kind word to say for poor benighted Protestants, but nothing in bad Latin is too bad for people who declare that they

want a just and honest Government, and a thriving country, and liberty of speech and thought. The spirit that animates them is the direct opposite of that to Ultramontaniam, which strives to damp off the intellect out of men, and to keep them poor and rather dirty, but in return undertakes to keep their souls in the state most likely to lead to their salvation. They are two radically different views of life, and it must be owned that theoretically there is a great deal to be said for the Ultramontane view. But they are incompatible views, and individuals and nations have to choose between them. The really important point to settle, when we ask how the disestablishment of the Irish Church will affect Ultramontaniam, is, whether it will tend to advance or retard the growth in Ireland of that way of looking at human life which the Pope curses as the worst part of modern civilization. Everything that gives power to Liberal principles in Ireland, or that promotes the material prosperity of the country, is adverse to Ultramontaniam; everything that shuts out thought and makes the people poor is favourable to it. We are thus forced back to the old familiar position which, so far as we are aware, Ultramontanes do not deny, that what are commonly known as Liberal principles of government, whatever harm they may do otherwise, favour independent thought and contribute to the material wealth of nations. It is precisely because they thus stir up the rebellious passions of the heart, and fix the mind on temporal blessings, that Ultramontanes so fiercely oppose them. But the maintenance of the State Church in Ireland is clearly inconsistent with the triumph or advance of Liberal principles. Even, therefore, if the disestablishment of the State Church had no positive effect in promoting the principles of modern civilization in Ireland, yet these principles must fade away, and withdraw themselves out of Ireland, unless the State Church is disestablished. Ultramontaniam, therefore, sustains a very great loss by this disestablishment, inasmuch as an insuperable barrier to the advance of principles directly antagonistic to those of Ultramontaniam is thus removed. Further, it is the object of those who most warmly urge forward the disestablishment of the Irish Church to make Ireland one with England, and to treat it, and to persuade it that it is treated, and that it is good for it to be treated, as a part of the English nation. Opinions may differ as to whether this result would in any degree flow from the disestablishment of the Irish Church; but no one can doubt that if it did flow, if Ireland were more united to England, more penetrated by English ways of thinking, more engaged in English modes of seeking wealth, the influence of Ultramontaniam would decline. The disestablishment of the Irish Church is only a part of a whole, a small but indispensable portion of a general policy. This policy may fail, or it may succeed; but it seems so likely to succeed, that we can conceive that an Ultramontane able to look ahead, and not dazzled by petty temporary and local triumphs, would prefer to see the Established Church preserved exactly as it is.

MINISTERIAL CHANGES IN FRANCE.

TO a man in the mental condition into which the Emperor of the FRENCH seems to be rapidly settling down, a change of Ministry is perhaps an end in itself. Irresolution wants to be always doing something, and never doing anything decisive. To leave public affairs to take their own course would be to disregard the apprehensions which constantly suggest that the time for choosing his path has come, and that if he lets it slip he may find it irretrievably chosen for him. To commit himself definitively to peace or war abroad, to liberty or repression at home, would be to leave himself no outlet supposing his calculations to fail. To change a Minister or two may easily seem to be a happy compromise. There is a semblance of vigorous action about it which is soothing to a politician who has hardly yet given up the idea of influencing events, instead of being influenced by them. If the result should not prove exactly what he anticipates, no great harm will be done. The Ministers are only responsible to their master, and if their antecedents or their convictions should prevent them from cordially co-operating with their Sovereign after the mood in which he appointed them has given place to another, there is no difficulty in repeating the process as often as may be necessary. At all events, the Imperial object will have been attained. The popular mind will have been occupied by a shadowy political interest, while the Sovereign himself will have been gratified by the sense of being equal to the situation. The recent changes in the Foreign Office and the Ministry of the Interior are probably due to this motive. It is true that the Marquis DE MOUSTIER'S

state of health is of itself sufficient to explain his resignation; but, apart from this, the position of affairs on the Continent seemed to demand some slight shuffling of the diplomatic cards by way of tribute to public opinion. After keeping the attention of Europe on the stretch through the whole summer and autumn, it was apparently decided some weeks ago that the current rumours of war were to mean nothing. The faint glow of decision implied in this resolution is happily expressed by the appointment of the Marquis DE LAVALETTE. It is supposed to stand for something in connexion with the Eastern question, but nobody knows exactly what, and in this respect the EMPEROR himself has possibly very little advantage over the general public. But M. DE LAVALETTE has been Ambassador at Constantinople, and the occasion on which he was so was before the Crimean war. If any one likes to argue *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, the fallacy may serve to create an impression that France is playing a great part in Europe. He has also been Minister at Rome, and his retirement from that post coincided with M. THOUVENEL's retirement from the Foreign Office. Consequently he may be credited with more Italian sympathies than his immediate predecessor, and the EMPEROR very likely thinks that, as the clergy and the peasantry in the South have had their own way on the Roman question for more than a year, it is time to try whether the unbelieving laity and the Northern towns cannot be conciliated by a slight change of tone, and of tone only. Then, as to Germany, M. DE LAVALETTE represents that phase of policy which prompted the publication of the three maps of France. He accepts the aggrandizement of Prussia as Mr. DISRAELI accepted household suffrage. Now that it has come, what does it signify? This was the substance of his Circular of September, 1866; and to this point, after many intermediate oscillations, the EMPEROR of the FRENCH seems to have come round. If he can only persuade his subjects to take the same view of the question, the interests of peace will certainly be promoted for the moment.

The appointment of M. DE FORCADE DE LAROQUETTE to the Ministry of the Interior seems to symbolize a new bid for popularity in the country districts. M. PINARD's reign has in all respects been disastrous. To begin with, he seems to have cursed where he was called to bless. He was the Reporter on the Press Law to the Council of State, and as this was regarded by the authorities in the light of a signal concession to liberty, it may be supposed that they intended M. PINARD's promotion to be a further advance of the same kind. The best that can be said of him, however, is that he has not suffered his own law to remain a dead letter. His prosecutions of various newspapers for giving non-official summaries of the debates in the Legislature, and more recently for publishing the BAUDIN subscription-list, have given unusual occasion to the enemies of the Government to blaspheme. On the whole his policy has been one of defiance rather than of management, and the result has shown that there are too many hostile elements at work in France to make it wise to take this line unless you are prepared to go through with it. M. PINARD is too straightforward a politician to have the conduct of a general election, which from now till next May will be the chief function of the Minister of the Interior. In fact, the more politics can be excluded from the public mind during this interval the larger will be the Government majority. Politics in France have an unpleasant connexion with "the old parties." If they are once tasted, it is difficult to ensure that only a moderate draught will be taken of them. The EMPEROR has to solve the problem which has baffled, and will baffle to the end of time, paternal Governments of all shades. He would like his subjects to use their own judgments, and follow their own wills, if he could only be sure that their judgments and wills would take the right road. If they would but see eye to eye with him, every semblance of compulsion or restriction would be gladly withdrawn, and the Empire might take its place among strictly Parliamentary Governments. As this cannot be, the only alternative is to give Frenchmen something else to think of. M. PINARD tried to fight the evil directly, and only succeeded in aggravating it. His successor will try the wiser course of overcoming evil with good. This seems to be the meaning of M. DE FORCADE DE LAROQUETTE's translation. He will use the experience gained in the Ministry of Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works in promoting the material interests of the country, or, more accurately perhaps, of those parts of the country in which there is any fear of an electioneering reverse. The most beneficial changes are occasionally attended with some drawbacks, and in this case it has been impossible to promote M. DE FORCADE DE LAROQUETTE without offending the Minister who has been dismissed to make room for him. M. PINARD declines to see

that he has been too aggressive in his Conservatism, and refuses compensation in any form. This unusual assertion of independence has taken Paris by surprise, and for the last ten days M. PINARD has been receiving unexpected compliments from journalists of all parties. There can be no doubt, however, that the policy to be initiated by his successor is founded on a more thorough appreciation of the situation, and that if peace abroad is to be accompanied by contentment at home, the connexion can only be secured by a liberal administration of solid pudding. How such a meal agrees with French digestion the May Elections will show. M. GRESSIER's appointment as Minister of Agriculture seems designed to win popularity in the Corps Législatif. Hitherto neither debating eminence nor straight voting has helped the possessor of these virtues in his political career. The Corps Législatif seemed to be the one place which was not a nursery for Ministers. The choice of M. GRESSIER as successor to M. DE FORCADE DE LAROQUETTE has put an end to this tradition, and the number of would-be Ministers who will seek in future to make oratory the path to office will probably be considerable. The new Minister is supposed to belong to that school of moderate Imperialists which, content with the substance of power, does not think it necessary to show the whip as well as use it. He was the Reporter of the Commission on the Army Law of last year, and in that capacity defended the scheme of the Commission, not only against the Opposition, which thought the law unnecessary, but against Marshal NIEL, who thought it inadequate. That the EMPEROR should now single him out for office confirms to some extent the notion that pacific counsels are likely for the present to be in the ascendant at the Tuileries.

Upon these various changes the EMPEROR, it may be supposed, relies to regain for his Government that popularity which has been rudely shaken by the events of the autumn. How strongly he feels the necessity of doing something in this way may be gathered from his asserted intention to defer the election for the four seats now vacant in the Corps Législatif until the latest date allowed by law. It is true that this happens to coincide with the period of the general election, but the EMPEROR would scarcely leave four constituencies unrepresented for half a year, and thereby give the Opposition an opportunity of assuming that he is afraid of the popular verdict if the elections were held now, unless he felt sufficiently doubtful of the result to make it safer to sit still under such an imputation. In six months from this time the state of affairs at home and abroad may have undergone extensive changes. M. BAUDIN and his monument may have been forgotten, a happy stroke of diplomacy may have pacified the East, and the promise of some new railways may have gladdened the hearts of the French agriculturists. At all events, the evil day may be postponed, and this consideration alone is probably sufficient to account for any step which is now taken by NAPOLEON III.

MR. MILL AND MRS. M'LAREN.

THERE are consolations for most of the evils of life, anodynes for every smart, mollifying ointments for every wound both of body and soul. Mr. MILL, we are glad to think, has found Sisters of Mercy in Edinburgh, when the coarse and unfeeling men of Westminster have treated him with contumely and neglect. One might have expected to find an impulsive Irish spinster welcoming with the Irish poet's perennial affection the champion of Woman's Rights, but plaintive bleak Scotland, in the person of Mrs. M'LAREN, repeats the strain of endearing affection—

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here:
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last.

To do her only justice, Mrs. M'LAREN, after the manner of women, selects those particular aspects of Mr. MILL's active political life which have most completely alienated from him not only the confidence of the Westminster electors, but the masculine mind generally. And, on the other hand, to do Mr. MILL justice, he selects as the peculiar honour and glory of the sex—and indirectly, therefore, as forming their best claims to the suffrage—those qualities of mind, or rather those mental disqualifications, which he thinks superior to "reasoning." That the Edinburgh Branch of the National Society for Woman's Suffrage—the title, though ambitious, betrays a feminine ellipsis of meaning—should be hurt, as the ladies say, at the rejection of their patron, is not unnatural; and that, being hurt, they should sigh, is most natural; and that, regretting and sighing, they should be a little spiteful, is no very strange thing. But when Mrs. M'LAREN and her sisters

were deploring the loss that they had sustained in Mr. MILL's absence from Parliament they were not very wise, if they were right as to the fact, in connecting Mr. MILL's defeat with his prosecution, or persecution, of Governor EYRE. If on this ground Mr. MILL was rejected, it was not very prudent, though very womanly—or, as Mr. GLADSTONE would say with an apt distinction, very womanish—to let the cat out of the bag. Not that Mrs. M'LAREN stands alone in this maladroit confession. Mr. MALLESON, Mr. MILL's own electioneering secretary, admits that the BOUVIER correspondence and the BRADLAUGH subscription had much to do with his rejection from Parliament. Had an enemy said that these three events in Mr. MILL's life—the EYRE matter, the BRADLAUGH matter, and the BOUVIER matter—cost him his seat, Mr. MILL might have set this down as an impertinent surmise which could never be proved. What can he say when his friends assure him of the unpleasant fact? for fact we may assume it to be, vouched for, in Westminster and Edinburgh, by his chosen and confidential friends Mr. MALLESON and Mrs. M'LAREN.

What, however, we are most concerned with is the very singular and noticeable theory about feminine character and feminine moral duties which Mr. MILL broaches. It is the more noticeable because Mr. MILL propounds it in the calm philosophic seclusion of Avignon, as a moral theorem. The right or claim to the suffrage urged on the part of women is in itself a mere political and subordinate consideration; it is a matter of municipal regulation, and it has been properly enough argued in a narrow, technical way. If women are allowed to possess property, and to make wills and dispose of their means, to hold the offices of parish clerk and sexton, to sue and to be sued, there is something at any rate specious both in the way of precedent and policy to be said for entrusting them with the franchise, or at least such of them as, under the present law, are citizens for so many purposes. Here is a legitimate subject to canvass and discuss. And that was about all that Mr. MILL did discuss as a legislator at Westminster. But at Avignon he goes into the root of the matter, and tells us what the auto-woman ought to be; and in so doing he has managed to give the strongest argument to the opponents of woman's rights. The ladies' champion has given the most severe and damaging back-handed blow to the whole sex. The sternest misogynist could hardly have pronounced a more bitter satire against them.

Loving Mr. MILL much, Mrs. M'LAREN and her friends hate Governor EYRE more; and it would almost seem that it was rather for this indirect object that the Edinburgh letter was penned. Indeed, she says as much. Assuming the function of "an enlightened posterity," Mrs. M'LAREN is convinced that future ages will subordinate the ladies' advocate to Governor EYRE's prosecutor; and she is convinced, and is woman enough to say so, that for this act Mr. MILL will be far more distinguished in history than for his eminent intellectual endowments. We, being neither "posterity" nor "enlightened," would prefer to forget, in the author of *Liberty and Logic*, Mr. EYRE's assailant, and the correspondent of Mr. BOUVIER, Mr. BRADLAUGH, Mr. ODGER, and Mrs. M'LAREN. Not so Mrs. M'LAREN. This is too often the way of women. If their hero has a weak place in his character, they are sure to make matters worse by trying to make the best of them. Mrs. M'LAREN has the womanly wit to know where the hole in Mr. MILL's coat is, and then, woman-like, she scratches and scrapes and cobbles at the rent only to make it ten times more conspicuous. His best friends, and we do not consider ourselves the least or coldest admirers of Mr. MILL, deplored his violence and bitterness in this particular matter; Mrs. M'LAREN will have it to be his crowning glory.

Mrs. M'LAREN having done everything that she could to make bad worse as regards Mr. MILL, Mr. MILL returns the clumsy compliment by making the worst form of the feminine character worse by his defence of it. Mr. MILL admits that Englishwomen generally did not back him in his attack on Mr. EYRE. But they ought to have done so, he says. If we admit this, what is it but to say that Englishwomen as a whole, on a very important matter, have shown themselves to be perfectly ignorant of their duties, and utterly deficient in moral perception? If this is so—and Mr. MILL must mean this when he observes that it is with especial sorrow that he has seen so many women cold and unmoved and unsympathizing with Mr. EYRE's assailants—what, we would ask, follows but that Mr. MILL is proposing to confer great political powers on a class which has proved itself to be totally deficient in appreciating its first and most elementary duties? Because so many women are deficient in their proper home charities and virtues, "in womanly pity and

"generous indignation," they ought to have the Parliamentary franchise. Not that, of course, we admit Mr. MILL's account of the reluctance of Englishwomen to approve of Mr. EYRE's prosecution. Why women have felt for Mr. EYRE in his sufferings is because they really had this very womanly sympathy and generous indignation which Mr. MILL denies them. Only they did not confine it to the negro. They thought, and thought generously, of the man who, as they believed, saved their own white sisters from death, and what was worse than death. They thought kindly and with warmth of feeling of one who, as they believed, had been grossly persecuted. Their sympathy was with what they deemed to be the weak and suffering. Only they found this suffering in the treatment which Governor EYRE received at the hands of Mr. MILL and Mr. TAYLOR, not in the fiction of the eight miles of negro corpses in Jamaica.

Mr. MILL goes further, and he ventures to say that as many—by which he means the majority of—Englishwomen are to be blamed because they did not give way to their feelings at the expense of their judgment. "If such women had possessed the warmth of heart which all women ought to have, their feelings would have been revolted at the tortures inflicted, and they would have considered the reasonings by which they were attempted to be palliated as beyond their province." Only change the subject-matter—for the tortures inflicted on the negro read the tortures inflicted on Mr. EYRE—and this is precisely how our women felt, and precisely what our women did, in the matter. Their feelings were revolted at the injustice done to Mr. EYRE, and they did consider as beyond their province the reasonings by which Mr. MILL and Mr. TAYLOR attempted to palliate that injustice. This is what our women did, and as women they were perfectly right in so doing. They were led away by their warmth of heart, and they refused to go into elaborate reasoning. This is their way, and a very good way too. They act upon impulse, not upon judgment; and they always will do so, and as Mr. MILL says, always ought to do so. So say we, but because this is their way, ought to be their way, and always will be their way, we hold that this characteristic of the sex debars them as a sex from political judgment, which must be formed, not upon "warmth of heart," but strength of head. It seems to us—but then we are not philosophers and logicians—a very odd political principle that political power ought to be entrusted to one half of the community chiefly because it is their nature, and their best nature, to act upon feeling in defiance of reason; and it is but a clumsy help to Mr. MILL's argument on behalf of his clients to draw a distinction between the sacred few who are aware that it is their duty to use their intelligence on matters of politics and the ignoble feminine multitude to whom these things are too high, and at the same time to admit that not to be concerned in politics ought to conduce and does conduce to the development of the purest and highest grace of womanly pity and generous indignation. How are we to understand Mr. MILL? As a matter of fact Englishwomen are divided into two great classes—namely, those who are aware that it is their duty to use their intelligence on matters of politics, and those who are not so aware. That is, all women are either Beckerites or non-Beckerites. Among the non-Beckerites, and especially and emphatically because they are not politicians, the most womanly virtues ought to be found. This is Mr. MILL's own argument. The conclusion seems irresistible—but then we are not logicians—that if not to pursue politics most conduces to the excellence of the female character, then to pursue politics is the surest way to debase the special grace of womanhood; a conclusion of which, as it is Mr. MILL's, Mrs. M'LAREN may make what she can. We can get nothing else out of the correspondence, and as we certainly are not anxious to see women at the polling-booth, we are in a way thankful to Mr. MILL for his admirable argument against himself.

MR. JOHNSON ON REPUDIATION.

IT is impossible to fathom the mysteries of the Atlantic Telegraph. We have heard, till we are weary of the phrase, how it annihilates time and space and flashes intelligence. But the report of Mr. JOHNSON's Message to Congress shows how, without a single absolute misstatement or verbal inaccuracy, it can annihilate truth and flash anything rather than intelligence. The only impression which any one could possibly gain from the recent telegrams was that the PRESIDENT had sent down a Message strongly opposed to repudiation, and insisting on specie payment; that the Senate had refused even to hear it read through; and that the House of Representatives

had straightway passed a Resolution, by an almost unanimous vote, denouncing every device that savoured of repudiation, and agreeing with the PRESIDENT in proclaiming a policy of the severest honesty. How such events could be possible no one could imagine. That any policy whatever which Mr. JOHNSON might proclaim should be adopted by Congress seemed marvellous enough, but that the agreement should occur upon this very policy of full payment in gold—a policy which Democrats had openly denounced, and which Republicans had not ventured to put forward at the hustings, and against which there was said to be an overwhelming majority in the House of Representatives—was one of those astonishing statements which it was impossible either to believe or to explain away.

Now that the text of the Message has arrived, the explanation is simple enough. The Message does recommend a return to specie payments, so far as the currency is concerned; and, if this policy stood alone, its practical result would, of course, be to merge the question whether bonds should be paid in paper or gold, by bringing the lower up to the higher standard. But the telegraph, while transmitting the declaration in favour of specie payment, wholly omitted to state that President JOHNSON proposed to supply the requisite funds by the entire confiscation of the principal of the debt. This is an entirely novel form of repudiation, and though the morality of the process is not improved by disguise, there is a sort of decency in casting a veil, however flimsy, over the process of robbing the public creditor. Mr. JOHNSON'S audacity, however, is above all such subterfuges. According to his view the creditors who have received their stipulated interest for three or four years have had quite enough, and ought to be quite satisfied to give up the principal altogether in consideration of being paid interest for sixteen years more, which, according to the PRESIDENT'S calculation, would just about amount to the entire capital. According to their bonds the creditors have a right to the promised interest for the sixteen years, and, at the end of that time, or whenever the settlement takes place, to the whole principal also (whether in paper or gold becomes now a comparatively trifling question), and Mr. JOHNSON proposes to discharge this obligation by omitting altogether the payment of the principal. The most violent Western Democrats had not gone beyond a proposal to pay the principal in paper. The extreme Republicans meant to limit themselves to forcing what they called a compromise upon the creditors, in consideration of the removal of the technical blot on their securities arising from the absence of an express stipulation for repayment of the principal in gold. But Mr. JOHNSON has distanced all competitors in the quiet audacity of his project; and his ideas of justice and equity, and of the sacred observance of national credit, are too original to be stated in any words but his own:—

"Our national credit should be sacredly observed; but in making provision for our creditors we should not forget what is due to the masses of the people. It may be assumed that the holders of our securities have already received upon their bonds a larger amount than their original investment, measured by a gold standard. Upon this statement of facts it would seem but just and equitable that the six per cent. interest now paid by the Government should be applied to the reduction of the principal in semi-annual instalments, which in sixteen years and eight months would liquidate the entire National Debt. Six per cent. in gold would at present rates be equal to nine per cent. in currency, and equivalent to the payment of the debt one and a half times in a fraction less than seventeen years. This, in connexion with all the other advantages derived from their investment, would afford to the public creditors a fair and liberal compensation for the use of their capital, and with this they should be satisfied. The lessons of the past admonish the lender that it is not well to be over-anxious in exacting from the borrower rigid compliance with the letter of the bond. If provision be made for the payment of the indebtedness of the Government in the manner suggested, our nation will rapidly recover its wonted prosperity."

Mr. JOHNSON has not hitherto proved himself a very successful prophet, and we venture to think that his last prediction is very far indeed from the truth. That the United States will recover material prosperity in spite of any blunders which their Government may commit is perhaps as certain as anything human can be; but it is not less certain that that prosperity will be delayed rather than promoted by providing for what Mr. JOHNSON calls "the payment of the indebtedness of the Government" by the method of repudiation. The past has lessons for debtors as well as for creditors, and if it teaches bondholders that it is sometimes better to submit to

partial robbery than to provoke total confiscation, it also warns all Governments that immunity from payment, acquired as Spain and some other States have acquired it, is one of the most certain forerunners of national decline. And it is satisfactory to see that the declaration of the PRESIDENT in favour of dishonesty has done more to convert the American Congress, and perhaps also the American people, to sound views of fiscal morality than all the speeches of their ablest statesmen and all the homilies of foreign critics. The Resolution passed in answer to Mr. JOHNSON'S speech excludes in terms every form of repudiation, and for the moment it may have been the intention to pledge Congress to a principle which Mr. JOHNSON had denounced. Still it is always possible to escape from the words of a Parliamentary resolution, and when Mr. JOHNSON has ceased to trouble, and Congress is at rest, the temptation to do a little gentle confiscation may be strong upon some of the representatives of the West. And if it should so fall out, we are afraid that we see an opening in the recently passed Resolution quite large enough to let the greenback party through. The Resolution may perhaps be satisfied with payment according to the letter of the bond, and, if so, it would be thought a masterly stroke to combine the luxury of honesty with the profit of repudiation. For the present, however, it is well to be thankful for every impulse that tends to urge American legislators to resist the temptation which has been fatal to the credit of so many old-world countries. Antagonism to Mr. JOHNSON is not the most stable foundation for an honest policy, because the antagonism must die out when Mr. JOHNSON retires into private life. Still the habit of practising, or even professing, virtue, from whatever motive, is always an improving discipline, and it may be that in the end the Americans will find out that honesty is not only disagreeable to Mr. JOHNSON, but is really the best policy for themselves.

MR. BRIGHT IN THE CABINET.

IT is a little startling to be told by a Cabinet Minister that he has taken office against his own judgment. The thing itself perhaps has not been uncommon in these days of government by minorities, but it is a feeling which those who entertain it have usually kept to themselves. Mr. BRIGHT has not thought it necessary to maintain this customary reticence. In joining the Government, he told the electors of Birmingham, "I surrendered my inclination, and I may say also my judgment, to the opinions and to the judgment of my friends." His hesitation sprang, however, from a different motive from those by which doubts of this kind are usually suggested. There is nothing in any of his recent speeches to show that he distrusts the Cabinet into which he has entered, and he certainly does not distrust the popular verdict in its favour. The ground of his unwillingness must rather be sought in his estimate of himself. He has taken stock of his own powers, and his deliberate conclusion is unfavourable to his fitness for office. There is a sense in which this conclusion is a sound one. To adopt a distinction more familiar to art and literature than to politics, Mr. BRIGHT has far more of the critical than of the creative faculty. As a speaker, he is seen at his best when he is attacking what he thinks an abuse, and at his next best when he is explaining how a measure, not in all points such as he would have liked to see, may yet be accepted for what it is worth. In one capacity he is a very formidable enemy, in the other he is a useful, though somewhat too candid, friend; but in both it is the critical element in his character that comes into play. So far as the House of Commons is concerned, his acceptance of office destroys his opportunities of discharging either function. A Minister has to build, which is not Mr. BRIGHT'S line; and he has to appear satisfied with what he has built, even though he would have liked to raise the edifice several stories higher, which is not his line either. The members of a Government must often have quite as bad an opinion of their work as any independent member can have. At least, if they are proud of anything, it is that, considering all the difficulties in their way, they have not been contented to do nothing. But they are compelled to hide their modesty under a bushel. For a Government to depreciate its own measures would be to invite the censure which is sure to come uninvited, and to check at the very outset the kindly enthusiasm of its supporters. The argument that half a loaf is better than no bread is not one on which Ministers can often venture. As regards his own reputation, therefore, Mr. BRIGHT was probably wiser than his friends. It is hardly possible that he should ever be a great Minister, and yet it will be as a Minister, past

or present, that he will be henceforth known and hereafter judged.

Putting personal considerations aside, however, Mr. BRIGHT has no doubt been well advised. In politics it is not desirable that the critical faculty should be developed to the exclusion, or even to the undue subordination, of all others. What is attainable under the circumstances of the moment must always be taken into account in estimating statesmen and their acts. This is the ultimate test of every essay in legislation. An impracticable proposal is condemned by the fact that it is impracticable. It is not fair, therefore, to a Government that an Opposition leader should be free, even in prospect, from the chains in which Ministers are forced to work. However disposed he may be to make every fair allowance for the difficulties of their position, he will not be likely to do so if his calculations have never to be framed on the supposition that he may in due course be called upon to make them the basis of a policy. To a man who is anything more than a demagogue there will be something sobering in the reflection that the words which flow so easily over his tongue are so many promissory notes for which he will have to find value at a future day. There ought to be no such thing as an inconvertible currency in political professions. If Mr. BRIGHT were to be excused from taking his place in the Cabinet which he has been so largely instrumental in forming, very dangerous countenance would have been given to this mischievous theory. There is another consideration, pointing in the same direction, which had probably greater weight with Mr. BRIGHT's friends. The addition of his name is, at all events at starting, an important source of strength to the Government. It has given Mr. GLADSTONE an amount of freedom in the choice of his colleagues which nothing else could have done. All things considered, it is a very strong Government. When the materials at the PRIME MINISTER'S disposal, and the interests that had to be conciliated, are duly taken into account, it would be difficult to suggest a better one. But the Radical element of the party would have been much less likely to put up with the subordinate position they hold in it if their leader had not sat on the Treasury bench. No assistance that Mr. BRIGHT could have given from outside would have been at all equivalent in value. Those who pin their faith to him will now be able to say, Mr. BRIGHT knows all that is going on, and if he is satisfied we are. If he had been simply an independent supporter of the Government, they could at most have said, Mr. BRIGHT believes that all is going on well, and we must be content to believe so with him. His power of being useful in this way will only be increased by his unwillingness to take office. He gives the best possible proof of his faith in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration by making a personal sacrifice to strengthen it.

It has been lately said, however, with a good deal of apparent truth, that Mr. BRIGHT'S judgment on the matter may, after all, have been the right one, inasmuch as he is exactly the man to break up any Cabinet he may join. He is animated, it is argued, by very strong convictions; he looks to the end rather than to the means, even though that end may be distant a quarter of a century; and he enforces these convictions and pursues this end with a zeal which is not always qualified either by prudence or temper. Placed in a Cabinet, he will be a political bull in a china shop. He will knock down cherished superstitions at every turn, and crush tender sensibilities at every step. His speech at his re-election is surely an undesigned answer to this objection. No doubt words are not the same thing as deeds, but in this case they have more weight than mere words commonly have. They show that Mr. BRIGHT has mastered and assented to the conditions under which alone Cabinets can exist. He does not enter the Government with any idea that these conditions are no longer in force, nor with any stipulation that they shall be relaxed in his particular case. Instead of this, he is profoundly impressed with the necessity of compromise. He warns his constituents that his votes may hereafter be different from what they would have been if he had not taken office. He does not profess that this change will in all cases be the result of a change of view. On the contrary, he bids them understand that the new course will be one "which does not affect principle so much as time and opportunity"; that it will be only "a temporary and inevitable concession to the necessity of maintaining harmony of action among the members of the Government." It cannot be said, therefore, that Mr. BRIGHT has not faced the difficulties of his new position. To become a Cabinet Minister is to surrender the right of supporting all

the measures you may think just or wise in consideration of increased power to promote some. Of course there are limits to this surrender. No man is justified in sacrificing what he esteems a principle for any collateral advantage to the cause to which he wishes well. But such a sacrifice is demanded much more rarely than vulgar observers suppose. In the first place, not to insist upon a principle at a given time, or in a given way, is by no means identical with the abandonment of it. When the Government of the country has to be carried on by some fifteen members of Parliament, each having his own views of the scope and relative importance of the measures they are to propose in common, it is obvious that the programme of the Session must be framed on a system of give and take. Questions on which all the members of the Government are fully agreed naturally claim precedence; next come those to which some members attach very great importance, while the rest have no feeling against them; and in the end it will probably be found that there has been no need to introduce measures against which any Minister has a firmly rooted objection. Even when such a necessity does arise, there may still be a means of escape. Of two contradictory views upon a question of public interest, one may involve a principle, while the other may not. Let us take, for example, such a question as Education. A Bill providing for a large increase in the number of primary schools has to be discussed by the Cabinet. It is supported by one Minister because the schools thus provided are, under certain circumstances, to be Denominational. It is opposed by another minister on the ground that Denominational education does not enable the State to get the best return for the money spent. In the end the latter yields, and quite rightly. For a partial recognition of Denominational education may, with some men, be a matter of positive principle, and rather than go against it they would feel bound to retire from office; whereas, though to get a shilling's worth for your shilling is extremely desirable, there is nothing immoral in being content with tenpence' worth if this happens to be all that can be got conveniently. By these and the like qualifications the absolute supremacy of principle is practically modified, while they themselves are qualified in their turn by one paramount consideration. What this is is put with great clearness by Mr. BRIGHT. "Look," he tells his constituents, "at the close of each Session, and observe whether the general result of the administration and legislation of the country is such as to justify you in giving support to the Government." If it is, then, as he rightly concludes, a politician is justified in helping on this general result by forming a part of the Government which has brought it about. Whether Mr. BRIGHT'S practice will conform in all points with his theory remains, of course, to be seen. All that can be said at present is that there is nothing in the theory itself which is at all incompatible with the proper discharge of the duties of a Cabinet Minister.

LIBERATION OF FENIAN PRISONERS.

THE Irish papers inform us that petitions are in process of preparation, beseeching the Crown to remit the remainder of the imprisonment imposed on the Fenian convicts. It is probable that the known character of Mr. GLADSTONE, no less than the youth of his Administration, has given an impulse to the presentation of petitions which otherwise would hardly seem likely to win a favourable hearing. That the Crown has been supplicated in terms which barely profess to observe the semblance of respect, and which occasionally verge on the language of insult, would by most people be regarded as a strong dissuasive from the exercise of the clemency which is ostensibly solicited. But although this inference is logical, it is not necessarily applicable to the present case. We live in very peculiar times, and one of the most striking peculiarities of the day is to discard, not only the sanctions of precedent, but the dictates of common sense. In our age it does not follow that, because a request is asked in tones of offensive arrogance, the Crown should refuse to grant it. And it almost does follow that a petition couched even in the most arrogant phraseology should not be regarded with disfavour by a Minister who affects the attitude of a popular tribune, and who introduces into grave political discussion idle clap-trap about "our own flesh and blood." It remains to be seen whether Mr. GLADSTONE will recognise his duty towards the Crown sufficiently to resist appeals which have intentionally combined substantial disrespect with the ironical affectation of conventional loyalty.

The main argument of the petitions which we have seen amounts to this. The day of political punishments is gone by; they are abhorrent to the popular sentiment, and a system of

condonation would succeed better in securing the loyalty of the people than one of retributive penalties. In other words, men may in large bodies, on a grand scale, and against the common weal, commit crimes which, if committed by individuals against individuals, would be visited with the severest punishment. The example of foreign States is invoked, and not without plausibility. Every Government in France for the last eighty years has been either the offspring or the victim of revolutions. Where every party in turn may rise into the ascendant or be depressed into submission, all parties naturally concur in denouncing the infliction of extreme penalties to which all might be subjected in succession. But we would suggest to the voluble citers of foreign precedents that if just now any patriots organized a conspiracy against the Imperial dynasty of France, their inevitable failure would lead them to a painful familiarity with the swamps of Cayenne. That the United States Government has extended a generous amnesty to the South, is too broad a proposition for the facts upon which it is supposed to be founded. The Government of the United States was, by its own avowal, for three years at open war with the South. During that war it inflicted wounds upon its enemy which will remain for years unhealed; and at the conclusion of the war it imposed conditions the severity of which, whether wholly or partially merited or the reverse, is at least inconsistent with the designation of a generous amnesty. It will be time enough for the sympathizers with the Fenians to hold up the conduct of the American Government for our imitation when we have satisfied all the conditions of the analogy which is alleged for our discomfiture. When universal Ireland arms itself and wages a war, not of words, but of armaments, when it confronts our army in the field, seizes our vessels at sea, maintains for two or three years an independent Executive Government in Dublin, and, after suffering innumerable losses, succumbs to an inevitable necessity, it will be the right time to talk of the conduct of the North to the rebel States. What we want to do is to prevent the arrival of such a time and the necessity of entertaining such considerations. We wish also to prevent the repetition of blustering conspiracies and noisy displays which, without the solidity or the force, have all the terror and annoyance, of hostile aggression. It is no slight thing for a country to go through all the worry and panic which the Fenian rebels succeeded in inspiring, though they failed in everything else. It is no slight thing that whole districts should be kept in constant alarm by the marchings and countermarchings of some hundreds of half-drilled ragamuffins, who go about flaunting green flags, firing old blunderbusses, and occasionally shooting constables; that respectable persons should live in constant terror for their houses and their families, unless they afford a cowardly connivance to a horde of rascals who announce it as their mission to dethrone the QUEEN and overthrow British rule in Ireland; and that in remote districts the owners of property should never venture to sleep without doubly barricading their doors and putting pistols under their pillows, and then that they should fear betrayal through the connivance or poltroonery of their own servants. It is no slight thing that families should be thus hunted out of the country, and that men who settled there with the honest intention of doing their duty as landlords should be driven to live in Cheltenham or Leamington, London, Paris, or Pau. It is no slight thing that English capitalists, with money bursting through their bags, should prefer investments in Chili, Peru, Mexico, or Russia, to investing it in Ireland. It is no slight thing that the few Irishmen who have capital, and the many Irishmen who have ingenuity, should prefer transferring both to England or France or Germany or the United States, rather than keep them for the benefit of Ireland; and all because, as they say, "those Fenian vagabonds unsettle the people's minds." It is no slight thing that the infection of this miserable treason should spread to English cities and inspire alien desperadoes with the ambition of firing our prisons and seizing our armouries. It is no slight thing that the bounce and braggadocio of these Brummagem rebels should so profoundly impress the mind of every newspaper editor in France, Italy, and Germany, that these nations should be perpetually on the look-out for an Irish rebellion, and the smiting of England in a vulnerable point. All these things are worrying and vexatious, but they are also something more; they are highly damaging to us as a people. It would be bad enough if these risings were only a big joke, if they were the mere out-come of the irrepressible Irish spirit of fun. But they are designed in earnest. They do a world of harm, and they are intended to do a vast deal more. The men really desire what they profess—to upset British government in Ireland, and to turn one portion of the United Kingdom into an independent Republic which

should threaten, bully, and dun us for ever. That the idea is ludicrous is no reason why it should not be entertained by an imaginative people living on the shores of a "melancholy ocean." That we laugh at it is no reason why they should not support it, and that we despise their enmity is no reason why they should not brave us.

There is only one course open for us to take consistently with justice and common sense. It is to impress profoundly upon the memories of the chiefs in each unsuccessful revolt the personally disagreeable results of their treason. If it is once to be understood that the leaders of a pestilent sedition, after keeping the country in alarm for months together, necessitating the employment of a large military force and a considerable outlay of public money, are, when caught, to suffer no severer punishment than is habitually inflicted on the juvenile "prig" or the blundering "magsman," then the British taxpayer must make up his mind to a long indulgence in the costly luxuries of police establishments, military reinforcements, and public prosecutions. Now this is what the British taxpayer is not in a humour to do. Once let him see what the cost of these Irish risings is—the cost not to England alone, but also (we might almost say chiefly) to Ireland herself—and he will resent as it deserves the mis-called clemency of paltering with a treason which is only a degree less contemptible than it is troublesome. He will grumble at the repeated calls upon his purse for the execution of a policy which a rigid firmness might have made as successful as it was necessary. He will ask why he should be subjected to the expense of thrice putting down a set of mock-heroic charlatans who ought to have been satisfied with being put down once. Nor will the recent precedents of insurgent nationalities operate in favour of concessions which he feels would be both cowardly and futile. The example of Greece comes opportunely to exasperate the languid indignation of temperate politicians at the efforts of puny communities to extract by annoyance what they cannot command by strength; and the consciousness that a yearning for national independence may mean only the guided movements of an obedient cat's-paw will animate English feeling to suppress those vexatious revolts which owe most of their little strength to foreign instigation and foreign sympathy. If Irish demagogues are bent upon imitating the example of Greece, English citizens have at any rate no desire to exhibit their country in the attitude of Turkey; nor can any true friend to Ireland and the Irish people desire that that turbulence which is the worst curse of the sister country should be encouraged by weakness and timidity on the part of the Executive. The punishments which modern legislation visits on political crime are moderate enough in all conscience, and nothing but the certainty of their infliction can render them an effectual terror to evil-doers.

THE YEAR.

A YEAR has passed away which, if not filled with very bright or happy memories, has at least not been marked by great calamities, and has had, on the whole, a tranquil and cheering character. At home we have had the brilliant success of the Abyssinian war, and we have had a general election which has given us a most orderly and respectable House of Commons. Abroad peace has been maintained on the Continent, and the only explosion that has taken place has been in Spain, and has ended in the downfall of a monarchy that was a disgrace to Europe. On the other side of the Atlantic the fortunate failure of the impeachment of President Johnson has been followed by the election of General Grant, which settles once for all what is to be the internal policy of the States in the difficult task of reconstruction. The world has been shaken by the extraordinary bursts of volcanic action which have been felt in so many different parts of the globe, and great suffering was caused where this action was most violent. But, otherwise, there have been none of those great and striking afflictions with which nations are from time to time visited. Trade has been dull, but it has been sound, and it has been marked by no startling depressions or great catastrophes. We have been recovering from the effects of the panic of 1866, and of the follies by which that panic was caused; but we have been recovering slowly, and with a constant sense of having to pay for the past. A twelvemonth gloomy, but not painful or uneventful, may be said to have now arrived at its close.

Certainly in England it cannot be said that the twelvemonth has been uneventful. Mr. Disraeli has been Prime Minister, and that in itself is a very remarkable event. The scheme of Reform has, after a fashion, been completed, and an election has been actually held to test what the effects of this scheme of Reform would be. A new Parliament has met, and a Liberal Ministry has been formed, strong in ability, in the infusion of new blood at least into the secondary places of administration, and in Parliamentary following. Lastly, the question of the Irish Church, which a year ago seemed to be quite out of the range of possible politics,

has been raised, warmly and bitterly discussed, and decisively settled by the nation itself. A year which has witnessed events like these is not an ordinary year. Now that it is over, friends and enemies can view Mr. Disraeli's Premiership dispassionately. If we look at its best side, we may say of it that the Premier held his office with a certain dignity; that he managed, under great difficulties, to keep his leadership of the House of Commons; and that, at a time of much irritation, he exercised his ecclesiastical patronage with fairness and discretion. If we look at its less favourable side, we may say that the Premier never showed a gleam of statesmanship; that he proved himself ignorant of the feelings and wishes of the nation; that he appealed, in effusions of wild rhetoric, to the worst passions of religious bigots; that he manoeuvred to have it supposed that he held office by the Queen's special wish; and that he endeavoured to impose himself and his colleagues on the country by the most constant and unblushing puffing of every member of his Cabinet. Whether, on striking the balance, good or evil predominates in this Premiership, let us leave to history to decide. But at any rate it must be allowed that Mr. Disraeli has held his high office under circumstances, of all others, the most disadvantageous to him. His troubles had been prepared for him even before he became Premier. Early in the year a banquet was given at Bristol, at which Lord Stanley declared that the question of Ireland was the question of the hour. It certainly was a question brought very pointedly before the minds of Englishmen. So great was the panic caused by the Fenians, that forty thousand special constables were engaged to protect the metropolis; while in Ireland the most frantic utterances of American Fenianism were circulated in the guise of extracts by Irish editors, a martello tower close to Cork was attacked and rifled of its little store of ammunition, and a gunmaker's shop in a main thoroughfare of Cork was stripped of its contents in broad daylight. When Lord Mayo moved the continuance of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, and still more when Mr. Maguire raised the general question of the condition of Ireland, a feeling that something must be done for Ireland was manifested by the House of Commons, which could not be overlooked. Mr. Disraeli, on taking office, was obliged to announce that he had a distinct policy for Ireland, that it was a truly Liberal policy, and that in a very few days Lord Mayo should explain what it was.

This was the beginning of his misfortunes. Either he had no Irish policy, or, if he had one, he did not dare to declare it, or to force it on his colleagues and his party. Lord Mayo made a speech, one of the longest and dullest made for many a day in Parliament, in which Mr. Disraeli's Irish policy was supposed to be set forth. But it was all a mass of words, without purpose or plan. It came in effect to saying that, as to the land of Ireland, the Ministry had no proposal to make, but would be glad to accept any proposal made by any one, provided it was satisfactory. As for the Irish Church, the Ministry was for levelling up, not for levelling down; and in order to show what it meant by levelling up it was ready to give pecuniary aid to an exclusively Roman Catholic University. To have said that the true remedy for the ecclesiastical difficulties of Ireland was to endow the Romish priesthood would have been a bold and statesmanlike policy, which might have been unpopular and unsuccessful, but which would in any case have commanded respect and attention. But Mr. Disraeli did not dare to propose a policy that would in all probability have separated him from his party; and accordingly he sheltered himself behind the vague suggestions made on his behalf by Lord Mayo. This gave his adversaries an opportunity. He had professed at a most serious crisis to have an Irish policy, and he was discovered to have no policy at all. Mr. Gladstone was only too glad to supply the deficiency, and on the 23rd of March introduced his Resolutions by which he asked the House to pronounce that the Established Church of Ireland ought to cease to exist as an Establishment, that ecclesiastical vacancies in Ireland should not be filled up until the final decision of Parliament, and that the Queen should be asked to place her interest in the temporalities at the disposal of Parliament. He was met by an amendment, moved by Lord Stanley, not raising the direct issue, but merely declaring that all action with regard to the Irish Church was for the moment inopportune. How little Lord Stanley himself was prepared to defend the Irish Church was made evident by the speech he made on introducing his amendment, for he distinctly declared that not one educated man in a hundred would think of defending the Irish Church as it stood, and that no mere redistribution of its revenues would suffice. In such hands the cause of the Irish Church seemed altogether lost; but Mr. Hardy, resolving to pledge the Cabinet to a thoroughgoing defence of the Irish Church or to break it up, declared that he would be no party to a new surrender. Mr. Disraeli felt himself powerless, and all he could do was to take his tone from Mr. Hardy, shout "No Popery," and see whether in the rôle of a hot Protestant he might not still be successful. The issue was not doubtful; the Liberal party was in earnest, and the Liberal constituencies even more in earnest; and on the 4th of April a majority of sixty-one pronounced against Lord Stanley's amendment.

Being committed to the "No Popery" line, Mr. Disraeli took it up with great interest and energy. He selected what is known to accurate people as Maundy Thursday to write a letter to a Mr. Baker, in which he developed a proposition he had already advanced, that the Ritualists, under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone, were plotting to overturn the Throne, and, as he had said in a previous letter, to introduce an evil worse than that of a foreign

conquest. He kept, however, quite quiet in the House, and waited until Mr. Gladstone should make the next move. Lord Derby could not bear to be so patient, and in a speech of extreme arrogance denounced Mr. Gladstone as the author of one Resolution at least that was distinctly unconstitutional, and said that the Ministry ought not to resign under any amount of factious pressure. This gave Mr. Gladstone a golden opportunity of taking a high position in the Commons, and of denouncing the interference of the presiding genius of the Ministry. A majority of sixty-five adopted the First Resolution, and Mr. Disraeli went down to Osborne. He came back in a state of manifest elation, and announced that, having offered to the Queen the choice between his resignation and a dissolution, the Queen had graciously preferred to keep him in office and let him dissolve. The Duke of Richmond, in the Lords, when giving a narrative of the transaction, allowed it to be understood that the Ministry were to be at liberty to dissolve on any question, and at any time they pleased. A perfect tempest of fury swept over the House of Commons; language of the most violent kind was used on both sides, and scenes of the most discreditable kind took place evening after evening. The general result was, that Mr. Disraeli's manoeuvre in trying to make use of the Queen's name was thoroughly exposed and rendered fruitless, and that the House was released from the threat of being instantly dissolved if it dared ever to do anything to offend the Ministry. No further opposition was offered to the Resolutions; the Queen was advised to give her assent to the introduction of a Suspensory Bill, and the Bill passed the second reading by a majority of fifty-four, and was sent up to receive a happy despatch in the Lords. There it was rejected on the 20th of June by a majority of as nearly as possible two to one. And, as the feeling of the Upper House was very strong against it, no one could deny that the Lords were acting strictly in the path of the Constitution by referring it to the nation to say whether the Irish Church should or should not be dealt with as Mr. Gladstone proposed to deal with it. The Ministry pledged itself to do everything to ensure that an election should take place at the earliest possible moment that would enable the new constituencies to vote; and Mr. Disraeli announced in his oracular way that the Ministry was much stronger than was supposed, and that it would be supported at the elections in a way that would astonish every one. The subject of the Irish Church, therefore, dropped for the Session, every possible argument for and against it having been brought out in the numerous speeches in both Houses. It may be remarked, however, that the speeches of any force were all the speeches of established and recognised speakers, and that no one gained any new reputation or position excepting, perhaps, Lord Carnarvon, who was scarcely known to have so much courage and ability as he then displayed, and Mr. Hardy, who by taking a bold line at exactly the right time, restored to the Ministry the reputation of having something like honesty, and succeeded in imposing the impress of his own opinions on his party.

But before Parliament could be dissolved or prorogued, it had other work to do. In fact all these discussions on the Irish Church were in the eyes of the Ministry excrescences, and very pernicious excrescences, on the real business of the Session. That real business consisted in completing the scheme of Reform. There was a Scotch Reform Bill to pass, and an Irish Reform Bill, and a Boundary Bill, and, if possible, a Bill for putting down corruption and intimidation at Parliamentary elections. All these Bills the Ministry took in hand, but it was soon seen what it meant by Bills being taken in hand by a discordant and defeated Ministry in face of a hostile majority. The Bills were certainly taken in hand by the Ministry, but they were at once taken out of their hands by the House of Commons. The Scotch Bill was shaped so as to contradict two of the principles on which Mr. Disraeli had previously insisted. Seven English boroughs were altogether disfranchised in order to give as many new seats to Scotland, and rental instead of rating was adopted as the basis of the county franchise. The Irish Reform Bill, as it was playfully called, was still more extraordinary. It was simply a Bill for fixing a new hard and fast line in boroughs, without any scheme for redistribution to accompany an alteration of the franchise. The Government lost all control over the House, and abandoned, one after another, the principles for which in more happy times it had most strenuously contended. It was no use triumphing over it, for it had got below the point at which to triumph over it was any glory, and it was no use abusing it, for it had become impervious to abuse. But the climax was reached when the Boundary Bill—the pet creation, the special dream, of Mr. Disraeli—came on for discussion. Although the recommendations of the Commissioners appointed by Parliament itself were embodied in the Bill without change—so that it was the Bill of the Commissioners, not of the Ministry—yet when its opponents proposed to reopen the whole question, to insist that voters properly belonging to boroughs should not be taken out of counties, and to overthrow all the labours of the Commissioners as fancy might dictate, the Government actually had to give way. No Government, as Mr. Russell Gurney well remarked in the bitterness of his heart as one of the discarded Commissioners, is so bad as a weak Government. The Lords, as usual, although sorely against their will, accepted the decision of the Ministry, but not until after the Opposition peers had adopted the strange step of walking out of the House when they thought that the Government were backing out of an argument, nor until language had been used on both sides which showed that the Lords could be as

violent and abusive as the Commons, and which for the moment did much to discredit the Upper House with the country.

The Bribery Bill was, however, a sort of Ministerial triumph. Mr. Disraeli succeeded in getting the Commons to relegate their authority in election petitions to the Common Law Judges, and in forcing the Judges to accept a task which they very much disliked. Mr. Disraeli also shaped the Bill much as he wished, and although it may in other respects be deficient, yet undoubtedly it will have the effect of deciding once for all whether the scheme of trying election petitions on the spot before a practised lawyer will put down Parliamentary corruption. Some few other measures of a satisfactory kind were also passed before Parliament was prorogued—among which the Public Schools Bill, the Bill for inflicting capital punishments in private, and that for improving the dwellings of the poor may be mentioned; and among which the Bill for purchasing the telegraphs might certainly have been classed if the price to be paid for them had not been raised so much beyond the original estimate. The last days of the expiring Parliament were spent in a warm and factious opposition to the Foreign Cattle Market Bill, and, although the opposition succeeded, it was conducted in a manner which made the nation rejoice when the day of prorogation arrived. The autumn months were spent in preparations for the great event that November was to bring with it. But the preparations and efforts of all other candidates were thrown completely into the shade by the extraordinary activity and profuseness of speech with which Mr. Gladstone stumped South Lancashire. At length, on the 11th of November, Parliament was dissolved, and in the following week the elections began. The result is so fresh in the mind of every one that it is scarcely necessary to say more than that a Ministry which was declared by its audacious Premier, on the very eve of the election, to be certain to win, was left in a minority of a hundred and fourteen, that the Liberals had an overwhelming preponderance in the English boroughs both great and small, that they were supported almost literally by the whole of Scotland, and that Ireland, by a great effort, did more for them than had been expected. On the other hand, the Conservatives had some triumphs which were very consolatory to them. They showed great strength in the counties, winning seat after seat, and sweeping the whole of some counties of the first order of importance; and secondly, they beat Mr. Gladstone in Lancashire. But these successes could not affect the main result. Mr. Disraeli found himself in a hopeless minority, and prudently resigned before the new Parliament met, after accepting, with general approbation, a peerage for Mrs. Disraeli. The task of forming a new Government was at once entrusted to Mr. Gladstone, who succeeded in gathering together a Ministry of which all that need be said is that it is one of great promise, but what its performances are to be we must leave for the new year to reveal.

It is seldom that anything in human life can be looked at with unmingled satisfaction; but, if ever there was anything in the history of a nation to give pleasure without alloy, it was the progress and conclusion of the Abyssinian Expedition. A little want of method and purpose, perhaps, prevailed until the Commander-in-Chief arrived. But as soon as Sir Robert Napier was at their head, the troops began to move forward to their goal with that wonderful precision, and with that command over the difficulties of nature and over the minds of barbarian tribes, which at length brought them, without loss or impediment or interruption, before the fortress where the English captives were confined. There was a pause in the intelligence transmitted home, and then England learnt all at once that Magdala had been taken; that King Theodore had killed himself, after having lost a battle; that the prisoners had been released, and that the army was coming home. On Good Friday the Abyssinians—against, as was afterwards said, the advice of their chief—attacked the English, and after a sharp contest of about two hours' duration, during which they displayed great bravery, but could do nothing against disciplined troops and the murderous Sniders, were driven back thoroughly demoralized. On the Saturday Theodore offered to surrender all the captives if the British would retire; but Sir Robert Napier, with extreme moral courage, took the enormous risk of declining. The prisoners were, however, sent into the camp on that and the following day, but Sir Robert Napier insisted that Theodore should surrender himself, and give up Magdala. After his return to England, Sir Robert Napier, then most deservedly Lord Napier of Magdala, explained that he felt himself obliged to insist on this visible and conclusive proof of success, otherwise the tribes in his rear would have feared Theodore more than they would have feared him, and would have interrupted his retreat. Magdala was stormed on Easter Monday, and all the objects of the Expedition were accomplished. The Chancellor of the Exchequer announced in his speech on the Budget, otherwise without interest or importance, that the expenses of the Expedition would be within the limits of five millions sterling, provided the troops could be got out of the country by the end of May; and the last division left Zoulla on the 2nd of June. The expenditure is, most properly, to include compensation to the British officials who underwent imprisonment at the hands of Theodore. Nothing could have been more satisfactory in every way, and we had the pleasure of astonishing our friends on the Continent by showing them that we could conduct a difficult military expedition without a blunder, and could keep our word when we said that we were seeking no territorial gain.

Fenianism, which seemed dangerous at the beginning of the year, gradually faded away, owing, as Mr. Disraeli declared, to the

exertions of Lord Abercorn, to whom he gave the appropriate reward of an Irish Dukedom, and of Lord Mayo, to whom he gave the seemingly inappropriate reward of the Governor-Generalship of India. The trial for the Clerkenwell explosion ended in the conviction of one only of the conspirators, and Fenianism was beginning to be little thought of, and the well-timed visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Dublin was beginning to make things look brighter, when the startling intelligence was received that the Duke of Edinburgh had been shot by a Fenian assassin in Australia. To the general joy it turned out that the wound, which narrowly escaped being mortal, was not serious, and the young Prince returned home in the course of the summer. The Australian colonies proved their sincere loyalty by their indignation at the assassin, and by the curious Bill for punishing treason sent home by the colony where the attack took place. Colonial history has otherwise been unimportant this year, and there is little to record except that the great Darling controversy has been closed, in a sort of a way, by getting Sir Charles Darling to accept restoration to his place on the Colonial List instead of the proposed grant to his wife. The resistance of Nova Scotia to the scheme of Confederation has fortunately been abandoned by its leading promoters as hopeless; and New Zealand has been plunged into a new contest with the Maories, in which the colonial forces have sustained a discouraging repulse. The long contest as to the criminal responsibility of Colonial Governors has also been brought to a close by the committal of Mr. Eyre, and his subsequent discharge by the grand jury, after a charge from Mr. Justice Blackburn, which, however, left one of the main questions open, for Mr. Justice Blackburn gave it as his opinion that Mr. Eyre was justified in law in sending prisoners from districts where martial law did not prevail into districts where it did—an opinion from which his brethren in the Queen's Bench thought it necessary to record their dissent.

The public, glad to find any object of interest apart from politics, was disquieted early in the year by the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Speke. It had been clearly proved by theorists that he had been murdered, when he was found disguised as a drover, and explained that he had hidden himself partly as a joke and partly on religious principles. It was satisfactory to find that an eccentric clergyman, whose name no one had previously heard, was alive; but it was still more satisfactory a little later in the year to ascertain that the great traveller of South Africa was alive, and that Dr. Livingstone was working his way down to the coast. Railways have also done much to keep the public mind from stagnating, first by the revelations of great financial embarrassments, extending to companies of such high reputation as the Caledonian and the Midland; then by a great amalgamation scheme, which the House of Lords rejected on discovering that the whole of the south-eastern district of England was to be thrown under the same management, and that, while competition was to cease, fares were to be raised. Then came the terrible Abergele accident, followed by minor catastrophes, showing how much carelessness may exist even on a line so well managed as that of the North-Western; and then came the sorrows of the suburban dwellers on some of the principal lines out of London, who found that the fares were suddenly increased, and that, although they wrote to the newspapers, and the newspapers took up their cause, yet they must either pay the increased fares or stay at home. The professional world has also had its excitements, for the legal appointments falling to the late Government were so numerous that their list got exhausted, and after appointing Sir Charles Selwyn as Lord Justice, as an example of how fortunate lawyers who get into Parliament can be, they had to seek in the present Chancellor a Lord Justice who was up to the legal part of his work. The clergy were agitated by the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the consequent vacancies and appointments; and the army was startled at finding that an engineer could be allowed to lead an expedition and could be made a peer, and was gratified at learning that the War Office, by an ingenious arrangement, was to be taken out of the sphere of Parliamentary control and handed over to purely professional control.

A few weeks ago it was confidently believed that this year would have witnessed the settlement of the *Alabama* dispute; and it is to be hoped that even now this expectation will be substantially realized. It was stated at the beginning of the year that the correspondence between Mr. Seward and Lord Stanley on the subject had ceased, because they could not agree on the point whether our recognition of the South should be included in a reference to arbitration. But, after Parliament met, a debate in the House of Commons showed how very anxious English statesmen of all parties were to come to a fair and amicable settlement, and the Report of the Neutrality Commission proved that many of the views once entertained by English lawyers as to the position of a neutral must be abandoned. Finally, a new American Minister appeared among us in the person of Mr. Reverdy Johnson, who has done his utmost, and done it most successfully, to conciliate Englishmen, and bring about a thoroughly good understanding with America. He announced at the Guildhall banquet that all matters in dispute between England and the United States were virtually settled; and although it does not even yet appear how far his own Government is prepared to go with him, he has since adhered to his main statement, and we may hope for the best. The naturalization question, which at one time was taken up in a very violent and ignorant way by Congress, has led to no difficulties, for we are as ready as any nation can be

to agree to whatever is fair and right on the subject, and a Commission has been appointed to examine into the subject. But not only has time exercised its soothing influence on both sides of the water, and the Americans are now, we may hope, more ready to respond to our wishes for friendship, but they have had enough to think of in their domestic affairs. After passing one or two extreme measures regarding the South over the veto of the President, the Republican party in Congress determined to get rid of their enemy, and in March the President was impeached mainly for his conduct in turning Mr. Stanton out of the War Office. There was, however, just enough sense and straightforwardness in the Senate to prevent the condemnation of the President by a purely party move; and as thirty-five voted for his conviction, and nineteen for his acquittal, the requisite majority of two-thirds was wanting. In a very short time it seemed doubtful whether the reaction against the violence manifested by the Republican party with regard to the impeachment might not lead to the election of a Democratic President, more especially as both parties were equally ready to court favour by advocating Repudiation, so long as it appeared politic to do so. But the Democrats were unlucky in their candidates, and the Republicans won the election with ease, twenty-five States voting for General Grant and Mr. Colfax, as against nine voting for Mr. Seymour and Mr. Blair. Mr. Johnson and his policy are thus disposed of; and, although he had the satisfaction of once more reiterating his policy in his recent Message, Congress had the satisfaction of condemning him and his policy by at first declining to hear the Message read, and subsequently voting a strong resolution condemnatory of one of its most prominent suggestions.

In India not much has happened, although the complete success which attended the experiment of taking native troops to fight in conjunction with Europeans in Abyssinia may some day be productive of very important results. Sir Stafford Northcote, in bringing forward the Indian Budget, showed that no less a sum than five millions sterling a year might be expected to be forthcoming for public works; to which Mr. Lowe replied that it would be much better and cheaper to borrow twenty millions under an Imperial guarantee, and lose no time in pushing forward the public works really necessary for India; and, in a speech at Manchester later in the year, Lord Salisbury insisted that many public works ought to be executed in India which would not pay as investments, but which would open up the country. Statesmen of all shades of Indian opinion have united in agreeing that among the first of those works, whether productive or unproductive, which ought to be carried out without loss of time, are the railways necessary to give us the military command of the North-western frontier; for, however much we may determine to remain on the defensive, and to await the approach of Russia to our confines without fear or impatience, yet the subjugation of Bokhara and the burning of Samarcand, which took place in the summer, were incontestable signs of her advance in Central Asia. In Europe, Russia has taken no prominent part this year, and, indeed, has scarcely come forward at all, except to start the agreement not to use explosive bullets, to which all the Great Powers have given in their adherence. It is possible that she has been quiet because she has been busy enough considering very carefully whether she has most to gain by becoming the ally of France or of Prussia in the event of a war, and because she has been, as all the world supposes, at the bottom of that restlessness in the districts on both sides of the Lower Danube which has been the cause of much alarm to the friends of peace. Whether she has stirred up the Greeks to their absurd defiance of Turkey, which has threatened to make the year die out in a storm, it is impossible to say; but, however desirous they may be, it is difficult to suppose that even Greeks would have been so foolish, unless they thought that they could depend on Russia. Whether it is possible that peace should still be preserved is unfortunately doubtful. A Conference, it is proposed, should meet at Paris to discuss what the great Powers should do to impose peace on the intending belligerents. But, meantime, the little Powers principally concerned seem not so much drifting, as hurrying, into a war. Hobart Pasha has driven the *Enosis*, a Greek vessel freighted with volunteers and arms for Crete, into Syra, and declared a blockade of that port. A Turkish army big enough, it may be expected, to sweep the little force of Greece almost out of existence has been collected on the Thessalian frontier, and all Greeks have been ordered to leave the Turkish dominions. Such a state of things cannot last long, and the delay which must elapse before a Conference can meet and can come to a decision seems very dangerous. Fortunately England and France are said to be acting in the matter in complete harmony, and the restoration of M. de Lavallette to the French Foreign Office will, it is to be hoped, make the task of Lord Clarendon easier.

Throughout almost the whole year Europe has been alarmed with the prospect of a war between France and Prussia. It was in vain that the Emperor of the French kept on reiterating his assurances that war was out of the question. On New Year's Day he tried to tranquillize the diplomacy of Europe, and he received Baron von Goltz most affably as the representative of the Northern Confederation. In April M. Baroche was instructed to declare at Rambouillet that a peaceful prospect lay before France, and that the Government thought only of making good country roads, not of wasting money in war. In May the Emperor advised the authorities of Rouen to go on developing the resources of their city in full security that peace would endure. At Troyes, in

August, he endeavoured to calm his hearers by assuring them that France was under the especial protection of Heaven, and in September he would not say a word to his soldiers at Chalons lest it should be misinterpreted. Still the world did not feel easy, and it now turns out the world was quite right, for it seems, on no less authority than that of Count Bismark, that in that very month of September war was on the point of breaking out when it was averted by the outbreak of the Spanish Revolution. It was not that the sincerity of the Emperor was doubted when he declared that he wished for peace and believed in its continuance, but it was obvious that at any rate he was making preparations in case the crisis of an unavoidable war should come, and that it was at least possible that causes of internal disquietude might hurry him into a war.

Of the actual preparations in the sphere of the French army itself, foreigners cannot pretend to speak. It was the general impression that whereas, after Sadowa, France was not ready to encounter Prussia, she was ready by the spring of this year. But the preparations for war made by the Emperor which arrested the attention of Europe were of a different kind. They consisted, first, in the passing of the Army Bill, by which almost the whole of the French troops in active service were made available for a foreign campaign by a great augmentation of the reserves; and, secondly, in the use which the Emperor has lately made of his renewed occupation of Rome. The Army Bill was unpopular in the Chamber; so unpopular, that on one point, the length of service after which soldiers might marry, there was actually a majority against the Government; and it was so unpopular in the country, that there were disturbances at Toulouse when the time came to put it into operation, and the Government candidates have been defeated in several elections, as a protest of the electors against the Army Bill. But the Emperor and his military advisers were firm. They said that the safety of the country demanded the passing of the Bill, and it was passed by 199 to 60 votes, although, as Marshal Niel himself declared, the only road to peace which he could see lay through war, as neither France nor her neighbours could long support the burden of their extravagant armaments. That France found some difficulty in doing so was shown by the necessity under which the Government found itself of having recourse to a new loan of about eighteen millions sterling; and it was perhaps the extreme readiness with which this loan was subscribed, even at a moment when anxiety prevailed, that put the French Government into that dangerous state of mind to which Count Bismark referred. Secondly, the Emperor has this year made Rome an arsenal. He has turned it into a French stronghold, to coerce Italy in time of peace, and punish her in time of war if she is anything but the slavish ally of France. At the marriage of Prince Humbert with his cousin the Princess Margherita, the principal person present was the Crown Prince of Prussia, who was most cordially welcomed, and was made the hero of the occasion, as representing the Power with which Italy likes to believe she may dare to ally herself, if need were, against France. But the Emperor takes precautions to keep Italy very quiet in case of war, for he holds a port, a city, and a territory in the very centre of the Italian kingdom. Under his patronage the Pope has called a General Council for next December, and has felt himself strong enough to disregard the indignation of Italy and to put to death some of the persons who were engaged in an attempt to blow up a position held by the Pontifical Zouaves. Italy has, in point of fact, been very quiet this year, and General Menabrea, after doing his best to discredit Rattazzi and his policy by publishing Rattazzi's despatches written immediately before the date of Mentana, has persuaded his countrymen to accept the situation and attend to their own affairs. This they have done to some purpose, by agreeing to bear the detested burden of the Grinding Tax, and by permitting the Ministry to issue, which it has done very successfully, a loan secured on the monopoly of tobacco. If it is true that the Budget of 1869 will only show a deficit of eleven millions of francs, the financial position of Italy has been strengthened to a degree most creditable to the Ministry.

That there has been some political agitation in France this year is true, but whether it is not a great exaggeration to speak of the Emperor as having to choose between revolution and war is very doubtful. But there has been a stir—whether in the French mind or the minds of a few discontented Parisians we do not pretend to know. Early in the year a new law for regulating the Press was passed, by which the necessity of obtaining leave to start a new journal was taken away, and by which it was referred to the magistrates to say what fines offending newspaper proprietors should pay. This was considered so liberal a concession that the Ultra-Imperialists went into a little Cave of their own against the Emperor; but their master had his way, and when the new Bill came into operation, it was found that the journalistic world was exceedingly uncomfortable under its provisions. A little irritation, but perhaps not of a serious character, may have been caused by this disappointment. A series of weekly pamphlets, called *La Lanterne*, and made up of that mixture of short sentences looking like epigrams, violent abuse, and familiar platitudes which seems to retain a perennial power of charming the French, had such a success and was so insulting to the Emperor, that the police had to resort to the severest means to suppress it; and Paris went with childish amusement into the game of seeing whether the police could not be baffled, and copies successfully smuggled from over the frontier. It is the sort of game in which the French police are sure to win, sooner or later, and for some months

little has been heard of the *Lanterne*. Recently a method of annoying the Government has been sought in a subscription to a monument in honour of a totally unknown person, named Baudin, who fell at a barricade in 1851 resisting the *coup d'état*, and who, after being forgotten for seventeen years, was suddenly elevated to the rank of a Republican hero. As the only object of subscribing to erect a monument to such a man was to annoy the Government, the challenge was accepted; prosecutions were instituted, and the Baudin subscription has faded into oblivion. To foreigners all these things seem mere ebullitions of schoolboy mischievousness, or of magnanimity much on a par with the conduct of the heroic nephew of Cavaignac, when refusing to accept a prize from the Prince Imperial. But Frenchmen who are not generally ill-informed say that these are the straws blowing before a rising wind; and the positive statement of Count Bismark, that war was on the point of breaking out in September, must make those reconsider their judgment who have been inclined to think that there was nothing in his foreign or domestic policy to make the Emperor dream of breaking the peace.

Count Bismark has had much opposition to encounter in the provinces he annexed—some of that silent sort which has only a local notoriety, and some of a more noisy and explosive kind. He persuaded the Prussian Parliament to give the deposed Princes a sum of a little more than three millions and a half sterling, in order, as he said, to keep them quiet. But the King of Hanover, although he was willing enough to take the money, was not willing to keep quiet, and, at a dinner held to celebrate his silver wedding, announced his hope that he, like his ancestors, would soon return to a larger Guelphic kingdom than he had lost. Soon afterwards ten Hanoverian officers were found guilty of trying to make Prussian soldiers desert into the ranks of Hanoverian volunteers, and Count Bismark announced that if these open attacks on Prussia went on he should certainly stop the King of Hanover's pay. What is to be done with North Schleswig has been kept an open question throughout the year, and no progress has been made towards carrying out the Treaty of Prague with regard to it, unless it is true that Count Bismark has decided on taking the characteristic and audacious line of asserting that by the Treaty of Prague nothing more was meant than that while the whole of North Schleswig should belong to Prussia, the Danish inhabitants might, if they liked, reside there as Danes, and be exactly on the footing of Danes from Copenhagen who might happen to reside at Berlin for their own convenience. His long illness has kept the Prussian Premier away from business for many months, but he has now returned to his official duties, and it must be owned that Prussian politics are at least much more lively when he is there. He has lately taken occasion to speak his mind about Austria. He defended Count Beust against an attack made on him by a previous speaker, and said that he had no reason to suppose Count Beust was animated by any implacable enmity against Prussia; and he then proceeded to comment on Austrian Constitutionalism, by saying that Liberal Governments were like reigning beauties, and that the last out generally carried the day. Austrian Liberal Government was the reigning beauty, the last sweet thing out in the way of Constitutionalism, and was consequently made much of; but in what did Austrian Liberalism, asked Count Bismark, really consist? In an army 800,000 strong, and in a few municipal liberties granted in Prussia fifty years ago. This was epigrammatic, but was not at all fair to Count Beust or to Austria. In the establishment of a Liberal Government we must look at the difficulties to be overcome, and at the practical working of the institutions, as well as at the mere scheme of government, if we wish to praise or blame justly. Count Beust and the Emperor, and all who had joined in setting up Constitutionalism in Austria, have had to display a skill and courage in breaking through the Concordat, and to surmount a difficulty in reconciling Hungary, far greater than anything the authors of Prussian municipal liberty could offer in comparison. In spite of some drawbacks, although she has been obliged, in aid of her embarrassed finances, to resort to the dangerous plan of taxing the coupons of her bonds, although the impending war between Prussia and France, and the agitation caused in the valley of the Lower Danube by the murder of Prince Michael of Servia, and by the incessant plots in Roumania, have forced her to keep up her army on a ruinous scale, and although the insubordination of the Bohemians in pursuit of a Czech nationality drove her to rule with a strong hand at Prague, yet on the whole the year has been a prosperous and an encouraging one for Austria. It is a great stroke of successful statesmanship that Hungary should be now apparently quite at one with her. The Hungarian Diet was closed on the 10th of this month by the King in person, and he had the satisfaction of being able to point to the great things that had been done in the three years which had elapsed since the Diet met—the reunion of Croatia and Transylvania to Hungary, the re-establishment of the Hungarian militia, the concession of equal rights to every citizen of every creed, the institution of State education conducted in the mother-tongue of those educated, railways made or commenced, and an Hungarian Budget framed and sanctioned in due form. Surely Austria may say that these are not slight things, and that her Liberalism ought to be spoken of more respectfully than Count Bismark spoke of it.

On the 8th of February Queen Isabella of Spain received the Golden Rose from the Pope, not only in recognition of her warm support of the Papacy as a sovereign, but also as a tribute to her

virtues as a woman. She continued for about half a year longer to rule as sovereigns rule whom the Pope especially loves, and to exhibit that spectacle of feminine virtue which has made her name notorious in Europe and detested in Spain. But as the summer went on, she and her Ministers did not feel quite comfortable. There was no one they could trust; and at last, in the middle of July, her own sister and the Duke of Montpensier were sent into exile, and Generals Serrano and Dulce, and others of lesser note, were deported to the Canary Islands. But even worms will turn when trodden on too hard by pious, but tyrannical and flagrantly improper, people; and the dumbfounded Spaniard, as Mr. Roebuck had just styled him, rose against the Queen and her Court and her Ministers. On the 18th of September the fleet under Admiral Topeta began the insurrection at Cadiz. Prim, Serrano, and Dulce all arrived from their different places of exile, and headed the movement. It soon spread through Andalusia, and four days afterwards Gonzales Bravo, seeing the game was up, flew to France. The Queen, who, fortunately for her, was at Saint Sebastian, was at first inclined to resistance, but an encounter near Cordova in which her troops were defeated, and the fraternization of the soldiers with the populace at Madrid, convinced her that she had better leave; and accordingly, on the 30th of September, she went to Pau in the company of Senor Marfori, and attended in some obscure, humble sort of way by the King. At first she could not believe that she would not be restored before the week was out, and published a violent, excited protest, treating the successful revolutionists as dogs, but offering to govern on the best possible principles if she were restored—on the same noble and satisfactory principles on which, as she insisted, she always had governed. Supreme Juntas were formed in Madrid and the other large towns, and immediately began expelling Jesuits, confiscating their property, and going through the regular Spanish Liberal programme. Towards the end of October Olozaga arrived from Paris, and then he, Prim, and Serrano formed themselves into a Provisional Government, got the Supreme Juntas to dissolve themselves, announced that a special Cortes would soon be called together to decide on the form of government, dissolved monasteries established since 1837, promoted themselves and vast numbers of other persons in the army, invited tenders for a loan, and, in short, set about governing in a decided manner. But it is very hard for a nation to wait month after month for a form of government; and, although the Spaniards have shown great patience, self-command, and good sense on the whole, throughout the Revolution, yet it could not but be dangerous to leave the question so long undecided whether there should be a monarchy or a republic. The Provisional Government declared for a monarchy, but they could not even mention a possible monarch, and republicanism began to grow in strength. Recently it has taken the extreme form, at Cadiz, of armed opposition to the Provisional Government, but the movement was put down, and the Provisional Government still goes on, managing to hold its ground, but not able to guide the nation towards the future that it ought to choose. Its members must see the year end with gloomy forebodings and much anxiety, more especially as Cuba seems not only inclined to set up for itself, but the Duke of Montpensier, whom in despair they were said to be turning to as the only possible sovereign, has damaged his chances by a premature appearance on the scene.

The Bars of England and France have this year lost two great names by the deaths of Lord Brougham and of Berryer. Few can now remember what Lord Brougham was before he sank into the Chancellorship and comparative insignificance, but Berryer retained his powers as an advocate, and exercised them with unabated activity, almost to the close of his life. It was the signal merit of both men, differing so very much as they did otherwise, that they both linked the life of an advocate with the assertion of political independence. In Count Walewski the Emperor had to regret a faithful friend and servant, and one of the very few persons who connected him with French society of other than an official kind. Sir James Brooke had long rested from his active career, but his death called to recollection the days when by his single arm and will he founded a barbarian empire, and carried to a beneficent extreme the possible exploits of an adventurous Englishman. Rossini has gone to his rest attended by the fond regrets and the enthusiastic veneration of those who have long loved his music. Louis of Bavaria has also closed a life which, if not very profitable or creditable to himself, was still ennobled by his passionate love of what he thought beautiful or commendable in art, and by the patience and liberality with which he carried out his great idea of making Munich a sort of show place or theatre of instructive buildings. The English Church has seen pass away from its fold one of its most amiable, dignified, and characteristic types in the Archbishop of Canterbury, and one of its best and noblest types for intellectual power, for manly courage, and for profound learning, in Dean Milman; and English society seldom offers to the world a more perfect specimen of its higher qualities and gifts than it mourned in the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland. Still, in the sad region of death as elsewhere, the year has been marked by enough, indeed, to cause regret, but by no great public calamity. No one of the very highest order of eminence has passed away; and we may enter on the new year with hope and encouragement, if with much anxiety and apprehension.

MORAL INCURABLES.

A RECENT traveller in the islands of the Indian Archipelago has, among other things, given a rather minute account of the condition to which the Malay opium-smoker reduces himself; and the account is made more graphic than unaided words could have made it by a photograph of one of these unhappy creatures. The wretch, though only of middle age, is emaciated so as to be mere skin and bone; the deadness of his expression is irreproducible in words; in his hands is the fatal pipe; "by his side are seen vessels for making tea, and by copious draughts of that stimulant he will try to revive his dead limbs by and by, when he awakes from his contemplated debauch, and finds, as it were, his very life on the point of leaving the body." When a man has once contracted the habit of opium-smoking, says the traveller, it is impossible to reform; and, indeed, one need only look at the picture to be quite sure of this impossibility. A reader with anything like an imaginative turn of mind can hardly help pausing to think of a condition of such despair; and if he is reflective as well as imaginative, he will feel a chill in remembering that the Malay opium-smoker is not the only, even if he is the most degraded, kind of incurable. It is rather a useful thing for Englishmen to think about, because the notion of an incurable is one of those which we have supreme difficulty in admitting to our minds. We are so convinced—and it is a very decided piece of good fortune for us that we are so—of the omnipotence of personal effort, and the irresistibility of the human will, that the existence of facts which effort cannot touch, and of circumstances against which any force that we think of under the name of will is totally impotent, is either ignored, or at any rate is kept as much out of sight as possible. That this is on the whole a very wholesome tendency, and ends in good in the long run, there can be hardly any doubt. It is good less for itself than for the healthiness of nature, of which it is a sign. It is better that people should overrate than that they should underrate the power of the will, and that they should narrow the field where effort is unavailing to as small dimensions as may be. Even if they devote their energies to the reformation of characters that are too far gone in evil to be capable of reformation, at any rate the effort brings good to the worker, and braces his own character, if it does nothing else. But it is not good that anything should be shirked, and it is not good, therefore, that we should shut our eyes to the existence of whole bands of moral incurables—men as far beyond redemption from this or that tyrannical habit as the Malay opium-smoker, and whose moral case is not a whit less desperate. Our common reluctance to recognise such a class of persons arises not merely from the shock which they give to our conviction of the omnipotence of energy and will, but also from the shock which they give to our compassion, and sympathy, and human hopefulness. There is a certain horror, as of death itself, in the idea that anybody, especially anybody we know or like, is finally given over to a reprobate mind, either on one special side of conduct, or, as is sometimes true, on all sides. Hopelessness is the one condition which it freezes the sympathetic mind even to dream about in connexion with character. Yet in one sense hopelessness may almost be said to be a law of character; that is to say, we get into moral grooves, and if we only go sufficiently far in them, then henceforward it is as good as certain that we shall never succeed in hoisting ourselves out of them. Opium-smoking is not a favourite or popular vice among Europeans, and so we do not get incurableness brought home to us in that direct and concrete manner which is so much more effective than any other. But the most unflinching optimist will think twice before he maintains that we are free from other vices and foibles that are hardly a shade less deadly, *mutatis mutandis*; at all events, from vices and foibles which their victims would probably count quite as deadly if they could only see themselves as others see them.

Take weakness of purpose, for example. It is as certain as anything can be, that after a time the habit of desiring without willing, of purposing without striving, of wishing and designing without executing or taking strenuous steps towards executing, fastens upon a man and grows into his bones and his flesh, and pulls him down to a state fully as desperate and as deadly from a moral point of view as the state of the Malay opium-smoker is desperate from the moral and physical point. Practically, there is about as little chance of rescuing the one as the other. If moral differences could only, by some useful bit of miracle, be made to manifest themselves in outward and visible signs in the flesh, we should perceive that the man was as far gone, as emaciated, as much of a skeleton as his Malay prototype, and that not all the moral and spiritual doctors in creation could pull him out of his cachexy. The power of self-deception is perhaps a kindly device placed within reach of men by the benevolence of the compassionate gods. It would be too appalling, too tragic, if men in this condition could realize the truth that they had finally and for ever shut and double-locked the gates of their particular Paradise against themselves. To have a mind teeming with projects and purposes, to keep body and soul together, so to speak, by confident anticipation of fulfilling them, and suddenly to find out that you had hopelessly crippled yourself and destroyed, as with knife or cautery, the very germs of the strength necessary for fulfilment—could the flames of the pit come much nearer to a man than this? Or much nearer to the friends of the man? Yet there are perhaps no more sordid opium-smokers in the Indian Archipelago than there are people in Europe, feeding themselves on the fumes of unexecuted purpose, thrown by their exaltation into deadly drowsiness, only to be dis-

pelled by violent stimulants—the futile preparations for a fresh debauch. If this were seen physically, it would be frightful. Its terror and despair would exceed any physical malady to which men are subject, because, to be capable of high resolve and good purpose, a man must have stuff in him, and must therefore be capable of proportionately bitter anguish if it were ever to be revealed to him that his whole life, of which he thinks so much, with which he means to do so much, which impresses and stimulates his empty purpose so much, is only a patch of moonshine after all. The case of the simply indolent man is bad enough, if he could only see it; but then it could never appear particularly horrible to him from his own point of view, because he probably has a theory that the Malay might just as well be lying comfortably on his back on a straw mat, with the tea-pot by his side, as doing anything else. The case of confirmed indolence is ignoble, and it is sad, as the sight of anybody surrendered to a demon from whose grasp he cannot be extricated must always be. But it is not so terrible when the man has no idea that he is the prey to a *pieuvre*, or does not so much object to the *pieuvre*. The true horror is when we see one in the clutch of the monster, when he thinks all the time that he is walking happily and freely over the green face of the earth; and to know that nothing short of tearing him to pieces in the process could extricate him.

One advantage of recognising the incurableness of certain disorders of character after they have had time to work themselves into its grain is that well-disposed persons would learn to leave the incurable alone; would let him fare in his own way; would neither harass him nor waste their own energies in a bootless effort to awaken him. It would be an uncommonly useful thing if persons given to play the part of social missionary or amateur moralist would hang up over their mantel-piece or bed-head a photograph of the Malay opium-smoker, as a reminder, graphic and perpetual, of the impotence of talking in the face of confirmed and settled habit. If one were to see an earnest moralist haranguing the wretched Malay, pointing out to him the evil and folly of his ways, enforcing his moral by reference to the dead eye, sunken cheeks, and bones starting through the skin, we should only laugh or wonder. It is not much less melancholy to note the zeal with which incorrigible preachers attack and try to stir up men as dead in their habits as habits can be. What amount of digging and dunging will bring fruit to a barren tree? It was a just appreciation of the invincible might with which habits and tempers take root and thrive in men, that led theologians to insist upon a supernatural effort of divine grace as the essential condition of the new life. The world at large is given to laugh at the divines who cry out about "our miserable human nature," and about the feebleness and fatuousness of mortals groping after light by their own unaided effort. And this teaching has very likely had a depressing effect; it has very likely done something to weaken the needful spirit of self-reliance, and voluntary, earnestly directed energy. To teach a man that he needs a miracle to bring him right is of course to do much to discourage him from doing his best to bring himself right. But this is no reason why those who are not teachers but only observers, and all men in so far as they are observers, should blink the plain truth that we are all of us apt to drift into mental states out of which nothing short of downright miracle could deliver us. And may we at this point, without intruding too far into a domain which is not ours, suggest that another doctrine which some theologians hold, whatever it is to be said for or against its theological truth, has at any rate a side which is true in morals? Those who hold that a spiritual regeneration is wrought in baptism may at least borrow from the humbler armoury of the experimental moralist this proposition, that men often seem to inherit some qualities from their sires which nothing short of preternatural intervention is at all likely to root out. The theory of the *tabula rasa* is no longer tenable in the face of established facts of physical transmission, and we are bound to admit that at no earliest moment of his existence does any man start exactly fair.

Whether he does or not, however, it is very transparent that every hour of his life a man is building up habits and cutting off retreats for himself. Yet there are not many persons who have either thought so much about conduct in general, or have kept so alert an eye upon their own conduct in particular, as to know when the time has come, or is just at hand, that retreat will have ceased to be open to them—when they are in this respect or that, or in all respects, incurable and hopeless. In the greater matters of conduct, happily, nature and circumstances combine to keep people in the straight track of what is honourable, virtuous, and wholesome. But smaller matters often make all the difference, and it is in foibles, weaknesses, littlenesses, that men are apt to fall away, and to let ill ingrain itself in them, without their being at all aware of the total impossibility of ever undoing that which is at the moment quietly and tenaciously doing itself. Only those who have taken the pains to watch the process of the formation of habits in themselves and in others know how comparatively few repetitions of an act are quite enough to sink it irreparably into their nature. It is not every habit that is so unpleasant at its first inception as opium-smoking is said to be. We are not warned off, nor tempted not to give way. On the contrary, as all preachers since the Flood have lamented, it is the first step which is so bright and so easy, from getting into debt down or up to the weightiest and most crushing sins. The Malay, it may be said, has no excuse, for the first whiffs are nasty enough to bid him think, while there is some excuse for the poor mortal who falls astray in the

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direction of idleness, of seeking his own ease first, and other things afterwards or not at all, of profusion of money, of running after too gay comrades, of indulging in biting speech, of yielding to immoderation in thought and language and attitude; for is there not a strong smack of what gratifies the old Adam in all these things? And it is this pleasant smack which seduces men, until it has grown too attractive to be resisted. They go on all the time with an ingenuous idea that they can pull up if they will, and when they will. A palsied man might as well flatter himself that, if he only wished it strongly enough, he could forthwith plant down as firm a foot as his stoutest neighbour. It is true that the facility of habit works for good as well as for harm, because a virtuous habit once formed may prove as durable as a vicious one. Certainly, if a man were obliged to take deliberate thought before every virtuous act of his life, the world would become a pandemonium, and so it is to this extent a happy dispensation that to form habits comes tolerably easy to us. But then we must set against this the other side, that an evil habit is fully as likely to last as any other, because it is just as certain to surround itself with agreeable associations. The only reason why it is worth while to point out that there are moral incurables, and that we are most of us incurable in one respect or another, large or small, is that it serves to enforce in a way that is rather neglected the very old moral about beware of first steps.

CHRISTMAS.

PASSENGERS through the streets of London are reminded of the approach of this sacred season by a touching symbol. Amongst the gratuitous exhibitions which habitually render our streets so charming, one of the most simply beautiful is the array of dead carcasses in butchers' shops. Their peculiar style of ornamentation has indeed little about it which can be called generally attractive to the artistic mind. The simple symmetry of a bovine corpse is seldom appreciated by lovers of the beautiful, even when relieved by festoons of sausages, or by an elegant disposition of supplementary fragments of meat. But the approach of Christmas induces even butchers to relax the severity of their style. Sprigs of holly with their ruddy group of berries ornament the spot graced in life by the animal's tail; and the internal organs are replaced by brilliant rosettes, by bouquets of winter flowers, and by the tablets on which are recorded the final victories of the deceased won in fair competition at the Agricultural Hall. Of which things it would not be difficult to make an allegory. The beef and mutton might represent the grosser forms of enjoyment which form the traditional substratum of British conviviality; the flowers stand for the feeble attempts to cast a certain poetical gleam over the somewhat sensual enjoyments of the season; and perhaps, if we included the admiring crowd which hungrily contemplates the charms of overfed monsters from the pavement, we might discover some morals of a more serious description. There are sermons to be found in butchers' shops as well as in stones, and omens may still be drawn from the entrails of slaughtered prize oxen.

To say the truth, the approach of Christmas suggests some rather melancholy reflections. We cannot, of course, touch in any degree on the more solemn thoughts which are at the present moment struggling for fresh utterance in the minds of many thousand occupants of ecclesiastical pulpits. We look upon Christmas simply in its convivial aspect; we consider it as the chief occasion upon which we are forced by a social necessity to sit down, resolutely and of malice prepense, to be jolly. The nation at large—or at least all that part of it which can by any means escape for the time from the category of the dinnerless—is deliberately gathering together for an outpouring of elaborately prepared conviviality and family affection. Those to whom Christmas really brings a hardwon holiday, and a short taste of comparative luxury, deserve every sympathy; we can only hope that their enjoyment may be as keen and unalloyed, and in every way as near the conventional standard, as possible. But the dining part of the population—those who eat and drink rather more than is good for them every day—supply different cause for meditation. Probably the conclusion of nine-tenths of our readers of this morning would be, if they chose to express it fairly, that Christmas festivities are an unmitigated bore. One of Leech's heroes remarks forcibly that he had found the day intolerably dull, "for all the world like a Sunday without *Bell's Life*." Making allowance for the peculiar view of Sunday thus indicated, that would be a very fair summary of the ordinary impression. Every one has remarked the gloomy silence which overspreads a whole party when a rash host openly proposes that they shall sit down and have a pleasant talk; or the damping effect upon an audience when a story is prefaced by the assurance that it is the best thing you ever heard in your life; or the vexatious sense of remorse when two old friends meet after a long separation, and each of them can only reflect that the other has grown older and duller, and that a great many of their common topics of conversation have become obsolete. These are obvious examples of the extreme danger of bathos which attends all pompous exordiums to social meetings. Christmas comes in with such a flourish of trumpets, with such elaborate paraphernalia of turkeys and plum-puddings, and such an intolerable deal of puffing from tenth-rate poets and novelists, that it is almost a miracle if it does not fall flat. Children, who take every-

thing seriously, may be stimulated rather than abashed; but persons who have grown to a certain degree of self-consciousness shrink at the demand made upon their spirits. They appreciate the curious fallacy embodied in popular literature of the subject. The writers of Christmas Numbers appear to hold that the cumbersome ceremonial of our forefathers was an indication of exuberantly high spirits. The very opposite would of course be the legitimate deduction. People who translated into practice the ideal of our illustrated newspapers, who brought in boars' heads and yule logs, and obeyed lords of misrule, and all the rest of it, must have been trying to emerge from the very depths of boredom. The long preparation necessary for such clumsy antics implies that they were a relief to long periods of monotony and isolation, and that rough practical joking was the nearest approximation to social enjoyment. People don't want to bring boars' heads into a London dining-room, any more than to crown their own heads with flowers, and that simply because they can talk better without. When they can appreciate rational conversation they don't want to sit stupefying themselves, after the fashion of our grandfathers, with heavy potations of thick black port, or strong ale. The reduction to a minimum of all the external ceremonial of Christmas festivities is the best proof that we can really enjoy ourselves in a fashion worthy of civilized beings. Christmas festivities should doubtless be endured with patience, because they give pleasure to children, and because they are the cause of a certain quantity of good dinners to persons with whom good food is a rarity; but it should be distinctly understood that rational persons who endure them patiently deserve credit for a very enviable good nature.

The prevalence of the superstition about Christmas conviviality may suggest how much we still have to learn in the matter of enjoyment. One great obstacle in the way of improved art is that people don't know what pleases them. They sincerely fancy that they admire pictures or buildings, in deference to some shadowy code of good taste, when in reality they are perfectly indifferent to them. The greatest of all difficulties is to get people to see what is before their eyes, and to know without prompting when they are really happy. Ninety-nine out of a hundred infinitely prefer taking the authority of other persons to believing the verdict of their own senses; and nothing can be more fallacious in practice than the apparently obvious theory that a man is the best and only judge of his own feelings. On the contrary, there is no subject upon which he is more likely to be under a complete delusion. It is true that the delusion itself may be turned to some account. When different members of a family are brought together at Christmas, they very likely bore each other intensely; they may have cause to believe in the paradox that absence is sometimes a wonderful preservative of family affection; but it is also true that they will probably believe that they are very happy, and that after a few days they will look back to the gathering with a sentimental regret which will do as well as if the meeting had really been most effusive. To persuade people that they have been very affectionate is to do a good deal to encourage affection for the future. In short, we have for the most part so much difficulty in knowing our own minds, we cherish such a number of pleasant fictions one within the other, and so often mistake even our own conventional affectations for true opinions, that the problem of unravelling these intricate reactions between fact and fiction is too complex to be completely solved. We can only say in general that every improvement in social manners will probably be marked by an increased simplicity in this as in other enjoyments.

We would not then propose to abolish Christmas more than any of the other necessary conventions of society. Undoubtedly many men would spend it much more agreeably if they solemnly dined at their clubs, and went to sleep afterwards over the evening paper. They might read a Christmas carol or some of the usual rubbish of a "genial" kind, and give heaven thanks that no one is bound at the present day to tell ghost-stories round the fire, or play blind-man's buff and kiss young women under a mistletoe. Those portentous festivities in which Mr. Pickwick joined at Mr. Wardle's, when ostentatious goodwill to all mankind was stimulated by an excessive quantity of milk-punch, are fortunately amongst the things that were. We had therefore better meet decorously, and profess that a family party is really a most enjoyable occasion. Moreover, we should keep up just enough of the accepted ritual to be significant without being cumbersome. A sprig or two of holly is pretty, does no harm, and serves as some excuse for the inevitable festival. If any one should accuse us of being cynical, nothing can really be further from the mark. We only object to cumbersome ceremonials because they are apt to stifle the sentiment they profess to encourage; and we would even admit that relatives may meet occasionally with considerable advantage, if only they will not make such a parade of their intended outpouring of good-feeling that somehow the stream refuses to run freely when it is solemnly tapped. We prefer that the symbolical part of the business should be reduced to a minimum, just as we prefer shaking hands with a friend to falling upon his neck and kissing him, or speaking respectfully of a lady to drinking her health after dinner in the bumper of convivial song-writers. The day is distant enough when we can dispense with these cumbersome conventionalities; but we may aim at reducing them as speedily as possible. Christmas, it should be understood, gives no sufficient ground for tormenting grown-up people unnecessarily, though it is an excellent excuse for treating the inexhaustible appetites of children to as many pantomimes or Christmas-trees and sweetmeats as they can

digest, and we should regret that one pauper should be stinted of his annual dinner; but it must be remembered that such pleasures are adapted for unsophisticated minds and the ruder stages of civilization. Christmas should be a season for amusing children and giving pleasure to the poor—in other words, for considerable self-sacrifice on the part of other classes of the community.

The great argument in favour of Christmas is founded on the general incapacity of the British people for any refined amusement; and, indeed, Christmas itself, in the minds of a considerable class, is merely one of the authorized seasons for intoxication. Anything that can give a touch of poetry to the national enjoyment is an advantage, though the poetry may verge upon commonplace. The holly sprig planted between the fat ribs of a prize ox does not form a very beautiful picture; but it is perhaps better than the ox without the holly. Gin drunk in honour of Christmas is not quite so degrading as gin drunk with a view to intoxication pure and simple. In the monotonous and intensely prosaic life of too many of our population, it is something that they should have a sense, however dim, of occasionally taking part in a ceremony marked by some touch of higher sentiment. We are perhaps coming too near reflections suitable for a different place, but we only refer to them by way of illustrating the proposition that civilized beings may be expected to outgrow the need for such stimulants. We may hope that boars' heads, wassail bowls, and yule logs are rapidly dying out, even from popular periodicals, and would fondly hope that the waits may speedily follow them; and we may safely calculate that every step towards simplicity in the enjoyment of Christmas will imply a relief from one additional cause of weariness to the flesh.

MINISTERS ON THE HUSTINGS.

WE all know, from present experience or remembrance, how delightful is the aspect of the good schoolboy in the first week of the holidays. He is overpoweringly and ostentatiously pretty-behaved. As he is sure to be loaded with prizes and a certificate of excellent conduct, we are quite proud of our young Astyanax. There is a sweetness and a softness and a serene placency in the ingenuous youth which is only too good to last. Butter would not melt in so well-behaved and well-speaking a mouth. Our Ministers are just now in this gracious frame of behaviour. They are home for the holidays; and, flushed with success and triumph, they are making their bow to the family. They have made their election speeches, and criticism is at a loss to find fault with anything so decorous, so mild, so temperate, so promising (only nothing is promised), so full of nothing, but then the nothing looks so nice. Mr. Gladstone was more than usually humble, serene, and mealy-mouthed. He was profuse, not to say prodigal, in his confessions of nothingness and incapacity, and had the Greenwich electors taken him at his word they would have gone away with the impression that they had got as a representative the most incapable and self-distrusting man who since the days of Uriah Heep mouthed and mumbled over his audacious humility. And here we are led to ask which of the two Premiers can be most offensive—Mr. Disraeli in his affected arrogance, or Mr. Gladstone in his affected self-depreciation? At the Guildhall nobody believed a word that Mr. Disraeli said of his own confidence in himself, and on the Greenwich hustings nobody believed in those voluble and sumptuous professions of self-distrust in which Mr. Gladstone was pleased to rehearse one of those good little sermons which he has promised to *Good Words*. However, it was Mr. Gladstone's business at Greenwich to be good, and he was very good, overpoweringly good. On the whole, he is more interesting when he is fierce, vituperative, and exasperating. The Greenwich speech was only the cold cabbage of Lancashire scarcely warmed up; and though, like the sermon which the preacher wanted Canning to praise, it might be short, it was nevertheless dull.

Indeed dullness is the condition under which Cabinet Ministers must play their part in the dismal farce of re-election. Mr. Lowe, perfectly aware of the ox on his tongue, justified his reticence on the broadest and most elementary grounds. He could not be expected to give any programme of the Ministerial policy, for in point of fact, as the Ministry had not yet met in council, so it was only by a complimentary license that they could be said to exist at all. For himself he absolutely disclaimed being a Minister; his own office, as he mysteriously explained, awaiting its consummation that evening; which in the language of mortals means, that as Mr. Lowe had not been gazetted, he could not be expected to have realized his Ministerial existence. It is something, however, to know that Mr. Lowe promised, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to make himself disagreeable to everybody all round; a promise which, judging from some of his antecedents, he is not altogether unlikely to redeem. But if the Chancellor of the Exchequer undertakes to make himself unpleasant, the First Lord of the Admiralty makes up for this untoward look-out by holding out the most gorgeous anticipations of what the new brooms will do. There is one problem which at this season of the year especially presses itself with great force on the housekeeping mind. It is to have everything solid, liberal, sumptuous, and effective about you—to do everything quite as well as you did it last year, and it may be a little better—and to pay less for it. This is the genial mirage of life; this is the future which is always a future; this the blessed and happy household book which is always to be, but never is. Mr. Childers, First Lord of the Admiralty, expatiates on this golden dream. He sees, or says that he sees, and wants us to think

that we see, how all these glorious things shall come to pass; when we shall have our tarts all jam and no crust, when we shall have everything better than ever, and fewer bills to pay. He tells us that he intends not only that the navy shall be as it is, but better; not only that the efficiency shall be kept up, but "increased"; and then, humming over "Rule Britannia," he hints that we are to have stronger iron-clads, and more of them, more men, more guns, more everything, the highest standard, and that standard kept up to, no "false economy," and less to pay. All this is to be done, and done to the utmost pitch of perfection—a navy with all the appliances of the very best, all the improvements of modern science, all these appliances placed in the hands of men thoroughly trained and disciplined, and above all, made contented with their position—and all this with a sensible reduction of the Naval Estimates. Economy in administration is the key to this apparent paradox; and a very good key it is, if we could but understand what it is. One side of the picture we perfectly comprehend. More ships and better ships, more crews and better crews, more armaments and higher pay, more naval reserves and higher bounties and pensions—this is intelligible, and, as Mr. Childers very properly says, this is what is meant by disdain of false economy. But when we come to real economy, and savings in administration, a fog steals over the prospect. We relapse into the old Utopian haze. Big ships and plenty of men there can be no mistake about, but economy in administration is a phrase. It may become a fact; we trust that it will be so; but here Mr. Childers waxes very official indeed. "More into detail they—the Pontefract electors—would not ask him to go, and more into detail it would not be right that he, Mr. Childers, should enter." Perhaps so; we are not Pontefract electors, and therefore we are very much disposed to be inconveniently inquisitive, and ask for the details, however improper the question. Of course, Mr. Childers's pledge may mean everything or nothing. Efficiency may, and perhaps ought to be, perfectly compatible with burning or selling lumber. We all know that in household management, just as in the long run all articles of consumption come from the importer and wholesale merchant, we may, by prompt payment and the suppression of intermediate agents and their commission, get our tea and groceries much cheaper than we do when we take credit. So it ought to be, of course, with ship-building and dockyards. Mr. Childers seems to hint that this is the secret of the good time coming, and that he has got the men about him who will undertake the work. The only drawback on the prospect is, that it is so very plausible, and looks so well and so easy, and that we have had the same pledges from reformers and economists a hundred times before.

The really piquant and exciting incident in the re-elections was Mr. Layard's Southwark speech. As Lord Derby said when the last Government was launched, the difficulties always are with those who wanted to be in office, but could not be provided for. There is a class of men who are not in themselves ridiculous—often much the reverse—but become ridiculous when they call attention to their disappointment. Sour grapes is a natural feeling, but the mistake of the fox was in calling attention to their sourness. A fox may be a clever, but is not always a well-mannered, animal, and that particular fox was clearly deficient in tact and taste. So is it with Mr. Layard. He wanted to be a Cabinet Minister, and expected to be a Cabinet Minister, and he is only a subordinate. This has happened to many a better man than Mr. Layard, but Mr. Layard is the first Minister or sub-Minister on record who has ever taken the world into his confidence on this delicate point. With most folk, when their vanity is hurt, they are prudent enough to say nothing about the slight. The fox may be eating out the vitals of their self-respect, but they must laugh the thing off. To apologize, or rather to account, for taking office at all, Mr. Bright found to be a dignified duty. It was unnecessary, but graceful, in him to say that he sacrificed inclination to duty; and in his pathetic application of the Shunammite widow's patriotism to his own case, nature—and a noble nature—spoke. Mr. Layard, too, was true to his nature. Suffice it to say that his nature is not as Mr. Bright's nature, nor even as that of those other subordinate members of the Government who have far ampler reasons for complaint at the lower room which has been assigned them than has Mr. Layard. We said that the Ministers generally were like schoolboys home for the holidays—meek, unctuous, and promising. Mr. Layard is not exactly an exception, for he is not a Minister—that is, not a Cabinet Minister. But he brings out another schoolboy type. We have not forgotten the pleasant lad who is always spited by the masters and bullied by the boys, and who, according to his own account of school, is especially selected by everybody for ill-usage and contumely. This is Mr. Layard's case. He ought to have got the prize or scholarship, but the doctor set papers on purpose to defeat him; he was sure to have made the best score in cricket if it had not been for that plot to keep him out of the eleven. Well, Mr. Layard has succeeded admirably in justifying Mr. Gladstone's sound judgment in keeping him out of the Cabinet. Another such Southwark speech, and we should say that Mr. Layard will have proved his incapacity for office of any sort, as he has taken such superfluous pains to vindicate his incapacity for the Cabinet.

There is, however, one innovation in the Ministry which has been saluted with a flourish of congratulation. Lord Lansdowne has taken office as an unpaid Lord of the Treasury. If statecraft were a mere guild or trade, or even profession, no doubt an apprentice deserves no wages, because he can turn out no good work. But if this is the principle on which office is to be salaried—pay-

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ment for results—it might have fared badly, say, with Sir George Grey, Mr. Vernon Smith, or Mr. Walpole. Lord Lansdowne, however, receives no salary because he is so rich that he can dispense with it. Here is a most mischievous principle, and one which, if acted upon, will ruin English statesmanship. Where is the line to be drawn, or what is the standard of sensitiveness at which a man must, or may not, serve his country gratuitously? If 50,000*l.* a year is to be held to be a ground for not paying a public servant, are we to pitch the arbitrary point where the amateur statesman ends and the venal official begins at a private income of 20,000*l.*, 10,000*l.*, 5,000*l.*? The practical difficulties, however, are nothing to the moral. A Cabinet or a Government consisting partly of volunteers, partly of hired workmen, must place both the paid and unpaid members at equal disadvantages and equal suspicions as regards each other. The taunt that one serves, like Spenser's Angels, all for love and nothing for reward, and that another is a mere hired clerk, ought to be impossible, as it must be mischievous. The only result would be that men of the most sensitive natures would decline office if the honour of it were connected with salaries contingent on their own sense of the becoming; and on the other, office itself would be degraded and the public interests would suffer. The democratic party would be bound to close with the offers of any rich fool or incapable who would undertake to do the work of the Ministry for nothing. And the precedent would soon spread. If a man is too rich to take pay for Civil Service, he is too rich to take his salary or stipend or rations in the Church, the army, or the navy. As in the worst days of Imperial Rome, the Empire, or its administration, would be sold to the richest candidate for office, and, by a sort of Dutch auction, the man who would do an office at the cheapest rate would secure it.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION FOR WOMEN.

WE are not going to discuss any general questions as to the position or qualifications of that which, according to the *Westminster Review*, is the Suppressed Sex. Nor are we going to discuss any general questions as to examinations, whether competitive or otherwise. The spirit of the age goes in for examinations. Man, in the widest sense of the word, the general human animal, seems to be an animal whose chief point of difference from other animals is his capacity for being examined, and the necessity of examination which is laid upon him. And, whether woman is man in an electoral sense or not, she is at least man in that wider sense in which she is simply human—human and therefore liable to be examined. Woman then, by virtue of her simple humanity, cannot escape the common fate of humanity; she must submit to be examined. Examined then she must be; but it makes a great difference how she shall be examined. Divers schemes are afloat, and we have before us one scheme of pre-eminent absurdity, which calls for our notice above its fellows. This is the Regulations for the Examination of Women, lately set forth by the London University, and which are seemingly to be acted on for the first time in the May of 1869.

Now there is plainly one wide difference between the course of male and of female education. Particular lines of study are rigidly chalked out at schools and Universities for the education of boys and young men, while the education of girls may be anything that each parent pleases. If most girls are taught pretty much the same things, it is as a matter of mere custom and fashion, not, as in the case of boys, a matter of distinct rule. Again, among girls who rise above the common routine of the governess and the boarding-school, girls who really have intellectual tastes of one sort or another, there is a vast diversity among those tastes. One clever girl takes to one subject, and another to another. One takes to language, another to natural history; not many, we suspect, to mathematics or natural philosophy. Now surely, if there is to be an examination for girls at all, it should be of a kind to give full encouragement and fair play to all these different tastes. It is so hard to get girls to take to any intellectual pursuit at all that no needless difficulties should be thrown in the way of any of them. The scheme of Examination should be as flexible as it can possibly be made. It should contain the greatest possible number of alternative subjects. A few matters of absolute necessity being taken for granted, a girl should be allowed to win honour by showing real proficiency in the subject of her own choice. She should show that she knows thoroughly, and not merely superficially, the main ordinary subjects of female education, and she should show besides that she has gained a really respectable knowledge of some special subject or subjects of her own choosing. We assume that the girl should be made to show a competent knowledge of her own tongue, of French, and of some other language, ancient or modern, that she should know that Alfred lived after Julius Caesar and not before, that the earth goes round the sun and not the sun round the earth; but, having shown this kind of necessary knowledge, let her have the widest possible range of special subjects to choose from. Now some vague glimmering that this was the right kind of thing seems to have made its way into the minds of those who drew up the scheme before us. They have, as we would have, a General Examination and a Special Examination. The candidate who has passed the General Examination may afterwards go in for the "Special Certificate of Higher Proficiency" in which she may choose any one or more of fourteen specified subjects. Thus far the theory of the scheme is all right. But it labours under the slight objection that the knowledge required for the General Examination amounts very nearly to omniscience.

That is to say, a real knowledge of all the prescribed subjects would amount to omniscience, and we are bound, for the credit of the London University, to suppose that a real knowledge and not a mere smattering is intended. Human absurdity is certainly capable of great achievements, but surely none of its achievements ever was greater than to put forth such a scheme as the following:—

"Candidates shall not be approved by the Examiners unless they show a competent knowledge in each of the following subjects.

1. Latin, with Grammar, History, and Geography.
2. Any two of the following languages—Greek, French, German, Italian.
3. English Language, English History, and Geography (Physical and Topographical).
4. Mathematics.
5. Natural Philosophy.
6. Either Chemistry or Botany."

In each of the following subjects! The thing fairly took us aback. While a boy at school, a young man at the University, is thought to be doing well if he gets up one or two things, his sister, if she presents herself before the Examiners of the London University, is expected to know six subjects of the most heterogeneous kind. Six subjects for Little-go—for this Examination practically is Little-go—and those ranging from *hic, hæc, hoc*, to the "fertilization of cryptogams." We are not sure that the cryptogams or even the phænogams are the most edifying subjects for young ladies. Perhaps Miss Becker and Mary Boddy can tell us something about "hypogynous, perigynous, and epigynous," all of them names which sound very much as if they had something to do with female emancipation. As for "diandrous," it sounds so shocking that we can only hope that it expresses nothing worse than Mary Boddy's claim to give her vote for two candidates. Well, there is an alternative; the study of cryptogams is not absolutely compulsory, but the damsels who do not go in for cryptogams must go in for the "general nature of Acids, Bases, and Salts," and be perfect mistresses of "Sulphuretted Hydrogen." And all—both those who go in for cryptogams, and those who go in for acids—must be expert in "the composition and resolution of statical forces," and must know all about "specific gravity, and the modes of determining it." Now all these things are very well in themselves; far be it from us to undervalue any really intellectual pursuit; but why force them down people's throats? As alternative subjects for those whose tastes lead them that way, they are perfectly in place; but to make them compulsory is simply making them ridiculous. Conceive a girl of really cultivated mind, who knows her three or four languages, who has learned her Grimm's Law and knows the mutual relations of those languages, who knows something of the literature of those languages and of the history of the nations who spoke them—conceive such a girl discouraged, cast out, turned back, because she has not got up cryptogams and the centre of gravity. Now this is just what is happening. Really intelligent and well-informed girls, who at first thought of going in for the Examination, are checked by seeing that a number of subjects of which they know nothing, and for which they have no turn, are not merely open to them, but are forced upon them. One such, we know, wrote to ask whether it really was meant to make each and all of these six discordant subjects compulsory on every candidate. She gets for answer an impertinent letter from some official prig or other, expressing his surprise at the question. The surprise of scholars will rather be at the folly of a scheme thus carefully devised to shut out the most promising of the class for whom it is meant.

For it is not merely that these physical subjects are made compulsory instead of alternative. There is absolutely no room for any intelligent knowledge of language and history. The framers of Examination schemes for the London University seem not to have got beyond the stage of the governesses' advertisement, with its talk about "English in all its branches." English History and English Geography are made into appendages to the English Language, while the other languages which are admitted into the curriculum seem to stand quite isolated, and are not to be looked at as standing in any relation to English or to one another. We cannot see how, in this sort of examination, any knowledge of the Science of Language can be brought in at all, unless it is dragged in by main force. There is no corner of the Examination where it would come in naturally. The thing is evidently not contemplated at all. All that the framers of the scheme have thought of is the mere empirical knowledge of each language taken separately. To take in the history of the several languages and their relation to one another never entered their heads. And not only is there no scope for knowledge of this kind in the preliminary examination, there is no scope for it in the higher examination either. The scientific study of language has never been thought of at all. And we are left to repeat, for the ten thousandth time, that in these days there is no excuse for any study of language which is not scientific, that the scientific study of language is far simpler and easier than the unscientific, and that girls at least, if not boys, are beginning to get beyond the stage of linguistic knowledge represented by *As in presenti and Propria quæ maribus*.

It strikes us that, in this scheme of Examination, a girl of real power, who has a real taste for some branch of study, and who has made real advances in that branch of study, would stand at a great disadvantage as compared with the girl who gets up a smattering of many things merely with an eye to the Examina-

tion. That is to say, real knowledge would stand at a great disadvantage as compared with cram. This is the danger in all schemes of examination, but this scheme of examination seems expressly chalked out for the encouragement of cram. The number of girls, or of boys either, who have a real taste for Language, Mathematics, and Physical Science all at once, who have gained any real knowledge of all those subjects at once, is likely to be excessively small. But those who have a real taste for some one of those subjects, and who have gained a real knowledge of it, will be simply discouraged by having to get up a perfunctory knowledge of a crowd of other subjects, which they will simply cram for the examination and of course forget as soon as the examination is over.

One word more as to the branches of Physical Science chosen. Why is it all Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Botany? Why do we hear nothing of Zoology, Geology, Palæontology? Surely these are studies at least as attractive and important as the others, and far more capable of being brought into connexion with historical study? Geology and Palæontology do come among the alternative subjects for the Higher Examination, but Zoology seems shut out altogether. So is Astronomy, a subject surely not altogether to be despised. And the climax of absurdity seems to be reached in that part of the higher examination which concerns Language. Instead of a single department of Language, in which there might of course be an alternative choice of languages, Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, and English, are put forward as six independent subjects as distinct from one another as Political Economy is distinct from Harmony and Counterpoint. History is nowhere, except so far as it comes in among the "Questions in Grammar, History, and Geography" which are stuck on to the examinations in the several languages. In fact the perverseness of the scheme is simply boundless. No girl of real sense or real attainments is likely to have anything to do with an examination of such grotesque absurdity.

DRESS AND ADDRESS.

THERE is, as we are told, a large class of persons "who unfortunately lack the cultivation which alone will bring the gentle spirit into such training as will fit it practically for exhibition in society." For the benefit of this class of persons two manuals have been compiled, one of which treats of the Laws of Society, and the other of the Art of Dress. We should very much like to see a person who dressed according to one of these manuals, and behaved according to the other of them; and without intending to disparage the efforts which will be made to-night to amuse the public at the theatres, we venture to predict that the appearance and manners of that person would be more ludicrous than any burlesque or pantomime that is likely to be produced.

By way of bringing the gentle spirit into training, we will extract a few of the most valuable of the precepts which are collected in these manuals. And first, as regards manners, gentlemen who go to evening parties are directed to make themselves as agreeable as possible, to refrain from hanging about the door, and to endeavour to promote the general enjoyment of the party. On entering a public carriage, a gentleman should raise his hat, for the observance of this rule "tends to lighten the tedium and fatigue of travel." If a gentleman has newspapers, he will offer them to the other passengers before reading them himself, but they, "if they have manners," will decline them. This is, to borrow the writer's phrase, "etiquettish" behaviour in a railway carriage. Another rule of the same code is that, if you are going to smoke, you should "strike your fusee," and before using it offer it to the gentleman nearest to you who is also going to smoke. Considering that the passing of a lighted fusee from hand to hand is an awkward and possibly dangerous operation, we would suggest that it should be transferred, if at all, before striking. But we do not see why this beautiful expedient for lightening the fatigue of travel should be restricted in its application to newspapers and fuses. It seems to us to be indisputably "etiquettish" to offer to a fellow-traveller one's pocket-handkerchief before using it oneself. If it is clearly understood that politeness requires one man to offer a newspaper and the other to decline it, the sooner such a rule is abrogated the better; or, if it is preserved, it ought to be extended to one's great-coat, wrapper, cap, and all other travelling conveniences, and every passenger ought to offer his seat to all the other passengers successively. There is a sneer somewhere in this book at the Spanish host who assures his guest that his house and all that it contains is at his disposal. But it is equally absurd to offer a newspaper which you do not expect or desire to be accepted. If you meet a lady in the street, and she appears to wish to speak to you, it is proper to turn and walk with her; and you are to insist on taking any "book, parcel, or umbrella" from her, and carry it as far as you go with her. It might by possibility happen in the suburbs that a lady might be met carrying a baby, and it would be useful to be informed whether a baby is a "parcel" within the meaning of this rule. Another rule, which may be found applicable at Christmas, when card-parties are common, is that "a gentleman pays for his lady partner in the event of loss." We should like to see a gentleman offering to do this.

There are no rules for the preliminary stages of love-making, which would have been suitable for the season; but the author takes up the engaged couple directly after the proposal and acceptance, and guides them safely through all the succeeding stages until the conclusion of the wedding-breakfast. An engaged

gentleman is expected to remember "the exceedingly abnormal position" he occupies in the lady's family. He must observe their times for meals, and never stay to any unusual hour in the evening. Flirtation on either side is to be avoided, not only as matter of etiquette, but of humanity. "Can it be anything but painful in the extreme for a really loving heart to see in the beloved one a tendency to trifle?" It is not etiquette to make signal displays of devotion in public, nor to be constantly sitting apart; but the "authorities" will do well to leave the engaged pair sometimes to the uninterrupted enjoyment of each other's society. This, however, should be done unostentatiously, and it should not be announced that the members of the family are about to withdraw, as the gentleman in the abnormal position and the lady want the room to themselves. It is not etiquette for the brothers and sisters of the lady to call the gentleman at first by his Christian name. "Much will depend on his age and disposition." If not etiquettish, it is at least politic in the gentleman to pay attention to the future mother-in-law. We can readily understand that the abnormalities of his position would thus be considerably mitigated. As regards the actual solemnity it is only necessary to mention that "licences are more used than bans by people in society." The next chapter to that on marriage treats of the etiquette of barristers and physicians, so it may be assumed that members of the professions of law and medicine are people in society. Indeed, this appears from another part of the book, where a regular table of precedence shows that physicians rank after barristers. The history of the *honorarium* is traced from the time of the Roman patricians, with whom knowledge of law was "an elegant accomplishment," and it is explained that if the fee marked on a brief is too small, the barrister's clerk says that his master is too busy to take the brief. The clerk must not ask for a larger fee. "It is the practice to leave the fee with the brief"; and if all attorneys do not invariably observe this practice, the barrister must, we suppose, console himself with the reflection that they are not "people in society," or that their "gentle spirits" have not been brought into training so completely as could have been desired. We may venture to suggest for the consideration of such attorneys, that the *Laws of Good Society* constitute a department of jurisprudence which claims their particular attention. To borrow the language of the preface to this book, we are quite sure that to these attorneys it is not only a source of regret, but of absolute pain, to be ignorant of the rules which make society cohere. To them this book is offered, as supplying a need which it is their misfortune rather than their fault to experience. They are not boorish by nature, but they lack cultivation; and now that they are informed that it is etiquettish to pay fees with briefs, we are confident that they will never omit to do so. We may perhaps mention that a slight interpolation seems to be required in the table of precedence set forth by authority in this book, for certainly there ought to be a place provided in it for attorneys who pay fees regularly to counsel.

These books are chiefly admirable for the recourse they make to principles. Success in dress does not result from happy guessing; it is attained by regarding principles. And even a knowledge of principles will not alone suffice. To dress well, you must be accustomed to observe, attentively and critically, the habits and style of those who in this respect are most successful in good society. And in the early stages imitation is almost as necessary as observation. But you must choose your models wisely. The principles of harmony and contrast in colours ought, however, to be thoroughly understood, and then the student will perceive the value of the rules deduced from them. One of these rules is, that the prevalent colour or character should be adapted to the person, season, and occasion. "Every one feels and acknowledges that the colours and style which are charming in the youthful maiden are hardly becoming even in a young wife, and certainly less suitable to the comfortable or stately matron." This is a simple application of the rule, adapted to the capacity of the male reader. But the author proceeds to exhibit its application to "personal peculiarities and special places," and takes us, as we are bound to own, beyond our depth. Thus we arrive at a sort of dictionary of colours, where we learn that "amber, straw, primrose, and canary" are fuller in effect than orange. Trimmings of a weak crimson or cerise have a pretty and cheerful effect, "but require a little dash in the wearer." This goes beyond us quite, for the author lays down no principles of dash, and yet we have been told that there is no safe advance to knowledge unless we start from principles. It might just as well be said that some other colour requires a little dash in the wearer, when the question of questions is, what is dash? Again, we read that white muslin, as appropriated to the young and to festive occasions, is suggestive of pleasant memories and associations. It admits of the gayest and brightest colours in trimmings, though scarlet is best; "and it may be dealt with in a free and playful spirit." We must be pardoned for saying that this is exactly how the author deals with us, and we don't think it right. The author began by proposing to point out some of the laws which regulate the combination and mutual relations of colours and their application to dress. This may seem a hard and dry way, but it will be found the most satisfactory way. "We shall deal with principles." And yet when we arrive at the highest mysteries of the toilet, and desire to be instructed in the principles which regulate the choice of trimmings for a white ball-dress, we are merely told that the artist may proceed "in a free and playful spirit." We are sorry to have to say that this treatise resembles some of greater bulk, which profess

to discover principles, and merely heap together words. Young ladies are told that the colours of the "ordinary full dress" should be comparatively low in tone, "but in trimmings you may give more play to your fancy." We should not think much of a cookery book which gave minute directions for the choosing and cooking of a joint, and added that the sauces might be left to the cook's imagination. It appears to our confused understanding that the author tells the young ladies nothing useful, and the ladies "of maturer years and settled position" nothing at all. These ladies, says the author, will of course take care to array themselves according to their standing. There is no need to say a word to them. Then, perhaps, there was no need to publish a treatise *On the Art of Dressing Well*, which professed to base itself on principles. These ladies know exactly what propriety requires, and take care not to stop short of the line, nor go beyond it. "For evening dress the deep rich warm colours, whether brilliant or sombre in tone, if well chosen and judiciously harmonized, have an air of distinction, and are very conducive to nobleness of style; but they require to be treated with breadth, largeness, and simplicity." Husbands and fathers would probably admit that they know what "breadth" and "largeness" mean in connexion with the evening dresses of their wives and daughters; but "simplicity" perhaps has seldom come under their observation.

Lessons in etiquette are needed equally by both sexes, but there is almost nothing to be said about the dress of men; and if this author pretended to be going to elucidate the principles of the black dress-coat and the white tie, we should not be deluded as we were when we began to read the book. The author strongly urges a return to colours for the evening dress of men, but we do not think the men will adopt this proposal until there has been a satisfactory development of the principles on which they should proceed. But if aldermen were allowed to choose their evening dress among all the "deep rich warm colours" which are available to their wives, we should see some effects in the direction of "breadth" and "largeness" which would astonish us. We do not quite feel the force of the usual argument against the present fashion—that it makes gentlemen look like waiters, because it would be practicable to alter the waiter's dress and leave that of the gentleman as it is.

THE DÜSSELDORF SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

THE two papers we have published on recent art in Munich and Berlin may find a suitable sequel in some account of the parent school of Düsseldorf. There is scarcely a painter of note, hardly a phase—whether Christian and spiritual, or realistic and naturalistic—in the history of German art during the last half-century, which has not been more or less intimately connected with this small town upon the Rhine. The great Cornelius—termed by some the Goethe of the art of painting—was born at Düsseldorf; and to Cornelius, a man conspicuous from his youth up for large comprehensive intellect, the Academy of Düsseldorf owed its resuscitation, and art in general that signal revival of which Munich, Berlin, and other chief cities give signs in our times. This giant, the Michael Angelo of Germany, gathered around him a compact band of scholars, ardent as himself for the revival of fresco-painting. The new school received timely encouragement from King Ludwig in a commission to decorate the then recently erected Glyptothek in Munich. The cartoons for this arduous work were prepared during the winter months in Düsseldorf, and then, when summer came, masters and pupils went to the Bavarian capital to carry out the frescoes. In like manner at Coblenz, Bonn, and the Castle of Heltorf, "monumental art" got a fair start; thus the Italian method of fresco-painting learnt by Cornelius, Schadow, Veit, and Overbeck in Rome, having been transplanted to Düsseldorf, took root throughout the land of Germany, where it abides and flourishes even to this day.

Yet it was not without difficulty that the young school of Düsseldorf struggled into life and paid its way. The fame of the Academy became so great that pupils flocked in from all parts; but success brought with it perplexity. Genius became in excess of the demand; the market was overstocked. The secret had been discovered whereby high art could be manufactured wholesale, and yet for the commodity when produced no purchasers were forthcoming. Fortunately King Ludwig was ready for the rescue. Moreover, the emergency called into existence the famed "Kunstverein für die Rheinlande und Westphalen," an Art-Union localized within the Academy, with the express purpose of subsidizing works which proved in advance of public taste. It is interesting to know that this Kunstverein on its twenty-first anniversary was able to announce that, in addition to nine hundred great and small pictures distributed by lottery, it had been the means of securing to churches both Protestant and Romish, to museums and public buildings, twenty-seven altar-pieces and eleven large oil pictures. Among the works thus fostered are the famous frescoes from the history of Charlemagne which we recently had the pleasure of studying in Aix-la-Chapelle; also may be mentioned a masterpiece by Overbeck now in Cologne Cathedral; likewise Professor Keller's engraving—the largest in line ever executed—of Raffaele's "Disputa." Düsseldorf, indeed, as our readers are probably aware, has long been a chief centre for the publication of religious prints. We remember to have seen in Rome, twenty years ago, in the studio of Overbeck, then in the Cenci Palace, designs in charcoal prepared expressly for engraving in Düsseldorf. And we have now before us several hundred cheap popular prints published by the well-accredited "Verein zur Verbreitung religiöser Bilder, in

Düsseldorf," engraved from pictures by the best known painters in the Düsseldorf "Christian school." Such are among the means taken to educate the people of Germany up to the standard of high art. In fact Düsseldorf does as much for religious art in a twelve-month as London in a century.

The Düsseldorf Academy has little expressly distinctive in its curriculum of study. More worthy of remark is the mutual culture and the relation of brotherhood maintained between professors and pupils. While other academies may be compared to monarchies or oligarchies, that of Düsseldorf is, by its liberty and equality, like a republic. The Director does not constitute himself a dictator; no one mind, no exclusive art-manner, dominates. Thus, during half a century, Düsseldorf, notwithstanding the ascendancy of the so-called spiritual or Christian school, has given equal rights and privileges to all styles, including, of course, the naturalistic. Even at this moment are found within her borders painters in manner wide as the poles asunder. Among the number may be enumerated Professors Deger, Ittenbach, and Carl Müller, leaders in the so-called Christian school; Bendemann, illustrious by works taken from Jewish history; Tide-mand, the faithful delineator of peasant life in Norway; Vautier and Salentin, devoted to realism and naturalism; and Professors Leu, and Andreas and Oswald Achenbach, famous throughout Europe as painters of coast scenes and landscapes. These artists, and many more scarcely less illustrious, are, either by office, early pupilage, residence, or otherwise, bound to the fortunes of that least exclusive of all schools of art—the Academy of Düsseldorf.

The Düsseldorf school seems to renew its youth in the life-giving fellowship sustained between masters and pupils. A skilled student is not cast adrift; on the contrary, he is attached to the Academy by the provision that he may occupy one of its ateliers. Thus talent, first trained and then domiciled, is not lost to the spot; thus a gifted youth prolongs his influence over his fellow-students, and little by little grows as a vital member into the body corporate. Artists here preserve for long the attitude of discipleship; even when arrived at man's estate they continue to receive the visits of Professors and the admonition of Directors; and it is known that a master sometimes numbers among his scholars married men and fathers of families. The whole Academy in fact is a community for study and art-work, a guild vigilant for the welfare of the painter and his art. When in Germany some important national work has been needed, counsel has been taken of the Director by princes or municipalities. The best man for the service is indicated; the labour is assigned to some one master, aided by a band of scholars. It would seem, judging from our own unhappy experience in England, that great national works are absolute impossibilities where there do not exist trained bands of scholars capable of carrying out a concerted scheme under the direction of one responsible master. The evidence of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., before the Royal Commission was strong in favour of the very system which has made the Academy of Düsseldorf a great art-producing power, while lack of such system has left our own Academy impotent, wholly inoperative upon the nation's art save in the successful multiplication of pretty exhibition pictures. Higher results in Germany are the products of academic culture, and of that fellowship in labour which subsists between a master and his scholars. It is easy to conceive how much of ardour, what *esprit de corps*, have been engendered by this co-partnership in creation; an old scholar has been known to ask as a privilege, without prospect of pay, permission to join hands with his master over some earnest work. Thus it was in Italy. Raffaele walked through Rome with a following of fifty disciples; and the great mural pictures of Rome, Florence, Pisa, and Sienna could only have come into existence under a system—the origin, in fact, of the practice in modern Germany— which secured to great masters the services of devoted bands of scholars. Art was in Italy a religion; and such has it been in Düsseldorf.

Art life in the capital of the Rhenish provinces is more than commonly social, not to say "jolly." Students of various nationalities, some Protestants, others Catholics, mingle kindly together in mutual toleration. This student community assumes a certain burgher or citizen attitude, jealous of its rights. The Academy naturally begets kindred associations. In the public Gallery are collected representative works of the school. In Jacobi's Garden, a pretty shady retreat, a well-known resort of poets and philosophers, the artists have located their club, the "Künstler Verein Malkasten." To drink coffee or wine beneath the trees, a painter or two perchance within view making outdoor studies, we have ourselves found pleasant in the sunny summer time. In winter the artists indulge in theatricals; the walls of the club are decorated by its members with mural paintings, and ready fancy and rapid hands find no difficulty in extemporizing scenery, colouring masks, constructing costumes, and completing other stage properties which have at least the merit of being somewhat out of the common. The artists in Rome show like histrionic propensities. Indeed any one who may have glanced at art life on the Continent will readily believe that the painters of Düsseldorf give themselves kindly to masking and practical joking, fun and frolic of all sorts. At Düsseldorf too, as at Venice in the days of Giorgione, music is the painter's passion. Here Mendelssohn lived two years; here he conducted the "St. Paul," and the master's refining influence has survived even to the present day. Altogether, it is easy to see in artist life at Düsseldorf, as at Rome, how generously Continental manners lend themselves to free and easy ways. Feasts and holidays in Roman Catholic countries favour artist

festivals; life is more scenic and picturesque than in lands where cold, commercial reason has ostracized imagination. Düsseldorf, moreover, still maintains rural simplicity; she is yet happily exempt from that fashionable frivolity which trades for its own empty ends on artists' inherent vanities. Thus the quiet town is more favourable to study than gay capitals like Berlin or Munich. On the whole, this abode of painters is a pleasant place to live in. Academicians from the windows of ateliers command picturesque views over the swift-flowing Rhine, the sails of passing craft shining in the sun. The town is prettily situated among trees, gardens, and running waters; nature puts on winning ways, though she scarcely rises into heroics; and so those artists who find themselves restless under throes of imagination betake themselves in the sketching season to the highlands of the Upper Rhine. Hence, when summer comes, ambitious spirits, consolidating into caravans, migrate in search of the sublime. Pilgrimage is made to old Romanesque churches, to Rhenish castles legend-haunted. It has been said that poetry and lyric music animate the wine-growing districts of the Rhine. Certainly the sketching ground which nature has provided as a domain to the school of Düsseldorf furnishes to the artist's portfolio capital material, whether in type of peasantry, character in costume, or picturesque accessories for backgrounds. The landscape capabilities of regions within reach of Düsseldorf—the vintage-clad Rhine, the hills of Bavaria, the mountains of the Tyrol, not to mention the accessible fiefs of Scandinavia—have been turned to excellent account by Lessing, Leu, and Achenbach. It may be added that Bierstadt, the American, formed his style in Düsseldorf; it was there he learnt how to paint the Rocky Mountains after the approved German fashion. These and other artists of scarcely less renown place Düsseldorf landscape, notwithstanding its vicious colour, in the foremost position among rival national schools.

The Düsseldorf school has been divided between two contending factions—the one spiritual and ideal, the other natural and realistic. Of the former, the lovely church, worthy of a pilgrimage, at Remagen, on the Rhine, is the brightest manifestation. Upon the walls of this chapel, Deger, Ittenbach, Carl and Andreas Müller, all distinguished members of the Düsseldorf Academy, have given ardent expression to their pictorial, not to say religious, faith. This impressive interior of highly-wrought polychrome naturally suggests comparison with Giotto's Arena Chapel, Padua. Such modern German revivals, indeed, have much of the character and spirit of early Christian art. The forms are studiously lovely; the heads lofty and ideal in type; the draperies academic in symmetry; the colours refined and pure; the execution delicately soft. Certainly these lovely, though somewhat feeble and conventional, wall-pictures are not afflicted with the hardness, opacity, and crudity which often make German frescoes repellent. Unlike also to the frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, Westminster, the mural pictures at Remagen, in common with wall-paintings in Germany generally, remain just as fresh as when first painted.

In direct antagonism with the spiritual phase of the Düsseldorf school, as manifested at Remagen, is the naturalism and realism of which Karl Friedrich Lessing may be taken as the express exponent. This manly painter is best judged by the series of pictures from the Reformation of Huss, two whereof are familiar to Rhine tourists tarrying at Frankfurt. An interesting narrative might be written of Lessing's career and Protestant creed, if he has one. It is generally supposed that the painter, as the champion of liberty and of nature, led a kind of Protestant revolt in the Academy of Düsseldorf against servility to tradition. On the other hand, we are assured that the defiant Huss pictures were not hurled as painted pamphlets against the Church. Lessing, it seems to be admitted, holds to no one faith sufficiently firmly to side as a partisan in any polemic strife. In Christianity he loves what is simple in life, free in thought, manly in action. In his art he does not trouble himself with legends of saints or manifestations of the supernatural; he believes that the highest function of art is to set forth a noble humanity, to depict the great men, minds, and deeds in history; he is content to plant a firm foot in time and place, and he surrenders willingly to others the realms of imagination. The Düsseldorf school has profited by the doctrines of Lessing. On the easel of Tidemand may now be seen an altarpiece for a Protestant Church in Norway, "The Baptism of Christ"—a large work which, by its individuality, realism, and vigour, must be regarded as a direct reaction to the "spiritualism" that long reigned in Düsseldorf.

Professor Bendemann, now Director of the Academy, takes a middle course between "spiritualists" and "realists." He has just executed a vast cartoon, an episode in the destruction of Jerusalem; also a series of wall-paintings after a newly invented oil-process. Other signs of the times still more marked tell that a reaction has set in—that in Düsseldorf, as in Germany and the world at large, art has forsaken idealism for individualism. It may be to some people a consolation to learn that the frescoes at Remagen, Munich, and Spire, wherein the so-called spiritual school of Germany has expended its fervour, are not likely soon to fade away. German frescoes, we repeat, have stood well; unlike failures perpetrated in England, they are not discoloured or faded; they do not, as the mural pictures at Westminster, blister, break into eruptions, and finally fall as dirty dust from the walls. On the contrary, with some few unimportant exceptions, chiefly of works unprotected from the weather, frescoes in Germany after a trial of more than twenty years remain sound and intact as if painted but yesterday. It will remain a special honour to Düsseldorf that she

has naturalized in Northern Europe this ancient Italian mode of mural decoration.

Intellectual life in Düsseldorf seems neither lower nor higher than at other centres where painters or sculptors congregate. Experience shows that, when an artist has worked hard during the morning, he surrenders the rest of the day to play. We hear, however, of certain literary and artistic associations, of pen and pencil clubs, wherein, as in England, pictorial, poetic, and plain prose products are criticized and discussed to the mutual edification of artists, authors, and hearers. It is said moreover that aesthetics of the true transcendental sort find entrance into select art coteries, that thus speculative thought becomes as it were crystallized into visible and tangible form, and so in the end the arts in Düsseldorf may be supposed to reflect even the abnormal phases of the national mind. Perhaps at any rate it may be conceded that pictures produced within the last fifty years indicate that the Düsseldorf school has been brought into contact with some of the best intellects of the age.

REVIEWS.

SPEEDING'S LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD BACON.*

(Second Notice.)

MR. SPEEDING, in interpreting the indications which remain of Bacon's motives and conduct, finds nothing but what might become a wise man to attempt, and a good man to wish for and avow. In Bacon's undisguised purpose to prove himself of service to the Crown in Parliament, in his suggestions of a Government policy to baffle the rising power of the House of Commons, in the part which he took in pushing so high the King's prerogative, Mr. Speeding argues with great earnestness and ingenuity that he was justified by the circumstances of the time, that his views were large, far-sighted, and public-spirited, and that he never passed the limits of honesty and right. James's policy was not perhaps more arbitrary in its acts than Elizabeth's had been; but it aimed more distinctly at a theory—admitted in words, and argued out into propositions, by judges and Parliaments—of absolute royalty. Elizabeth was despotic by genius and by popularity; James was despotic by legal inventions and interpretations, as his son was by an unhappy mixture of audacity and finesse. His aim was to place his Government, like the chief Continental monarchies, above inconvenient interference and control, above the Parliament, above the judges, above the law. His simple plan of administrative service was that a king ought to have, first, his confidential favourites, and then his obedient and subservient instruments; and he sought to manage men, in emulation of the vaunted prudence of the great foreign masters of statecraft, by imposing and awful pretensions, and by dexterous humouring; by playing off one part of their nature, or one set of objects or demands, against another. He was partly successful; but if he had been as successful as he tried to be, we suppose that the history of England would have been much more like that of France or Spain than any one now can wish it to have been. Of this policy Bacon was a forward and able champion. With those who see, or believe that they see, what this policy would have led to, this is a point against him hard to be got over. His immense powers, his inexhaustible fertility of exposition and argument, his keen and delicate perception of the springs of action and the weaknesses of men, were used against the side of liberty, were laid with free and cheerful will at the service of an extreme policy of prerogative, which we see now to have been a fatal one, and which we read of with indignation and shame. The broad fact hardly admits of debate. But at the same time it is quite open for any one to urge that all this, which is so clear to us, was by no means so clear then. We come to the history of Bacon's times with impressions and experience derived from results which were to him what the state of the world in the year 2000 is to us, and of which not the wildest or most daring imagination or the deepest prudence could have made the faintest forecast. It is true and fair to say that to defend prerogative in James's reign was not the same thing as it inevitably appears to us who know certainly what it must come to. It was the way, the accepted way, with wise and good men as well as with scoundrels and tyrants, to what wise and good men saw to be supremely necessary—a strong Government. We may call it part of the infelicity of their times, but they found it hard, and it was hard, to reconcile with the power to keep down anarchy the undefined claims and often the threatening aspects of rising liberty. That Bacon sought to serve the King, and served him according to the fashion of the time, may be entirely compatible both with his honesty, his public spirit, and—making allowances for the finite nature, which we are so apt to forget, of the range of human powers—with his wisdom. It is perfectly capable of a favourable interpretation, even if we can see now that he was mistaken, and on the wrong side.

But to say that it is capable of a favourable interpretation is not necessarily to say that it deserves it. That must depend on the merits of the case. Mr. Speeding has examined Bacon's course with the utmost care and leisurely deliberation. And on his mind the result of this prolonged inquiry has left an impression entirely favourable to Bacon. Step by step, as the things come up which are supposed to make against him, Mr. Speeding sifts

* *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon*. Edited by James Speeding. Vols. III. and IV. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

the charge or the suspicion, and if we adopt his conclusions we shall say that they rest on worthless evidence, or on evident misunderstanding and misrepresentation. He finds no traces of a temper servile to power, or of an unworthy readiness to be its servant and instrument. Bacon, of course, cannot be thought of as an enthusiast for absolute royalty, as perhaps James was; but there is nothing to make us think that Bacon's zeal in furnishing the King with legal grounds in pushing his prerogative to extreme lengths wore the appearance then of exaggeration, or had other than public ends. In each questionable case Mr. Spedding finds that there is good reason to be given for the part which Bacon took. If we accept Mr. Spedding's account, few great men have been wronged like Lord Bacon. The wisdom and largeness of mind which we admire in his reasonings on man and nature are equally conspicuous in his public career and his dealings with matters of law and State.

The conclusions of a man like Mr. Spedding, on a subject which he has made the work of his life, obviously demand the utmost respect. And as far as he has gone he has not met, except in one instance, with anything on which a friend of Bacon may not have something to say. He has not yet come, except in the case of Lord Essex, on any of what seem the difficult parts of Bacon's career. Bacon's desire for the King's service, which was the path in which men in public life then sought power, is easily to be understood, even if somewhat excessive. What he did in the King's service, as Councillor and Solicitor, may perhaps, after all, have been little more than the work, undoubtedly able and sagacious, of a zealous official, magnifying the business of his own department; and even what seem to us his unconstitutional doctrines had their roots among the confused elements of the English law. His general views, when he states them, as on the Union or on Church controversies, are public-spirited and statesmanlike, even if the bias is evident to carry on the work of government by an aggressive and dominant prerogative, helped out by a dexterous manœuvring amid the follies and cross-purposes of men. In all this there is much of which it is hard to say whether we most dislike its spirit and tendency, or admire its curious subtlety and understanding of the times. But all this belongs to the day; perhaps, in reality, to our day as much as to Bacon's. What Bacon really was must be sought, for the present, not here, but in the glimpses which he gives of his temper, his motives, his standard of feeling and principle, in what we have remaining of his more personal writings and dealings. And they are comparatively not very numerous. But when we come to these indications, and compare them with the inferences from them, we must say that the impression which we get of Bacon, when we read them by themselves, is one thing; that which we get from Mr. Spedding's annotations on them is another.

Bacon's case was a peculiar one. He knew, and it was plain to all, that he had great powers; he wanted employment and place, and he wanted money, which was necessary for his high tastes and purposes, and of which he was a bad manager; and he had great friends. But for some reason or other there were difficulties about his rising. He set his mind to work to discover the rules and means by which a man in his condition might rise; and he came to some definite conclusions on the subject, of which indications are found in his remains. His theory of the practices of a successful man shows nothing consciously immoral or base; but it seems to imply a very modest estimate of what is high-principled, honourable, and manly. Gathering it from the papers we come across here, we should say that it turned a man's thoughts to the holders of power as persons who were sure to be right and good, and that its rules were, obsequiousness tempered by judicious shows of remonstrance, and unlimited readiness to be of use. A man, he seems to have thought, could not do wrong in doing what was wanted by a Queen like Elizabeth, or a King like James. He has put this into words; his conduct, as far as we can trace it, is consistent with such a scheme of life; and to much that is perhaps open to debate it seems to supply the key, and to solve doubts unfavourable to him.

There are two places in these volumes where Bacon discloses his views—once publicly, in relating his advice to his most intimate friend; another time, in most private reference to himself. The well-known apology for his behaviour as regards the Earl of Essex finds its place chronologically in one of these volumes. In this able and interesting, though to our sense melancholy, defence of himself, he repeats the two points of counsel which he had ever pressed upon Essex:—

The one was, I ever set this down, that the only course to be held with the Queen was by obsequiousness and observance; and I remember I would gage confidently, that if he would take that course constantly, and with choice of good particulars to express it, the Queen would be brought in time to Assuerus' question, to ask, *What should be done to the man that the King delighteth to honour?*—meaning, that her goodness was without limit where there was a true concurrence; which I knew in her nature to be true. My Lord on the other hand, had a settled opinion that the Queen could be brought to nothing but by a kind of necessity and authority. . . . Another point was that I always vehemently dissuaded him from seeking greatness by a military dependence or by a popular dependence, as that which would breed in the Queen jealousy, in himself presumption, and in the State perturbation. . . . I did divert him by all means possible from courses of the wars and popularity.—iii. p. 144, 5.

Bacon was quite accurate. With an application of the *unum necessarium* which seems to have pleased him, and which he again applied to the service of James in his own case (iv. 391), he had written to Essex in a letter, printed in Mr. Spedding's second volume (ii. 40):—

I said to your Lordship last time, *Martha, Martha, attendis ad plurima; unum sufficit*; win the Queen. . . . I will not speak of fervour of affection, but of other correspondence and agreeableness; which, whensoever it shall be conjoined with the other of affection, I durst wager my life (let them make what *prosopopœias* they will of Her Majesty's nature) that in you she will come to the question, *Quid fiet homini, quem rex vult honorare?*

And Bacon recommends him to give up all thoughts of war and a stirring life, and to take the office of Lord Privy Seal:—

It fits a favourite to carry Her Majesty's image in seal, who beareth it best expressed in heart. But my chief reason is that which I first alleged, to divert Her Majesty from this impression of martial greatness.

The advice may have been wise, but it is hardly surprising that a high-spirited man should have rejected it. We have no more admiration for Essex than Mr. Spedding has, but we confess that we do not like him the worse that—Englishmen being what they were in the sixteenth century—he should have preferred, however rashly, "martial greatness and popularity" to following the "one thing needful" by the tricks and manœuvres of "obsequiousness and observance" at Court, as his friend counselled him.

The rule which Bacon laid down for his friend he prescribed for himself. No doubt the word "obsequiousness" did not in those days carry the same ill sound which it does now, and it is a fair question what Bacon meant by it. Mr. Spedding has printed some papers which throw light on his notion of the thing. They are remains of his most private note-books, very curious as illustrating his manner of making and arranging memoranda, and of transcribing from book to book his jottings and first thoughts, till they had found their final form and place. The actual fragment which we have is the record of an elaborate review, which he set himself to make day by day for a week in the summer of 1608, of his affairs, his debts, his studies, his bodily health, the progress of his philosophical inquiries, his prospects, his business, the state of political questions, the rules of action for himself in public and personal matters. The contents are very miscellaneous, and often not very intelligible, but among them are some of the fruits of his reflections, hastily set down, on the manner in which he ought to carry himself to people round him. They all bear directly and very practically on the question of his advancement. There was an Attorney-General whom he thought unfit for his place, but whose place he certainly wanted; and he notes down one by one, and more than once, all his defects and miscarriages. And among various hints to himself about the acquaintance he is to cultivate, and the line which he is to follow in order to gain the King's good opinion—harshless enough, if the one thought of promotion were not so exclusively dominant everywhere—come the following. We take the liberty of interpreting the abbreviations, and using our own orthography:—

Customa apta ad individuum.

To furnish my Lord of S. [Suffolk, probably] with ornaments for public speeches.

To make him think how he should be revered by a Lord Chancellor, if I were: Princelike.

To prepare him for matters to be handled in Council or before the King aforesaid, and to show him and yield him the fruits of my care.

Regularly to know the King's pleasure before every Term, and again before every Vacation; the one for service to be executed, the other for service to be prepared; *tum otii ratio quam negotii*; Queen Elizabeth's watch-candle. [cf. Letter to James, iv. 280, "because it pleased her to say that I did continually burn; and yet she suffered me to waste almost to nothing."]

To take notes in tables when I attend the Council, and sometimes to move out of a memorial showed and seen.

To have particular occasions, fit and grateful and continual, to maintain private speech with every the great persons, and sometimes drawing more than one of them together, *ex imitatione Attorn.* This specially in public places, and without care or affectation.

At Council table chiefly to make good my Lord Salisbury's motions and speeches, and for the rest, sometimes one and sometimes another; chiefly his that is most earnest and in affection.

To suppress at once my speaking with panting and labour of breath and voice.

Not to fall at once upon the main too sudden, but to induce and inter-mingle speech of good fashion.

To use at once, upon entrance given of speech, though abrupt, to compose and draw in myself.

To free myself at once from payment of formality and compliment, though with some show of carelessness, pride, and rudeness.—iv. 93.

It may be that the first impression produced by reading these notes, though the natural one, is not the just one. This impression may be wrong, and Mr. Spedding argues very elaborately and earnestly that in this case it is. Bacon's memoranda about the Attorney-General seem to suggest a preparation for the ungenerous disparagement of a man who was in his way. But who is so fit, Mr. Spedding asks, to criticize an artist as an artist, or a lawyer as a lawyer? And why should not Bacon note and mark down things against the Attorney-General, if he thought he could fill his place better? Then, as to the other notes, Mr. Spedding bids us pause and consider two points. What is it, he asks, that a man makes notes of in his pocket-book? Not what he is sure to do without reminding, but what he is likely to forget and overlook. "The things of which a man needs to remind himself are those which he is himself apt to forget." "To infer from these notes a natural aptitude and inclination in the writer to do the things which they remind him to do, would, in my opinion, be wrong. Men make notes of things to be done, which, without a reminder, they would be in danger of forgetting to think of." Therefore, the true inference is that these notes show that the behaviour proposed in them was against the grain. The right rule of interpretation is by contraries. If Bacon had been a time-server or flatterer, he would not have needed to remind himself to make himself useful to Suffolk, or to be always on the same side

with Salisbury; the memoranda prove that he was forcing himself, and that he felt himself in danger of neglecting proper means of advancement. And if we hesitate about the nature of the means, Mr. Spedding asks who has a right to cast the first stone at Bacon:—

It must not be forgotten that we see here not only thoughts and intentions half formed and imperfectly explained, but we see the seamy side of them, which in other cases is kept out of view. Bacon liked to call things by their true names; and if he ever thought fit to deceive his neighbour, did not think fit to deceive himself by disguising the real nature of the act under a euphemism.—iv. 31.

And when Bacon writes a note about "making Lord Suffolk think how he would be revered by a Lord Chancellor, if I were," this, says Mr. Spedding, is only the seamy side of conduct for which no one would be found fault with if in fact he did it:—

Such would be the same transaction seen from within; a transaction which Bacon would have excused as a "submission to the occasion," and which (whether excused or not) is one of a very numerous family, still flourishing in all departments of civilized society. I do not myself, however, recommend it for imitation; and if it be true that no man can be known to do such a thing in these days without forfeiting his reputation for veracity—I am very glad to hear it.—iv. 34.

Well, though the laxities of society furnish a tempting retort when great men are severely judged, still we cannot help thinking that the forms of social courtesy are one thing, and selfish and deliberate insincerity is another; and that when one of the wisest and most knowing of men is found setting down in his note-book a memorandum to toady such or such a great man, the fact of a good many other people toadying, or doing what possibly may be toadying, does not alter the case in his favour. And there is a difference, as it seems to us, between toadying and coolly making a note in one's pocket-book to toady. We cannot quite accept Mr. Spedding's theory of note-making. If a man's notes show what he is afraid of forgetting, they show also what his mind is full of, and what he is anxious to remember. But, however this may be, these notes show, if they mean anything at all, that Bacon had on reflection imposed on himself the duty of pleasing the great without much counting the cost, with the same distinctness of purpose with which he imposed on himself rules of elocution and style, injunctions to himself "to suppress at once my speaking with panting and labour of breath," and "not to fall upon the main too sudden."

And he appears to have acted accordingly. What remains to show Bacon's actual relations to the chief of the great men mentioned in these notes, Lord Salisbury, though it is not much, entirely falls in with what the notes would lead us to expect. He enjoins on himself "to correspond with Salisbury in a habit of natural, but nowise perilous, boldness, and in vivacity, invention, care to cast and enterprise; but with due caution; for this manner I judge both in his nature freeth the stands, and in his ends pleaseth him best and promiseth most use of me." Salisbury was not forward to advance him, but he assisted him in money difficulties; and when Bacon, in despair, almost resolved to give up public life, he thus writes to thank Salisbury for help about a debt:—

The rest cannot be forgotten; for I cannot forget your Lordship's *dum memor ipse mei*; and if there have been *aliquid nimis*, it shall be amended. And, to be plain with your Lordship, that will quicken me now, which slackened me before. Then I thought you might have more use of me, than now I suppose you are like to have. Not that I think the impediment will be rather in my mind than in the matter or times. But to do you service I will come out of my religion at any time.—July 16, 1603, iii. 81.

Meaning, we suppose, his retirement from the world and devotion to philosophy. But this thought of a philosophical entering "into religion," if that is his meaning, did not last. Bacon continued active in public life, and in 1606 pressed his claims of service and relationship on the King and on Salisbury for the Solicitor's place. He writes to Salisbury "in the confidence of a poor kinsman, and of a man by him advanced, *Tu idem fer opem, qui spem dedisti*:"—

And I know, and all the world knoweth, that your Lordship is no dealer of holy water, but noble and real; and on my part I am of a sure ground that I have committed nothing that may deserve alteration. And therefore my hope is, your Lordship will finish a good work, and consider that time groweth precious with me, and that I am now *vergentibus annis*. And although I know your fortune is not to need an hundred such as I am, yet I shall be ever ready to give you my best and worthiest fruits; and to supply (as much as in me lieth) worthiness by thankfulness.—iii. 297.

Of course it is to be said that these are letters of compliment; and compliment, always far in advance of real feeling, was, by notorious custom, extravagantly so in those days. Still there are limits; and the writer is Bacon. While Salisbury lived he was the Government; and in all the proceedings of the time, Bacon displayed, what to the last his letters imply, absolute confidence in him, and unreserved devotion to him, as far as Salisbury's jealousy or distrust would allow him. But in 1612 Salisbury died. Bacon, as was natural, at once came forward, and renewed the offer of service and counsel to the King, manifestly in want of able servants, and left at a greater disadvantage from Salisbury's monopoly of public business. But his way of speaking of Salisbury is remarkable:—

My principal end [he wrote, or thought of writing, to the King] being to do your Majesty service, I crave leave to make at this time to your Majesty this most humble oblation of myself. I may truly say with the Psalm, *Multum incola fuit anima mea*; for my life hath been conversant with things wherein I take little pleasure. . . . If your Majesty find any aptness in me, or if you find any scarcity in others, thereby you may think it fit for your service to remove me to business of State; although I have a fair way before me for profit (and by your Majesty's grace and favour for honour and advancement), and in a course less exposed to the blasts of fortune, yet now that he is gone "*quo vivente virtutibus certissimum exitum*," I will be ready

as a chessman to be wherever your Majesty's royal hand shall set me.—iv. 282.

Later on, we find the following in a memorial to the King "on his estate in general":—

My second prayer is that your Majesty, in respect of the hasty freeing of your state, would not descend to any means, or degree of means, which carrieth not a symmetry with your majesty and greatness. He is gone from whom those courses did wholly proceed. To have your wants and necessities in particular, as it were, hanged up in two tablets before the eyes of your lords and commons to be talked of for four months together; To have all your courses to help yourself in revenue or profit put into printed books, which were wont to be *arcana imperii*; To have such worms of aldermen to lend for ten in the hundred upon good assurance, and with such [? entreaty] as if it should save the bark of your fortune; To contract still where might be had the readiest payment and not the best bargain; to stir a number of projects for your profit, and then to blast them and leave your Majesty nothing but the scandal of them; To pretend even carriage between your Majesty's rights and the ease of the people, and to satisfy neither; These courses and the like I hope are gone with the deviser of them, which have turned your Majesty to inestimable prejudice.

And then followed a passage which Bacon struck through with his pen, and which so shocked Lord Hardwick that he got the first editor, Birch, to leave it out; but which Mr. Spedding rightly reprints in a note, observing that "it does but tell us of something which Bacon felt, but thought it better to leave unsaid":—

I protest to God, though I be not superstitious, when I saw your M.'s book against Vorstinus and Arminius, and noted your zeal to deliver the Majesty of God from the vain and indignant comprehensions of heresy and degenerate philosophy, as you had by your pen formerly endeavoured to deliver kings from the usurpations of Rome, *perculsit illico animum*, that God would set shortly upon you some visible favour, and let me not live if I thought not of the taking away of that man.—iv. 313.

This was in September. And to this man, at the new year preceding, Bacon had written a letter, call it of compliment if you like, with such words as these:—

I would intreat the new year to answer for the old, in my humble thanks to your Lordship, both for many your favours, and chiefly that upon the occasion of Mr. Attorney's infirmity I found your Lordship even as I could wish. This doth increase a desire in me to express my thankful mind to your Lordship; hoping that though I find age and decay grow upon me, yet I may have a flash or two of spirit left to do you service. And I do protest before God, without compliment or any light vein of mind, that if I knew in what course of life to do you best service, I would take it, and make my thoughts, which now fly to many pieces, be reduced to that centre. But all this is no more than I am, which is not much, but yet the entire of him that is.—iv. 246.

Is it farfetched, is it strained and unjust, to make what Bacon set down for his plan of conduct throw its light on the difference and contrast between what he said to Salisbury when he was alive, and what he said of him when he was dead, and, it appears, thought about him before he was dead? Is it unfair to think of it, when interpreting Bacon's unqualified concurrence in James's policy and claims? We would much rather agree with Mr. Spedding. Like a high-minded man, he asks for no mere charitable judgment, but for a reasonable and just reading of the character and conduct of so great a person; and he thinks that such a reading excludes the common charges of cold-heartedness and poorness of temper and moral standard. We can only say that we are deeply disappointed not to be able to go along with him. We entirely sympathize with his wish to rescue, if possible, a great and venerable name, that of a man to whom mankind and England owe so much, from the discredit of not corresponding in his moral strength and worthiness to his matchless intellectual height. But we can see no good in being blind to the only indications we have. It is unsatisfactory to suppose that such largeness of mind and richness of gifts did not involve greatness and nobleness of soul. It is painful not to be able to accept in its completeness the idea of Lord Bacon which his works suggest. But we had rather think ill of Bacon than think that what he did to Essex—whatever Essex may have been, and whatever he deserved from the law and his country—was the act of a virtuous and manly friend; or that Bacon's example should be taken as a safe and good one, in choosing a man's political theories and course of public life. It seems to us that Mr. Spedding has been misled by the very common inability to comprehend what is yet but the too common lesson of human imperfection, that a great nature may be a maimed and incomplete one.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.*

A NEW poem by Mr. Browning cannot fail to arouse interest in the readers of poetry. It is now some years since the keenness of his satire, and the subtlety of his appreciation of character, have forced themselves upon the notice, not merely of a few select adherents, but of all educated men. The slowness of the process by which this was accomplished is remarkable. Mr. Browning himself, to judge from a passage which occurs more than once in the present volume, appears to consider himself still as a comparatively unpopular writer. "Such," he writes,

Such, British public, ye who like me not,
(God love you!)—whom I yet have laboured for,
Perchance more careful whoso runs may read
Than erst when all, it seemed, could read who ran,—
Perchance more careless whoso reads may praise
Than hate when he who praised and read and wrote
Was apt to find himself the selfsame me,—
Such labour had such issue. . . .

It is natural for Mr. Browning to write thus; but at present he

* *The Ring and the Book*. By Robert Browning. Vol. 1. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1868.

certainly is not unhonoured; and though it is always a misfortune that a writer of high rank should fail of gaining what he ought to receive, there is something, we think, that may be said on behalf of the British public in this instance. In the first place, Mr. Browning is undeniably a very difficult writer to understand. Topics of great intellectual abstruseness have entered largely into the subjects on which he has written; and, so far from endeavouring to smooth the reader's way for their comprehension, he has dealt with them in a style even unnecessarily curt, rough, and full of unexplained allusions. Take *Paracelsus*; the whole theme is intellect, not action—the struggles of thought, not of nerve and physical resolution. And even at this day, when we know Mr. Browning to be a man of great eminence (always a material help in reading a book), it is nearly as hard work to get through *Paracelsus* as to get through Dr. Salmon's *Analytical Conics*. Both of these excellent works are in the highest degree repaying; but we speak merely of the difficulty. There are, however, some lyrics in *Paracelsus* that are not merely extremely beautiful, but easy of comprehension. Even this is wanting in *Sordello*—a work which, we have been assured by some of Mr. Browning's admirers, is the poet's most admirable performance. Knowing our own ignorance, we accept this assertion in faith; but we must plainly say that it is pure unalloyed faith—with an absence of rationalism that might satisfy the Pope himself—by which we accept it.

But to come to the present poem. It is calculated to excite, not only interest, but astonishment. The volume before us contains four thousand six hundred and fifty-five lines. There are three volumes more to come; so that, if the remainder keep up the promise of the present one, the whole poem will contain somewhat over eighteen thousand six hundred lines, a length exceeding that of the *Iliad* by more than three thousand lines. We saw the other day, in a paper set at one of our public schools, this question asked—"Why are epic poems not written nowadays?" The questioner, if he had seen Mr. Browning's poem, would surely have thought his inquiry somewhat premature. For, though you may, if you please, restrict the term epic to such quasi-historical records as the *Iliad* and the *Nibelungen-Lied*, yet if *Paradise Lost* is to be termed an epic, why not the *Ring* and the *Book*? It at least professes to be a narration of pure fact, which cannot be said of a large part of *Paradise Lost*. However, perhaps a more accurate description of Mr. Browning's new poem would be to say that it is a report at great length of a criminal trial, the arguments of counsel on both sides being given *in extenso*, together with the remarks of the bystanders in the court, and copious annotations by a commentator. This is literally the character of it, as far as it has gone as yet. The volume is divided into three parts. The first gives an outline of the case; the second gives the argument for the defendant, in the loose shape in which it would appear to one of his partisans among the people; the third, in like manner, the argument for the prosecution. The scene is laid in Italy, varying between Rome and Arezzo; the judge is the Pope, who however has scarcely as yet put in an appearance.

It will possibly be thought, from the preceding account, that the *Ring* and the *Book* will not be so readable or poetical a poem as Mr. Browning's eminence would lead us to expect. However, we do not say this. It is never easy to judge Mr. Browning hastily; and we have not discerned in the present volume any token of falling-off of power, in the shape of a mannerism adopted purely as mannerism without a body of thought to sustain it. But as we have begun in rather a critical mood, we may as well go on to specify those points in the poem which appear to us open to objection, before proceeding to those that may justly claim admiration. To begin with the subject of the book; this is of a class which Mr. Browning frequently takes as his theme, but which from its intrinsic disagreeableness acts rather as a hindrance to the expression of lofty and noble sentiments. It is a history of fantastic, out-of-the-way, but low and mean, vice; of vice that twists and twirls itself through odd corners, and works by unexpected devices; but still vice pure, unadulterated, and unrelieved. If there is anything morally better to come in the succeeding volumes, there is small sign of it in the present; unless it be in the character of the Pope:—

Cried the Pope's great self,—Innocent by name
And nature too, and eighty-six years old,
Antonio Pignatelli of Naples, Pope
Who had trod many lands, known many deeds,
Probed many hearts, beginning with his own,
And now was far in readiness for God,—
'Twas he who first bade leave those souls in peace,
Those Jansenists, renicknamed Molinists,
'Gainst whom the cry went, like a frowsy tune,
Tickling men's ears.
"Leave them alone," bade he, "those Molinists!
Who may have other light than we perceive,
Or why is it the whole world hates them thus?"
Also he peeled off that last sandal-rag
Of Nepotism; and so observed the poor
That men would merrily say, "Halt, deaf and blind,
Who feed on fat things, leave the master's self
To gather up the fragments of his feast,
These be the nephews of Pope Innocent!—
His own meal costs but five carlines a day,
Poor-priest's allowance, for he claims no more."
He cried of a sudden, this great good old Pope
When they appealed in last resort to him,
"I have mastered the whole matter: I nothing doubt.
Though Guido stood forth priest from head to heel,
Instead of, as alleged, a piece of one.—

And further, were he, from the tonsured scalp
To the sandaled sole of him, my son and Christ's,

I and Christ would renounce all right in him.
Am I not Pope, and presently to die,
And busied how to render my account,
And shall I wait a day ere I decide
On doing or not doing justice here?
Cut off his head to-morrow by this time."

This is in Mr. Browning's very best manner. But it is noticeable (and here we come to another, as it seems to us, fault in the poem) that this judgment, which is the final stroke and termination of the whole story, appears at the very beginning of the first volume, on the sixteenth and subsequent pages. In fact, there is no more consecutiveness in the narrative than in the story elicited from different witnesses in a court of justice. Many parts are repeated over and over again; the murder, the central point of the whole, is related at length three several times. Still, in spite of this prolongation and intricacy, the result is attained that the reader does in the end understand the plot; the sense of conflicting evidence, and of the different movements of the popular mind, is vividly given; and when we have come to the close of the volume, we are anxious to know how the real fact will develop itself out of the maze of conjecture and inconsistency.

The story is this:—An old couple, Pietro and Violante, live at Rome with their supposed daughter Pompilia. Eager for a noble alliance, they marry Pompilia to the Count Guido Franceschini, a man of high rank but, as it turns out, of small fortune, who lives at Arezzo. The marriage proves an unhappy one; and Pompilia at last runs off from her husband's house with a priest, Caponsacchi by name—whether for dishonourable purposes or not is a matter in dispute. The fugitives are caught by the incensed Count within a few miles of Rome; from prudence or fear he uses little violence against them, but adopts legal measures; these have a result not so favourable to him as he had hoped, the culprits being only lightly punished. Caponsacchi is banished for a time; Pompilia is placed under restraint; but within a short interval we find her again in the house of her supposed parents. Violante had before this made public confession that Pompilia was not really her daughter, but had been palmed off by her on her husband, having been bought from a woman of bad character at Rome. As Violante was some way over fifty at the time of the birth of Pompilia, this confession does not seem so improbable; but Violante makes a practical use of it, claiming back from Count Guido the dowry that Pompilia had received on her marriage. No wonder, then, that Guido should dispute the alleged imposture, and affirm that Pompilia was really the daughter of those who had given her out as their daughter for so many years. We cannot go through all the intrigues and subtleties of the matter; but the end is that Guido with four other men set out from Arezzo for the house in which Pietro, Violante, and Pompilia are living at Rome. Outside the door, Guido pronounces the word "Caponsacchi"; the door is opened; the five men rush in and murder all three inside, Pompilia surviving some days, so as to be able to give her evidence to the officers of the law. Guido is tried for the murder; convicted, he endeavours to shelter himself under his privileges as an ecclesiastic; but this plan, as we have seen, fails, and he and his companions are executed.

Such is the outline of the great criminal case that took place at Rome in the year 1698, which Mr. Browning presents to his readers. Up to this point the characters in the story are too undeveloped for it to be possible to criticize them with accuracy; and the main interest of the present volume lies in single passages and reflections of the poet. It need not be said that these are often most acute, and even brilliant. We think, indeed, that Mr. Browning often strains a metaphor or a simile too far. For example, the "Ring" that occurs in the title of the poem is only introduced for the sake of a simile, which is worked up in the first thirty lines, and alluded to continually afterwards. And again, in the second part, to find Mr. Browning saying, "Where was I with that angler simile?" in reference to a simile that had been well finished three pages before, is a little annoying. It takes off one's attention from the subject. But we do not wish to cavil; and we will quote one more passage, a very amusing and natural speech of Pietro and Violante, who on their visit to Count Guido at Arezzo, after his marriage with Pompilia, find the Count's house by no means the heaven of bliss they had imagined it to be:—

"This," shrieked the Comparini, "this the Count,
The palace, the signorial privilege,
The pomp and pageantry were promised us?
For this have we exchanged our liberty,
Our competence, our darling of a child?
To house as spectres in a sepulchre
Under this black stone heap, the street's disgrace,
Grimmest as that is of the gruesome town,
And here pick garbage on a pewter plate,
Or cough at verjuice dripped from earthenware?
Oh Via Vittoria! oh the other place,
I! the Pauline, did we give you up for this?
Where's the foregone housekeeping good and gay,
The neighbourliness, the companionship,
The treat and feast when holidays came round,
The daily feast that seemed no treat at all,
Called common by the uncommon fools we were!
Even the sun that used to shine at Rome,
Where is it? Robbed and starved and frozen too,
We will have justice, justice if there be!"

In the above passage, as indeed not unfrequently, Mr. Browning reminds us of Persius. There is the same brevity of expression,

the same mode of allusion to common things. Moreover, Mr. Browning, like Persius, is a philosophic satirist; like Persius, he has a great power of feeling and enthusiasm, to which nevertheless he seldom gives the reins for long together, but breaks short in the midst of his most pathetic passages, as if ashamed of his pathos.

If any one thinks that we have not spoken with due praise of the present poem, let it be remembered that a great poet is judged by a higher standard than other people; nor can any one deny the originality, the compass, and the solidity of Mr. Browning's genius. We are disposed to think that nothing in the present volume equals some of his former pieces; but we may be mistaken; for he is not a writer whom it is easy to understand all at once, and he delights in regions novel and unexplored, which lie apart from the ordinary experience of men and the ordinary track of poets.

ALASKA.*

THE author of this agreeable book of travel and adventure will perhaps be confounded by many persons with his brother, whose name was brought so prominently before the public in connexion with the melancholy misadventure upon the Matterhorn three summers ago. Mr. E. H. Whymper has since devoted his energies to an attempt to penetrate—with, we believe, but moderate success—the unknown interior of Greenland. These gentlemen have evidently much in common, as artists, lovers of adventure, and graphic delineators of what comes in their way. We confess that we are glad to see physical and mental gifts like these find scope where they can exercise themselves with greater safety to their owners, as well as with fuller profit to mankind, than on the bare slope of some simply dangerous precipice. For strength, hardihood, and every resource of a trained intellect to be staked upon the barren honour of rivaling the chamois in glacier climbing, or of breathing strata of air too rare for the beat of anything heavier than the slight wings of the butterfly, seem to us among the least warrantable of human risks. It is, then, with satisfaction that we see the muscular prowess, the thirst for adventure, and the artist's eye for what is grand or picturesque in nature turned to more practical and instructive pursuits than that which so commonly absorbs the energies, and occasionally thins the ranks, of the Alpine Club. The region selected by Mr. Frederick Whymper for working off his superfluous energy—which was at the time, he tells us, lying fallow—is one which has of late attracted much of public attention, having previously been one of the least known and most lightly prized sections of the globe. The purchase of Alaska, as the Russian province of North America is called, by the United States Government has awakened a lively interest in that region; and whatever relates to its natural features, its inhabitants, its existing state, and its possible resources, comes to us with the twofold charm of novelty and material interest. Mr. Whymper was able to take with him the requisite qualifications for breaking ground in that new and, in many respects, rough and uncivilized quarter, as the results of his exploration in the clearly written and cleverly illustrated volume before us suffice to testify. His book includes recollections of an earlier expedition through our own territories of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, which have already been made sufficiently known to us. His rambles, moreover, in this later journey extended to sundry points of interest among the islands and the seaboard of the North Pacific, and his return voyage included a visit to San Francisco and the usual lions of that most rapidly going-ahead of New-World communities. But all that is most original and striking in his narrative centres in his experiences of life in the lately ceded territory, and in the estimate which his graphic pictures of its physical aspects and of its people encourage us to draw for the future.

"Alaska Territory"—the title by which the whole of what was lately Russian America is to be known in future—though as good a name, Mr. Whymper remarks, as any other, is, he bids us take notice, founded apparently upon a mistake. It seems to have been taken from the title of that long peninsula of Alaska, with which the maps have long made us familiar. The name has not hitherto extended to the entire territory between the British dominions and Behring's Straits. Our author's thanks are paid to Mr. Arrowsmith for the trouble taken by him to work out the crude material laid before him in the traveller's notes and observations. The map thus resulting, together with that illustrating more in detail the course of the Yukon river, prepared, it appears, to accompany the paper contributed by Mr. Whymper to the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, has been obligingly lent by that body for the purposes of the present publication. The mouths of the river have here been drawn out from the sketches of Mr. Smith, of the Western Union Telegraph Expedition. The lower course is compiled from the reports and charts of Lieut. Zagoskin, of the Russian Imperial Navy, with other sources. The upper course to Fort Yukon is laid down from the bearings, distances, and notes of the writer himself. A glance at the previous delineations of this territory in our best atlases will show how much our knowledge of geography in that quarter has gained in extent and precision by the travels of Mr. Whymper.

By the cession of "Alaska" Russia has not only enriched her

exchequer to the extent of seven million dollars, but has rid herself of an isolated possession of dubious value. On the other hand, upwards of 400,000 square miles of territory have been added to the already vast domain of Uncle Sam. Much hostile criticism was spent at first upon this bold and independent speculation of Mr. Seward. "Our new possession of Walrus-sia" figured in many a smart epigram and mock advertisement. Already, however, the tide of popular opinion has turned, now that American enterprise has fairly begun to develop the resources of the country. Coal has been discovered at Cook's Inlet, and an important find of gold on the Tagus river has set the current of adventure violently in that direction. Many there are who see in this purchase but the first move towards an American occupation of the whole continent. Canada and all British North America will, they think, sooner or later be merged in the United States. Some, like our author, hold that such a transference would be for the advantage of those dependencies. However that may be, there can be no doubt of Walrus-sia being destined to cut a figure in the history of the New World. Already has the capital, Sitka, sprung from the proportions of a fishing-village to those of a thriving city of 2,000 souls, where the "locations," or plots of ground, command Californian prices. For a small log-house 10,000 dollars have been asked. This city, we are told, enjoys the unenviable position of being about the rainiest place in the world. It does not, however, rain quite all the year round, for, like another country with which we have become familiar nearer home, "whiles it snaws." The climate is by no means severe, the thermometer seldom falling below twenty degrees of Fahrenheit. The puffs of the United States press concerning the agricultural resources of their new acquisition, Mr. Whymper declares, are all moonshine. A few potatoes and beans and such like vegetables may be grown there, but "there is not an acre of grain in the country." Next to furs and mineral wealth the fisheries bid fair to be the most productive branch of commerce. Salmon so abound in the rivers as during spring-time to impede the passage of boats. They are driven on shore by the wind in heaps. They often run in size to the length of five feet. From 100,000 to 150,000 of these fish are exported annually to the Sandwich Islands and elsewhere. Deer and game of many kinds may be had for the asking, and the bears are innumerable. Owing to this abundance of food, the natives are the laziest of savages. The Kalosh Indians, who inhabit the coast between the Stikine and Chilcat rivers, have a bad reputation, and are by no means a prepossessing people. They are fond of painting themselves in red, black, or blue stripes and patches. Their huts or shanties are of the common Esquimaux type, with a passage underground from the main chamber to the sleeping-room. The smoke-hole being most commonly closed by a deerskin, while men, women, children, dogs, dried skins, fish, and offal are heaped together in indiscriminate masses, the atmosphere is hardly to be imagined. Their canoes, of birch bark, and their skin "baidarkes" (kyacks), are not equal to those of Norton Sound and the northern coast. Their burials are peculiar. Graves being hard to dig in the frozen ground, most of the tribes burn their dead. The ashes are preserved in grave-boxes, or portable tombs of singular and often artistic device. Specimens of these are drawn by the writer. On one of them a number of faces were painted, with long tresses of human hair hanging therefrom, each representing some victim of the deceased one's ferocity. Up the Yukon river some of the tribes heap over the bodies of the dead cairns of stones or piles of deer horns. The natural feeling for art is amusingly shown in the rude but highly characteristic carving in stone of a Russian soldier. The high cheek-bones, stolid features, and martinet figure are done with infinite life and truth.

Our author's expedition up the Yukon river was undertaken in connexion with the abortive enterprise on behalf of Russo-American telegraph communication. It was in the capacity of a volunteer artist that he attached himself to the party of about thirty Europeans, under Colonel Bulkley, who started from the coast in November, 1865. The usual difficulties of sledge travel—walking in snow-shoes, contending with the vagaries and desertions of dogs, the filth and dishonesty of Indians, together with the fierce extremes of a polar winter—were duly met, and manfully surmounted. We can feel for the trials of an artist, essaying to sketch with the thermometer 35° below zero. Water-colours were soon found to be a hopeless mockery. All hardships, however, were forgotten in our author's zeal for adventure, and in face of the scenes and incidents which his note-books enabled him to bring home. The sight of the Yukon, a river from one to four miles broad at 2,000 miles from the sea, frozen as it was at the time of his visit, filled him with thoughts of the capabilities of the country. Such a climate, however, must, we think, put an effectual bar to any considerable or continuous traffic, or material development. A good deal has been done to penetrate and describe this corner of Northern America, not only by early voyagers and the emissaries both of the Government and the fur companies of Russia, but by Captain Bedford Pim and other officers engaged in the search for Sir John Franklin. The grave of one member of Captain (now Admiral) Collinson's expedition was seen by the author in the little burial-ground behind the post or fort of Nulato. The tale of his treacherous murder, and of its vigorous punishment at the hands of the loyal natives, was told by the Russians at this spot:—

Lieutenant Barnard was landed at St. Michael's on October 12th, 1850, and remained there till the Commander of the post at Nulato came down in the early winter. He then accompanied this Russian up to the Yukon, travelling there by the route used by ourselves. Mr. Adams, an Assistant-Surgeon, R.N., and one seaman, were left at St. Michael's. On arriving at

* *Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska, formerly Russian America, and in various other Parts of the North Pacific.* By Frederick Whymper. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1868.

Nulato, Lieutenant Barnard despatched one of the employés of the Fur Company and an Indian to Co-Yukuk to make some inquiries. The Russian, on arrival there, fell asleep on his sledge, and in the absence of his Indian servant, was killed by the Co-Yukons. The Indian, who had gone but a little way to obtain water, on his return found his master dead, and immediately ran away affrighted. The others beckoned him back, saying they had no intention of injuring him. He, believing them, returned, and as he approached, was shot by arrows, and killed also.

The murderers—numbering, it is said, more than a hundred men—then started down for Nulato. About forty Nulato Indians were congregated in some underground houses, near the mouth of the Nulato River, and not more than a mile from the post. The Co-Yukons surrounded these dwellings, heaped wood, broken canoes, paddles, and snow shoes over the entrance and smoke-holes, and then set them on fire. All of the unfortunate victims below were suffocated, or shot in attempting to escape. Only five or six solitary Nulatos are now in existence.

The denizens on the banks of the noble Yukon catch somewhat of natural pride from the grandeur of a stream which even the Americans of the party were wont to compare with the Mississippi. "We are not savages," is the boast of the natives, "we are Yukon Indians." The break-up of the river in the middle of May was a splendid scene, but one of no little peril and hardship to the party who had to face the surging and grinding masses in their frail seal-skin canoe. Better, however, this tough and flexible material than the cedar wood or birch bark of British Columbia or of the Indians of the Newicargut or the Porcupine. These rivers, when free from ice, swarm with moose, the meat of which, fresh or dried, is the staple diet all the year round. In tea the natives, as in all places touched by Russians, are most fastidious. At the best British mixture their noses are turned up in scorn. Of more value, in their eyes, are English needles. Ten goose or wild-fowl eggs are given for a single one. So highly prized, indeed, were their civilized visitants, that on the withdrawal of the scientific force, the poor natives at Unalacheet, Norton Sound, hung black cloth, in token of mourning, upon the deserted telegraph poles. The cause of failure in the case of this bold telegraphic enterprise was the success of the Atlantic cable. It is obviously impossible for an alternative line through those inclement Arctic regions to hold its own, saving so far as local purposes may be subserved by the rapidly developing settlement being linked on to the general lines of American and European communication. What has been gained by the enterprise, and we may add, by our author's participation in it, is a valuable as well as curious addition to our stores of geographical learning, and to our knowledge of the out-of-the-way races of mankind. Mr. Whympers' studies in science have enabled him to contribute some special notices of interest regarding the singular curved chain of volcanic mountain peaks, not long ago the backbone of an upland range uniting Asia with America, which form the Aleutian islands. His companion in adventure, Mr. Dall, has put together a few notes on the geology of the Yukon, which are here reprinted from *Silliman's American Journal*. It is worthy of note that no glacial indications are here met with. It is the writer's opinion, though yet unproved, that the glacial field never extended in these regions to the west of the Rocky Mountains, although small single glaciers still exist between spurs of the mountains which approach the coast. No boulders or ice-scratches were met with, though carefully watched for. The range called the "Ramparts" is entirely of azoic rock, in which "a silvery greenish specimen of talcose appearance predominates." We should like to know whether this could be made, like the Laurentian beds of similar aspect, to yield the Eozoön. Slate beds are found in abundance with a north-westerly dip. The earliest vegetable remains noticed were those of the blue and brown sandstone, including casts of mollusca, *lamellibranchide*. A thin contorted seam of good bituminous coal crops out below the sandstones. Of pliocene remains—*Elephas, ovibos moschatus*, &c.—the plains are full. The Kottó river, emptying into the main stream above Fort Yukon, and the Inglutálíc, emptying into Norton Sound, are held by the Indians in superstitious dread, on account of the immense number of fossil bones existing there.

Mr. Whympers has bestowed much attention upon the native languages. His vocabulary of the Co-Yukon dialect—spoken, with slight variations, for at least 500 miles along the lower river, with some words from the Ingeleti, a variety of the same—will be found full of interest, especially if studied in correlation with the list of equivalent words from the tongue of the Kotch-à-Kutchin Indians at the conjunction with the Porcupine river, furnished by Mr. Kennicott.

REALMAH.*

IT is too notorious that the solemn and hortatory manner of the pulpit orator, as well as of the heavy moralist, has on the whole produced a most disproportionately small effect; and one reason of this is that the form of their monitions is so august, their altitude above the small things of life so marked, the standard dignity of their phrase so inflexible, that they can never get near enough to the facts and motives of ordinary life. It has long been a favourite idea with the author of *Friends in Council* that it is these very small things, which the heavy moralist cannot come close to by reason of the ponderosity of his gear, that make all the difference between happiness and its opposite. Years ago he suggested to persons of a speculative turn of mind strange questions as to the comparative amount of misery inflicted on the human race by its most portentous calamities, such as war, for example,

and its sufferings under the accumulated sense of minor tribulations, such as absent shirt-buttons, unpunctuality, and the like. The same idea haunts him still, and the dialogues in *Realmah* seem to have been the fruit of the author's ripe impression of the importance of small details in the art of living, and of the importance of a serious study of the art of living to people who have to live. As it is a characteristic fault of English society that it rather neglects this art, either because it is unworthy of a truly practical people, or because it is too small and narrow for those who are endowed with immortal souls, or for some other reason, the temper of the various interlocutors in *Realmah* is particularly well worth thinking about and writing about. The form of the book is delightful to a certain taste, which must perhaps be acquired; the people who talk—Milverton, Mauleverer, and the rest—are thoroughly well-mannered, and the writing is as easy and polished as anything in the language. Of the difficult art of managing dialogue the author of *Realmah* is a fine master—not the finest, because his themes are slight and his personages homely and unideal; but still fine, because the subjects, if slight, are essentially serious, are handled with constant regard to the becoming (with a large B if preferable), and by gracious and congenial people. The author wholly avoids the two great perils of such dialogue, and his people are neither stiff and artificial, nor absurdly rollicking. Ellesmere, we will confess, though not ill-drawn, becomes now and again rather wearisome with his "objectiveness," his constant play of conventional humour over Lady Ellesmere, and a manner which is so self-conscious as to produce in the calm outsider the sense of consummate conceit; if one may venture to use that term of such a terribly clever and satirical gentleman. However it was necessary to relieve the dialogue, which of itself always tends to become prosaic, heavy, perhaps twaddling—we do not mean in *Realmah* especially—by one strongly marked figure, and nobody will deny that Ellesmere is strongly marked enough for anything. And the other personages, though a little less decided in their personality, are still distinct enough—Mauleverer, who cares much for eating, has a shrewd eye for character, and habitually maintains the cynic's estimate of life; Cranmer, the statistician and the official man; Milverton, the pensive, sedentary, humane student; and the rest. Each is a type, yet the author does not leave him a bald type, but covers his framework with the flesh and blood of a certain individuality. The ladies are charming, and if the byplay between Lady Ellesmere and her satirical lord is introduced a little too often, still it is fresh, and not unlike real life, when a clever man does not object to be fond enough of his wife mildly to tease her in the presence of intimates. The story of *Realmah*, which is woven in with the pleasant dialogue of the Friends in Council, is not particularly interesting, and there hangs about the names and incidents a little air of uncouthness; but, for the minority with a palate for mild and peculiar flavour, it will have a certain charm. At any rate, like the character of Sir John Ellesmere, it throws an effective relief into the book, and gives us an entire change from the crooning dialogue, two whole volumes of which would most likely have more than sated the heartiest of the author's admirers.

The chief characteristic of the reflections which may be extracted as the net product of the gentle dialectic by which the Friends in Council reach truth is their thoughtful common sense. Of rough and blunt common sense, applied to the art of living in its larger meaning, we have enough elsewhere; but Milverton and his friends bring it into smaller things which go badly with us in English society, because we do not take much or any pains in thinking about them. In this too neglected vein the writer says all manner of good things, none of them very mightily impressive or overwhelming, but all of them pointed, apposite, and marked by that mild consideration for the general comfort which is a rarer quality than large-tongued benevolence, and which perhaps might be productive of even better results in the long run, if you could only get a sufficient quantity of people to think about it and practise it habitually. "Balls," says Ellesmere, for example, "should begin at eight o'clock in the winter and nine in the summer. Dinners should never last more than two hours, concerts be abridged by one hour. There should never be performed more than one play at a time"; and evening parties, unless they are very much improved, are most judiciously to be abolished altogether. The reformer would also by and by do away with the adulteration of food and drugs; but he does not think this any larger or more urgent reformation than the other points, for "do you suppose that there are not as many lives lost through ill-managed festivity as even by the adulteration of food?" Again, in Mr. Milverton's excellent essay towards the end of the book, "On the Art of making Men comfortable, the word 'Men' to include Men, Women, Dogs, Horses, Cows, Water-rats, and all other Animals and Insects," we find the same temper. Government, Education, Religion, and the larger influences are left over for some other occasion, and we come upon a body of sagacious precepts for the construction of houses and cottages, in the first place. Then, for the poor, opportunities of amusement should be provided beyond gin-drinking, such as may be seen in a German tea-garden, where one may watch "the artisan and his wife and his children all making themselves supremely happy at an expense which is often consumed in one or two 'goes' at a gin-palace, swallowed in a few minutes' time by the respectable father of a family in England." A good deal more important than Government are small vices, the main enemies to human comfort—intolerance, repetition of scandals, pedantry, unreasonable publicity, hardness of character, and a readiness rather to blacken a man than to be at the pains of looking for any merit or sterling

* *Realmah*. By the Author of "Friends in Council." 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

quality he may have. All these important points, in what are too disparagingly called the minor morals, are put with a terseness that makes them more likely to be accepted than if they had been spread over a chapter apiece. How excellently wise, too, is that passage in which Sir Arthur and Milverton together warn people against the torments they inflict upon themselves by habitually suspecting other people of thinking ill about them—a mischief arising mostly, as Milverton acutely and charitably says, from a keen sense in most of us of our own shortcomings and deficiencies. "If people would only exercise their imagination in imagining that others think as well and as kindly of them (and this is surely not a great stretch of imagination) as they do of these others," why, the world would be a much smoother abiding place than it is. Perhaps it would be well to supplement this by a reminder that, as a rule, most people think a very great deal less about us in any way, either approvingly or otherwise, than we usually suppose; unless the author objects that a theory of this sort, of the indifference of the world, tends to promote that hardness of character which he counts among the main enemies of human comfort. The fact is so, however, for all that; and while assuming that others think kindly of us as a rule, we shall save ourselves much torment, and even many false steps, by assuming, further, that they have their own affairs to engross them. This does not interfere with one's hearty acceptance of another precept of our seeker after the Comfortable—namely, to praise those with whom you live, if they really deserve it; "do not be silent upon their merits, for you should cultivate their reasonable self-esteem." "If they have merits, strangers will tell them of it, and they think it is unkind of you, who have lived with them and ought to love them, not to have recognised their merits." This is as good an illustration as we can find of the union of the observation of a man of the world with something more than a man of the world's careful consideration for the inmost happiness of others.

Now and then the writer trusts his interlocutors to talk on high affairs of State; indeed the gist of the talk of *Realnah* the King is a sort of allegory involving maxims of polity and government. *Realnah's* "Great Project" is full of meaning to a nation with forty colonies in her possession; and the dialogue which follows is full of sagacity, being in truth a statesmanlike discussion upon the text that expenses in the military, naval, and colonial departments must be reduced, "not by diminishing expense over the whole surface generally, and so producing weakness everywhere, but by totally doing away with the need for expense at certain fixed points." Here, as in the rest of the book, the subject in hand is illuminated by true wisdom. The moral tone is elevated, and it is not the wild elevation of a Utopian merely, but the high and sober morality of a man who has learnt by experience and observation the close connexion between justice and policy. We cannot tell how far the form of *Realnah* is likely to suit the popular taste, but underneath the form is so much shrewdness, fancy, and, above all, so much wise kindness, that we should think all the better of a man or woman who likes the book.

INGULFUS REDIVIVUS.*

WHEN Lord Byron was at the height of his fame, Mr. Murray was congratulated by a brother publisher on his good luck in "having such a poet." The noble bard naturally complained of being put on a level with Mr. Murray's ox or ass, or any other thing that he had. But if Mr. Murray, like Messrs. Moses, kept a poet, what shall we say that Mr. Russell Smith keeps? We can look on him only as the keeper of a sort of happy family of crotchety antiquaries. Everybody who has a craze about some remote piece of English history contrives to get it given to the world under the auspices of Mr. Smith. Whether the lucubrations of Mr. Haigh, of Mr. Beale Poste, and now of Mr. Henry Scale English, pay, in any sense of the word, we have not the faintest idea. We cannot guess to what class of readers they are addressed. The general reader surely cares very little about Ingulf and Crowland Abbey. And, though special scholars do care, they have no particular liking to see such subjects dealt with in the way in which they are dealt with by Mr. English and his brethren. Who can it be that reads books of this sort? Or are we to suppose that Mr. Smith's authors are bound together in a kind of frankpledge, and that each of them gets a circle of readers because each is pledged to read and admire the writings of all the rest?

But we should do both Mr. Haigh and Mr. Beale Poste injustice if we dragged them down to the level of Mr. English. Mr. Haigh and Mr. Poste are at least amusing. Mr. English is dull, very dull; one even might say, with Dr. Giles, in the uncancelled text which survives in Mr. Robertson's quotation, he is "voraciter dull." The theories of Mr. Haigh and Poste seem to us very wild, but we have some general notion what their theories are. Whether they prove their points or not, we think we see what it is that they are trying to prove. But with Mr. English all is darkness. We are baffled by him in a way that we have not often been baffled before. We confess that we have not read the book all through. We know we ought to do so, but we really cannot. There are moments when the path of duty is too hard to be trodden. There are literary prodigies before which the most stout-hearted critic falls back discom-

fited. And so it is with Mr. Henry Scale English's speculations about Ingulf. After reading a good many pages without the faintest notion of their main drift, we found ourselves fairly stuck fast, and through the rest of the book we have satisfied ourselves with looking here and there. We know we are not treating Mr. English's book as we ought to treat it, but there are moments when virtue goes to the wall, and when the weakness of human nature has it all its own way. If we knew what Mr. English is trying to prove, there would be some hope, but we have gone through a great many pages of his book without getting the least notion what he is trying to prove. We see that he wants to make out that the received history of Crowland and Peterborough is all wrong, but we cannot even guess what he would give us instead. Possibly we might find out further on in the book; but, as we said, human nature is weak. We see that names, generally in odd spellings, are thrown about, and that Italics are used as liberally as by Mr. Croker himself; we see that there is a great deal about some people with whom we are on close terms of intimacy, and about some others with whom we are less familiar. But the drift of the whole thing is beyond us. We see a great many hints that everybody, from B. Lanfranc downwards, told lies, and seemingly that it was reserved for Mr. English in 1868 to set them all right; but the theory, if there be any theory, and its grounds, if it has any grounds, are something which we have wholly failed to light upon. Let us take a passage at a shot:—

The *Ingulfus*, as I understand it, says (in effect) that the claim of the Abbots of Burgh was set on foot in *Elfric's* time, and was defended during and after the time that *Brithmer* (*Elfwinnus*) was Abbot of Crowland (which was from 1020 to 1042).

I think we are to see in these Extracts a succession of *Suits to recover Lands from Peykirk* which followed each other till the time of the Abbot Kinsinus—an intruder, not a canonical Abbot till 1051—and who ceased to be Abbot in 1055.

It is said that Wulfatus was *providus*, but I think he was not: It is said also that till king Edward gave him the Abbey of Crowland he was *destitute*, but the story is not truly told. Wulfatus lost the first suit and he and his Monks were ejected, but his *destitution* was a consequence of the adverse suits of *Fernotus* and the rest—a consequence, but not a necessary consequence of the earlier suit.

We know that *Elsinus* means *Elfric*—and if *Elfric* set that earlier suit on foot it was not continued (as is inconsiderately implied) as long as he lived and after his death. It was certainly ended and the monks of Peykirk expelled in his lifetime. De Caux says, however, (confounding the Suit of the Abbots of Burgh with the subsequent Suits) that it was continued not by the Abbots *Erwinus* and *Leofric* (as in the *Ingulfus*), but by the Abbot *Kinsinus*; and it might seem to be so if Kinsinus could be connected with the suits which were not determined before 1048. But on what pretence is either *Erwinus* or *Leofric* condemned in the *Ingulfus*? The reason is they were both Abbots of Burgh.—The contradictions between the *Ingulfus* and De Caux cannot well be reconciled.

Earl Godwin procured for Kinsinus the favour of the three successive Kings Harold, Hardicanute, and the Confessor.

And so the church of Burgh got a Judgment for the Site of Peykirk before the other suits which were ended in 1048 began.

The chief thing that we carry away from all this is that Mr. English, queerly as he spells other names, spells Crowland right, and casts aside the foolish affectation of Croylund, a form unknown on the spot and unknown to any ancient writer. This is, so far as it goes, to Mr. English's credit. But how about the more important point of "the *Ingulfus*?" What, in Mr. English's ideas, is "the *Ingulfus*" and its authority? Perhaps we are mistaking Mr. English, but after reading a great number of pages and turning over a great many more, we get a dim impression that he thinks that Ingulf did write the book called by his name, but that he put a great many lies in his book. The lying spirit under whose inspiration he wrote was Lanfranc, acting through Ernulf. The book, as we have it, is only a part of the original work, and even that has been altered in passages which "did not consist with Norman [*sic*] views" (p. 183). Still Mr. English seems, unless we utterly misunderstand him, to think that, after all, Ingulf is Ingulf. It is clear, from the opening chapter of his book, that he has no notion how the belief of scholars now stands with regard to Ingulf. He has now, in 1868, not got so far as other people had in 1854. The latest thing about Ingulf which Mr. English seems to have heard of is Mr. Riley's preface to his Translation of the false Ingulf in Bohn's series. Mr. Riley's crushing paper at the Archaeological meeting at Peterborough, printed in the *Archæological Journal*, he seems to know nothing about. The crowd of arguments, of all kinds and from all quarters, showing that "the *Ingulfus*" is simply a forgery, seem all unknown to him. The unanswerable evidence, the mistakes into which no man of the eleventh century could have fallen, the expressions which no man of the eleventh century could have used—none of all this appears to have occurred to Mr. English during his studies of "the *Ingulfus*," nor does he appear to know that anything of the kind has occurred to anybody else. All this is a curious comment on the sort of isolation in which some students work. It is a sort of isolation which attaches alike to themselves and to their periods. We know nothing of Mr. English except from his book; but the book gives us the impression that he has been working away by himself, without any notion of what other scholars have been doing since 1854. And it also gives us the impression that during all that time he has been thinking only about the eleventh century, or rather about one very narrow aspect of the eleventh century in England only. Of any widely extended thought or reading he shows no signs whatever. Now this is not the way to understand even his own subject. To take one familiar instance out of many, one argument, which of itself is enough to upset the authority of the so-called Ingulf, is drawn from his astounding mistake with regard to the succession of the Byzantine Emperors. Ingulf, according to the story, goes to Constantinople,

* *A Light on the Historians and on the History of Crowland Abbey. With an Account of Burgh (now Peterborough) in the Time of the History which is called the Ingulfus.* By Henry Scale English. London: J. K. Smith, 1868.

and is there presented to the Emperor Alexios, twenty years or so before Alexios began to reign. Now, no man of our own time who had been to the Tuileries, and had been presented to Charles X., would put down in his Autobiography that he had been presented to Louis Napoleon. But on ears to which all Byzantine Emperors are alike mere sounds, this crushing argument of course falls dead. So again, unless a man knows something of times later than the eleventh century, he will not thoroughly feel the arguments drawn from the use of expressions and allusions belonging to the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and not to the eleventh. The remark that Philip was a very common name in France is as true of the later period as it is false of the earlier; but a man who had not compared the two periods together would very likely not feel this. Mr. English's researches, diligent as they are in their own narrow sphere, only give us another instance of the utter impossibility of mastering the history of any one period or any one country without looking beyond it to the history of other periods and other countries.

Mr. English, in his preface, tells us a little of his own literary life. He must be getting on in years, as he wrote a book thirty-eight years ago:—

In the year 1830 a Volume appeared without the Author's name under the title of *Ancient history, English and French, exemplified in a regular dissection of the Saxon Chronicle; preceded by a Review of Wharton's Utrique Elfrici Grammaticus? Malmesbury's Life of St. Wulfstan, and Hugo Candidus' Peterborough History.*

Now, we will make our own confession in turn. We have had by us for some years the book bearing this strange title, and it looked so queer that we have several times dipped into it without ever venturing to read it straight through. But perhaps Mr. English's review of himself may absolve us from the duty of any further study of it; for he goes on to say—

That Book does the Writer very little credit. I am sure he owes humble apologies to any one who honoured it with a perusal, for it was badly arranged, full of mistakes, and the meaning sometimes so awkwardly expressed that the arguments (such as they were) were not properly understood. The Author of that book, who has since had more than sufficient time for reflection, has now written *these*, the subjects are often the same, but he has avoided a great number of the mistakes which disgraced the book of 1830.

To publish again after a signal failure requires no doubt a shadow, at least, of an excuse:—The preface to these Volumes shall be short, though a few words are not likely to excuse past mistakes and justify another attempt.

The author's former offence is an old story, and the offender has now endeavoured to do better; His comfort is a belief that those who may have seen what he wrote before have forgotten all about it, and his hope that his name may be remembered with this book, if at all, rather than with that.

Mr. English then is undoubtedly modest, but, by his own account, he is also ambitious:—

I may possibly live to publish another Volume also, (my ambition is excessive, I make no secret of that)—under the title of *The Home of the Mercian King Wulfhere.*

We really do not feel called upon to examine Mr. English's particular statements in detail, but we cannot help mentioning two, which are even more incomprehensible than the rest. What does the following mean?—

As long as the name of *Elfric* was preserved as an *Abbot of Burgh*, and the knowledge, that by the established Custom of our Church the *Abbots of Burgh* were the Archbishops of York these claims of *Lanfranc*, insolent as well as unjust, seemed unattainable.

Some pages on follows a passage which seems to have somehow wandered over from Ireland. Was there ever such a thing as a Coarb at Crowland?

Until the year 1066 some of our bishops were *Abbots* but in general they were *Monks* only of the ordinary degree, who, because their *Abbots* (the proper judges) thought them sufficiently learned were appointed to watch and keep the clergy and people of each of the ancient dioceses in the observance of the laws of the Church. These bishops retained their station as *Monks*, continued to reside in their own *Monasteries*, and obeyed their own *Abbots*.

Lastly, Mr. English winds up his whole book with the strange notion that the Normans—not only the men of Bayeux or Coutances, but the Normans generally—at the time of their invasion of England, spoke Low-Dutch!

PERRANZABULOE.*

IN an age when the passion for notoriety has attained unprecedented force as a motive power of action, it is but natural that the *cacoethes scribendi* should be accompanied by a *cacoethes edendi*—we don't mean of eating, but of publishing. In this way alone can we account for the reissue of a book first published, we believe, some thirty years ago, and which even then must have been both a blunder and an anachronism. There are no doubt plenty of edifying little works, in red and blue and green covers, periodically laid on the counters of the religious publishers which descend to almost as incredible a bathos of commonplace as *Perranzabuloe*, and there may be some few besides Dr. Cumming's in which the steady flow of commonplace is broken by occasional touches of unconscious humour almost as astounding. At all events, when we recollect what countless editions of the great Bee-master's magnificent twaddle have inundated the world, our first feeling of surprise at seeing "sixth edition" printed on Mr. Trelawny's title-page is lessened, if not removed. It is due to him to say at the outset that he betrays a hesitating consciousness that "some apology" is due to the public for again obtruding the volume on their notice, and that he hints at

special circumstances of "the present time" which make it desirable to do so, "for repelling the encroachments of Rome." As far as we can gather, the encroachments which call for this particular method of repulse just now are the threatened disestablishment of the Irish Church, and the admission of Roman Catholics to Oxford. At least we infer this from the care taken to point out that a certain "Piranus" or "St. Piran," who became "the Apostle of Cornwall" in the fourth century, and worked many miracles there, was a genuine Irishman and a sound Protestant; and from the elaborate note devoted to proving that "the ancient Universities of England are not of Roman Catholic foundation," which proof begins with the intimation that "divers authors" consider Oxford to have been founded "immediately after the siege of Troy" (we presume by Ulysses), and that it was certainly founded, if not earlier, by "Arviragus, a British king, about A.D. 70." This strikingly reminds one of the tradition universally prevalent amongst even the best-educated Turks in Palestine, and retailed to European travellers with the utmost gravity, that Samson, being a good Mussulman, pulled down the temple at Gaza on the heads of the Christians assembled to worship there.

But our readers will be curious to learn the meaning of "Perranzabuloe," and we will lose no time in satisfying so natural and legitimate a desire. Perranzabuloe, like Mount Sinai, is an allegory. In its primary sense it is a church on the Cornish coast, which was buried under the sand—Perranzabuloe=St. Piran in *Salulo*—for seven centuries by the "overwhelming weight of the great Western Sea," and unearthed by an enterprising gentleman of Truro in 1835, "the glorious Tercentenary of the unlocking of the Bible from the tongue in which it had been hidden from the people." In a spiritual sense Perranzabuloe is "the lost Church (of England) found," which had also been overwhelmed during the same period under "the weight of the great Western Church." And the argument implies throughout that both overwhelmings, under the sands of Cornwall and the sands of Popish corruption, began at the same time; yet elsewhere Mr. Trelawny, who is a little hazy about dates, traces the aforesaid corruptions from the Papal aggression of St. Augustine on the rights and liberties of the "ancient British Church," from which he evidently—incredible as it may appear—imagines the present Church of England to be descended. But let not the reader go away under the impression that the analogy is a merely fanciful one. Perranzabuloe—the material, not the spiritual, church—is a demonstrative proof of the truth of Protestant and primitive belief. It was buried out of sight in the year 1135—just thirty-five years, that is, before the martyrdom of Becket—and when the most indulgent of Protestant writers usually consider the worst corruptions of Popery to have become an accomplished fact. And so indeed does Mr. Trelawny, as we said just now, for he tells us that "St. Augustine's mission was the point of the Papal wedge," which appears, by the way, to be a wedge of very exceptional shape. Yet it is the very point, not of the wedge, but of the book, to show that this newly-discovered Church convicts Popery of being a modern falsehood by an argument written, not in letters, but in stones, which is absolutely "invaluable to those who are happily within the pale of the Established Church." We should have thought it ought to be more useful to some of those who are unhappily without its pale. And it was by a special, not to say miraculous, dispensation of Providence that Perranzabuloe was first buried, and then disinterred after seven centuries, to bear witness to these great truths. And here, to avoid doing any injustice to the force of an argument which, however "invaluable," is very far from being intelligible, we will let the author speak for himself:—

Who shall declare the mysterious truth that stamps a character of almost incredible fiction on the history of Perranzabuloe? That a church so celebrated in Cornish annals should have disappeared at the very moment when a flood of corruption and superstition was rolling into England from papal Rome—that the very aspect of the adjoining country should have totally changed—that over the face of Nature herself should have passed the withering hand of some mighty catastrophe—these are facts so evident, yet so perplexing, that who shall declare them?

Who indeed? But at least Mr. Trelawny can declare to us the true moral of the tale. And here it is:—

The doorway was found [in 1835] to be in high preservation, neatly ornamented with the Egyptian zigzag, or arrow, having on the keystone of its round-headed arch a tiger's head sculptured, and two human heads on the corbels of the arch. On entering the interior, it was found to contain none of the modern accompaniments of a Roman Catholic place of worship. Here was no rood-loft for the hanging up of the host, nor the vain display of fabricated relics—no latticed confessional—no sa'cring bell, no daubed and decorated images of the Virgin Mary, or of saints, to sanction the idolatrous transgression of the second commandment. Here was found nothing that indicated the unscriptural adoration of the wafer, or the no less unscriptural masses for the dead. The most diligent search was made for beads and rosaries, pyxes and agnus deis, censers and crucifixes—not one, not the remnant of one, could be discovered. Strange, that this ancient church should so belie the Papists' constant appeal to antiquity—to the faith of their forefathers—to the old religion!

We could conceive an ardent Egyptologist trying to deduce from "Egyptian zigzag" and "tiger's head" some sort of evidence as to the certainly "ancient" but hardly "scriptural" worship of the cat in Egypt. But what possible inference is to be drawn from the absence of a "latticed confessional"—introduced, we believe, two or three centuries ago; or still more from such moveable articles as "sa'cring bell, rosaries, pyxes, censers and crucifixes" not being left in a deserted church on which the sea was encroaching, Mr. Trelawny must be left to explain. And what in the four walls of an empty church could be supposed to "indicate" the worship of the

* *Perranzabuloe: the Lost Church Found.* By the Rev. C. T. Collins Trelawny, M.A. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1868.

wafer, or masses for the dead, it is not much easier to understand. Perhaps some not very trustworthy inference might be drawn from the absence of a stone altar, which might, however, very conceivably have been removed; but unfortunately there was a stone altar "very neat but simple" (did Mr. Trelawny expect to find altar cloths and candlesticks?), on which we much fear many "unscriptural masses for the dead" had been said before 1135.

This, then, is the main argument of *Perranzabuloe*, and as the author considers it both "invaluable" and conclusive, it is perhaps a pity he did not leave it to stand by itself. Perhaps he was influenced by a lingering suspicion that an argument against the antiquity of bedsteads, based on the fact that no such article is now to be found in the chamber in Caernarvon Castle where the first Prince of Wales is said to have been born, would appear to most of his readers about equally impressive. Perhaps he also remembered that, as one swallow does not make the spring, one chapter does not make a book. For whatever reason, he has supplemented his invaluable proof that "the long lost Church of England" was free up to 1135 "from those monstrous errors and incantations which the Church of Rome, the great Western tyrant," afterwards "spread over the walls of our Zion," by seven more chapters of what is apparently meant for history, and fifty pages of appendix, from which we have already quoted the interesting account of the foundation of the University of Oxford. It would be a false kindness to flatter him with the hope that his history will be more convincing than his "sermons in stones" to anybody out of the nursery, except perhaps the members of the recently organized "Free Grace Protestant Union" for suppressing Popery by the aid of magic lanterns and Foxe's Martyrology. And we fear that these last will be tempted to question his soundness when they find him throwing off with the statement that St. Piran, "the tutelary saint and benefactor of the Cornish miners," is asserted by his chroniclers to have worked great miracles, which his modern biographer evidently accepts as true, though he sneers unmercifully at the certainly better authenticated miracles of St. Augustine. But then St. Augustine was "the point of the Papal wedge," and St. Piran is supposed, for some unexplained reason, to have been in very healthy relations of independence or antagonism to "the proud Prelate of Rome." But the ancient British Church is much older than St. Piran. There is "the best historical evidence" that St. Paul preached in England; for does not Clemens Romanus say he went "to the utmost bounds of the West," and does not every scholar "know" that the term *always* designated the British islands? Moreover we have "the later but very high authority of Archbishop Parker" (in the sixteenth century), who states his persuasion that St. Paul preached the Gospel to the Britons in the interval between his first and second imprisonment at Rome. Could anything be more conclusive? In short, what with St. Paul and King Lucius and St. Alban, everything went swimmingly with the "ancient British Church," till that naughty St. Augustine came to meddle and muddle where he had no business. And, as we have the high authority of Parker in the sixteenth century for St. Paul's proceedings in the first, we have the equally satisfactory assurance of Fuller in the seventeenth century as to the results of this mischievous intrusion in the sixth. Fuller "testifies" that Augustine found an excellent and "plain religion," and pious Bishops, when he came here, and that he soon corrupted the country by his "new rites and ceremonies *à la mode*." But let us hear our author:—

What a beautiful picture has the historian [Fuller] here drawn of the simple, unpretending, and tolerant religion of our ancient Church! How finely contrasted with the ostentatious and heartless pageantry of those "new rites" which were now to be forced upon her!

It was Augustine's policy to undermine this simplicity of religious worship among the Britons, and to work upon the imaginations of the wonder-loving Saxons, by the means of that gaudy ritual, and those enticing doctrines, which he had imported from Italy. The worship of images, the flames of purgatory, the efficacy of good works towards the attainment of salvation, the virtue of relics, were all his ready instruments. The "institution of the canon of the mass" also, which had been invented by Gregory, was another useful auxiliary.

Yet somehow or other these wicked doctrines and ceremonies had not found their way into Cornwall five centuries afterwards! That "the Christian Bishops who enjoyed God, the Gospels, and their mountains" had retired into Wales, without daring to attempt the conversion of the Saxons, who were spreading over the whole of England, Fuller apparently forgets to observe. But Mr. Trelawny makes up for the omission by the astonishing remark that "if to the British Church does not *exclusively* belong the honour of their (the Saxon's) conversion, she at least can claim a *larger share* than the emissaries of Rome"; for which novel version of history he has apparently failed even to discover "the high authority" of a writer fifteen centuries after the fact, and we have to content ourselves with his own. After this one is not surprised to learn, on the same authority, that St. Augustine probably instigated "the cold-blooded murder of helpless priests," for which we need hardly say there is not one tittle of contemporary evidence. We cannot follow Mr. Trelawny in detail through his mythical sketch of mediæval history, based chiefly on Foxe, Mosheim, and Burnet, and which is about as valuable as that other sketch of it which poor Pugin bitterly described as making out "all holy popes, all holy priests, all holy peasants, all holy everybody." The scholastic theology, we are told by the way, was "unintelligible gibberish," which, "for the sole purpose of confirming the errors of Popery, exceeded all bounds in its sophistry, barbarism, and impudence." The first and third charges come rather awkwardly from a writer who reconstructs

the biographies of St. Paul and St. Augustine on the authority of Parker and Fuller, and who argues, from the absence of rosaries and crucifixes in a deserted church in the twelfth century, that the religion of the country was still Protestant in its pristine purity, while he also urges that it was corrupted by St. Augustine, who died in 605! In any other historical romance we might have been puzzled by the statement that "Edward III. of England had formed a league with Louis, King of Bavaria," as the first King Louis of Bavaria ascended the throne in the present century, and died only last February. But it would be an excess of hypercriticism to waste words on such little inaccuracies as this in a historian of the Trelawny stamp. Nor is it to be wondered at that a writer who is so very positive when the evidence is hostile or non-existent, should be quite unable to determine whether Henry VIII.'s pious scruples about his marriage with Catharine of Aragon were conscientious or not; or that he should suppose the same benign Providence which wrought so mysteriously with the church of Perranzabuloe "mercifully permitted Henry to live long enough to remove out of the way" the Duke of Norfolk and his son, who were "some of the bitterest enemies the Protestant Church possessed."

And now we have done with this worthless book. But for one reason we should have left it in its native obscurity. There is, however, a class of ignorant readers on whom this sort of trash makes an impression; and it therefore becomes a duty in the interests of literary morality to characterize it as it deserves. We are not of course speaking now of Mr. Trelawny's theological views, but of the arguments by which he has chosen to support them. It may or may not be true that "the Church of England is a primitive, apostolical, and independent branch of Christ's Holy Catholic Church," &c. &c.; that Protestantism is vastly superior to Popery, and that "it is a proof of the grossest fraud or the grossest ignorance in Romanists" to fail to admit this, after six editions of *Perranzabuloe* have been published; that primitive truth was maintained in its original purity till 599 or 1135, whichever date Mr. Trelawny may eventually elect to abide by, after which time "the Papal usurpation and tyranny was effected by means the most infamous that can be conceived." On these points and the like we pronounce no opinion here. But that the author should "confidently believe he has *most fully established*" all or any of them in this volume, "by the most incontrovertible testimony that history affords," is one of the strongest instances of the triumph of belief over reason that we ever chanced to come across. An equally "incontrovertible" book of the same calibre might just as easily be written—as, indeed, many have been written—to demonstrate propositions exactly the reverse of Mr. Trelawny's. But slipshod reasoning, tinsel rhetoric, and cooked history are equally incongruous and offensive whether devoted to proving the Protestantism of "St. Piran" or the infallibility of the Pope.

TRANSLATIONS OF HORACE.*

THE popularity of Horace amongst moderns must subject the poet's shade to frequent twinges of pain, if in Hades he can take cognizance of a tithe of the translations whereby he is misrepresented. One cannot help hoping that "down among the dead men" there is a dearth of interpreters, and that so the happy bard is spared the knowledge of the things which his Muse has to endure at the hands of incompetent admirers. Each year produces half a dozen of these on an average; not one of whom half perceives the beauties of his original, while the majority fail utterly to apprehend them. Here and there, of course, an exceptional translator starts up, like Mr. Theodore Martin, to catch the spirit, or, like Professor Conington, to represent the gist and chief features of the great Latin lyricist. Lord Derby, too, has shown, in his chary coquettings with the Muse of Horace, that he can appreciate the lucid clearness and tuneful flow of a songster whom one of his most gifted contemporaries designated by the epithet "numerosus." But it is very rare to find translators of Horace taking the hint, which that epithet ought to suggest, that it is due to his memory to bestow polish and cultivation on their reproductions; and our experience of the ways of his imitators rather leads us to the conclusion that the great mass substitute awkwardness for ease, jarring sounds for perfect harmony, and inelegances intolerable even in a school exercise for the beauties of the most elegant and finished lyrics of antiquity. Truly the exchange is commonly, like that betwixt Glaucus and Diomed, *χρόστα χαλκίων, ἱερὰ μὲν βόη, ἰνυία βόιον*.

Two of these venturesome enthusiasts have somewhat recently rushed into publicity. Like moths to a candle, they have been attracted to Horace, and in different degrees have scorched their wings by mistaking their own enjoyment of the original for capacity to turn it into such English as shall communicate that enjoyment to others. We do not mean to couple Mr. Brodie, who has some gifts of scholarship, with Mr. Mathews, who has none; or to affront the former by supposing that he could err so widely from his author's sense in any one passage as the latter has done in hundreds. But it would be treason to Horace and to good taste to forbear pointing out those defects in Mr. Brodie's versions (versions, be it remembered, not of all the odes, but of such picked odes as he deems fittest for turning into English) which must preclude his attaining any other than a low

* Translations from the *Lyrics of Horace, in English Verse*. By E. H. Brodie, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Horace. Odes, Epodes, &c., newly translated into Verse by Charles S. Mathews, A.M. Longmans & Co.

level among translators of Horace, unless he calls in his present volume, and spends the leisure of his next ten years in polishing it and pruning it.

It is needless to go far into his exertions to substantiate the counts of our indictment. Even if it were the case that translators of this stamp improved as they warmed to their work, this would be no justification of the recklessness of publishing experiments as to which they cannot have failed to have misgivings. Had Mr. Brodie stopped in the middle of his task, and tried back with a reiterated study of the Latin, it is impossible that he should not have detected his substitution of brass for gold in the awkward and ill-sounding verses which he proffers us as counterparts of Horace. The author of the Odes may be difficult to translate tastefully, but he is easy to comprehend, and very seldom obscure as to his meaning. Never, that we know of, can awkwardness or clumsy arrangement of words be laid at his door. How, then, can one who in his preface exhibits a cultivated mind, and a considerable expenditure of thought upon his subject, be misguided enough to think that in the second ode of the First Book the lines—

Et superjecto pavide natarunt
Æquore damæ,

meet with a tolerable match in such perplexed English as

And rising waves began to suck
The swimming does' bewildered herds?

Again, in the second stanza of the eighth ode, Mr. Brodie seems to have gone out of his way to confuse the meaning of Horace, who is enumerating the signs and tokens of Lydia's enthrallment of Sybaris. We need not quote the Latin, but those who refer to it will see that one of these signs is the young man's shirking military exercises; another, his not bathing as he was wont. But, as it stands in this translation, one would be led to think that Sybaris had given up riding for fear his horse should take a header into the Tiber with him:—

Why no more in soldier guise
Checks he his Gallic steed 'mid youthful peers,
That the wolf-bit vainly flies?
Can't be that yellow Tiber too he fears?

This is surely a sad falling-off from Horace's perspicuity. We need but cite one other instance, the conclusion of the 24th ode of Book I. ("Num vane redeat sanguis imagini," &c. &c.), which Mr. Brodie has translated in language which he can no doubt interpret, but which to us is as obscure and awkward as it is unwarranted by the Latin text:—

In that pale ghost no blood will spring,
By Mercury his own,
Who opens no door by prayers made bland,
Joined with dread rod to that black band:
Hail! the doom then we can't withstand,
Let's bear in time less grown.

Will any one, irrespectively of the help of the Latin, tell us to what substantive we are here to link the possessive pronoun "his own" (v. 2), or with what subject we are to associate the adjective "less grown" in v. 6? Mr. Brodie must surely have become an inspector of schools since the Revised Code came in, and grammar, with history and geography, paled before the all-important "three R's."

And next as to harmony. No fault can be found with the measures in which Mr. Brodie has chosen to reproduce Horace's lines and stanzas. We do not affect his unrhymed version of the ode to Censorinus (iv. 8); but he is so candid as to his difficulties with this particular ode and metre, and is generally guided by so sound an instinct as to choice of metres, that we can afford to overlook a single incongruity. But it is in single lines, here and there, that he sins against metrical elegance; and by ruggedness inexplicable thrusts himself upon the dilemma of either having no soul for music, or else being too careless to imitate the smoothness of Horatian numbers. In his version such jarring verses as these that follow are sown broadcast:—

Laudes egregii Caesaris et tuas.—I. vi. 11.
Nor Caesar's high fame nor thine spoils.
Undique decerpam fronti præponere olivam.—I. vii. 7.
A last wreath of olive to still make thine own.
Et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere, nec quæ nihil attinent.—I. xix. 11-12.
Nor Parthians bold to flee
On half-wheel'd horse, impertinently.

Apart from this sort of slovenly arrangement of words, it may well be doubted whether the translator of a poet of such courtly grace as Horace has any right to be so profuse of such colloquialisms as *you'll bleed*, *let's bear*, *he'll not be won*—if indeed verse that has pretensions to elegance can ever admit of such decided slipshod. Certainly it is full time that English poetry should be more systematically studied, when one who professes to handle it as a proficient can suffer such a solecism to be printed as occurs in the translation of

Nescias an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorant parentes.—II. iv. 13-14.
Who knows but what your auburn fair
To some rich parents make you son.

It is indeed no little strain upon our patience to have to swallow the vulgarism of "but what" for "but that," and, within half a line, to find "make" stand for "may make." Yet we would condone half a dozen such offences against the dignity of language and poetry, if we could induce the translator to let us into the secret of the mental process by which he arrived at the conviction that, in the enumeration of heroes in the sixth ode of the First Book,

"Quis . . . digne scripserit . . . Tydiden superis parem" could be represented by the extraordinary exclamation "*Ho! Diomed sing worthily*." We have heard of a well-known Protestant M.P. whom his brother senators frequently adjure to sing; and, in the laxity of modern punctuation, we were half inclined, on the first reading of the stanza in question, to fancy that the translator meant to treat Diomed Whalley-fashion.

We are bound, however, to admit that Mr. Brodie gives sufficient evidences of scholarship, though we are indisposed to accept his interpretation of "*trahunt honestæ purpuras clientæ*" (II. xviii. 8) in the face of the *consensus* of the older commentators, and the weighty authority of Dillenburger and other recent annotators. It is a bold step to substitute the idea of "*trailing purples through the town*" for "*spinning Laconian purples for a patron's wear*"; and "*genuine poetical instinct*" seems to us to have been overborne by unwonted precision when Mr. Brodie doubts whether a poet who could use "*traho*" for "*to spin*" with "*lanam*," "*pensa*," "*vellera*," would venture to use it with "*purpuras*." We had fancied that "*bold expression*" was one mark of poetic fire. We may, perhaps, be allowed to doubt, too, whether the epithets in the expressions "*ambiguum Salamina*" (I. vii. 29) and "*teretesque suras*" (IV. xiii. 21) might not have been more correctly rendered. As a set-off we would commend to our readers the generally spirited and truthful version of the famous ode about Cleopatra (I. xxxvii.), and the close of the 22nd ode of Book I., which is not wanting in life or lyric force. ["*Pone me pigris—dulce loquentem*"]—

Set me amid the torpid plains
And trees by summer's breath unfann'd,
Where cloudy Jove and icy rains
Deform a melancholy land:
Set me with not a house in view
'Neath the near chariot of the sun,
Sweet smiler, sweet converser too,
O Lalage! I'll love but one.

With Mr. Mathews's pretensions we must deal more briefly. They seem to be based on his having gained a Tyrwhitt's Hebrew Scholarship forty-four years ago—as good an introduction, doubtless, to translating Horace as the Cambridge Regius Professor of Hebrew got from his congenial occupations to the task of editing the most utterly silly and useless text of Virgil in existence. Mr. Mathews may have been a scholar in his day; but, if so, he is one of the "has-beens"; and in proportion as what scholarship he may have had has ebbed, the flood of his garrulity has manifestly set in. Hence, not in one ode, but in nine out of ten, a single Latin word suggests to his incontinent Muse at least a couple of lines of English. In discussing Mr. Brodie's attempts we have already referred to the seventh ode of the first book, and to that part of it which treats of the honour paid to Pallas, and the value attached to her olive-wreath. Here is a stave of Mr. Mathews, which some may be clever enough to connect with certain Latin lines, but which it may puzzle a conjuror to reconvey to the place whence it came, even were it permitted to reckon one Latin word an equivalent for each English verse. Let us try.

There are (good devotees) that make
A theme from which to never break
Of Pallas' city, heavenly maid,
Untouched, if e'er by love essayed.
These carry olive stuck with care
Demonstrative in the front hair,
Know them by that, the service' badge,
Plucked cheap from every roadside hedge.
As staunch and stale, a greater crowd
Say, to Junonian honour vowed,
How apt for drives and horses, where
They have good going and a fair,
Flat Argos; parasitic speech
Reserving for Mycenæ Rich.

When we mention that the incomprehensible six lines with which this strange jumble concludes have for their foundation the two Latin verses—

Plurimus in Junonis honorem
Aptum dicet equis Argos, ditiesque Mycenæ,

we feel that to cite any further specimens of Mr. Mathews's *Horace* would be a simple work of supererogation.

TRICOTRIN.*

THIS is another story by the lady who shrouds herself under the mysterious title of Ouida, which, to those acquainted with her style, is as much as to say that it is another strange compound of audacious extravagance. The style is, of course, stilted and verbose; the characters are impossible masses of virtues and vices heaped together regardless of expense; the plot frankly takes leave of all considerations of probability, and everybody turns out to be the long-lost brother or wife or daughter of somebody else, whenever such a discovery is convenient. In short, it is a story of the most melodramatic, startling, and clap-trap description. Yet we are bound in fairness to confess that, on the whole, we like reading it. The ordinary sensation novel, with its stale tricks and affectations, has, in our opinion, the unpardonable fault of dulness, and perhaps it is in a momentary lapse from the austerity of the critical office that we have been led to make any exception in favour of Ouida. We do so, however, on the simple ground that, in spite of her glaring absurdities, she has given indications of talent which, under

* *Tricotrin*. By Ouida. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, 1869.

better direction, might really achieve something respectable. Her last novel, *Under Two Flags*, showed that she could do better things than describe tremendous lifeguardsmen of the *Guy Livingstone* order; it proved that she had really an eye for scenery and character, though she could not or would not refrain from the most ludicrous exaggerations. Her present story gives evidence of the same power, though it is on the whole less amusing than its predecessor. We will endeavour to point out the indications of a talent for something better, which partially redeem its faults.

Tricotrin is the name assumed by a French Bohemian, upon whom Ouida has showered amazing virtues and talents with her usual prodigality; she always seems to go upon the principle that it is as easy for a novelist to endow a man with millions as with thousands, or to make him a Raffaele and a Mozart as to call him a respectable artist. Tricotrin, accordingly, is one of the most amazing of mankind. She describes him by a misquotation from *Sièyes*' celebrated sentence, "What is it? All. What has it? Nothing." Tricotrin is a "philosopher, poet, cosmopolitan, artist, democrat, and wanderer." He has the genius of a Mozart; the eloquence of a Mirabeau; the sagacity of a Talleyrand; the versatility of a Crichton; and a great many other qualities of a great many other great men. The first painters of Paris confess that he might have beaten them all. The leading statesmen of Europe are so struck by his conversation (we confess that the reported fragments do not impress us quite so favourably) that they scarcely venture to intrude a few respectful criticisms; and the French Government is afraid to interfere with him, because they know that by raising his finger he could cause an insurrection from Paris to the furthest frontiers. Yet this astonishing being, who is mildly stated to be "a markedly distinct personality," does nothing but wander about with a fiddle, a monkey, and a copy of Dante. He sells the Dante for a benevolent purpose, but the monkey shows the most amazing vitality through a story of some five-and-twenty years. His influence over the people is obtained by a series of benevolent actions; he is always helping old women to get in their corn, or climbing down wells to rescue workmen that have fallen, or giving admirable words of advice which alter the whole future lives of those who listen to them. At one period of the story he lives for three whole years alone upon a rock with a ruffian who has previously picked up a precarious existence by enticing ships on to the shore by exhibiting false lights, and he succeeds ultimately in making him a useful member of society. His other good deeds must, we presume, have taken a shorter time, as otherwise he could hardly have become known to all the poor "from Liffey to Tiber, from Danube to Guadalquivir, from Euphrates to Amazon." In France he was indeed so well known that he never walks down a road in the country or turns into a street in Paris without being greeted as a personal friend by every other passenger. It is rather singular to add that he is the elder brother of an English peer, to whom he has consented to abandon the enjoyment of his title and property, passing for dead because his father once absurdly suspected him of having stolen certain jewels.

The next thing to do, after having manufactured so marvellous a being, is to provide him with some work worthy of his vast powers. Whether this has been satisfactorily accomplished may be guessed from a brief outline of the story. Tricotrin one day picks up a beautiful infant girl, who has been abandoned by her mother. For some time he speculates whether he shall take her or leave her. "Any one who picks you up," he says, "will do you the greatest injury possible. Die now in the sunshine among the flowers; you will never have such another chance of a poetical and picturesque exit. Who was ingenious enough to hide you there? The poor shirt-stitcher, who was at her last sou? or Madame la Marquise, who was at her last scandal?" and so on, according to the usual style of Bohemian eloquence, which affects to be above all vulgar views of life and morality. However, like most Bohemians, when it comes to the point, he acts very much like other people; takes the girl to an old peasant-woman in the neighbourhood, and benevolently contributes to her education. As Viva, for so the infant is called, grows up, she becomes, as might be expected, a perfect marvel of beauty. She beats all the other women of Europe as easily as Gladiateur ran away from all the horses of his time. She has, however, the fault, which is obviously a necessity for the purposes of the story, of an inordinate desire for distinction in the world. Accordingly, she insists upon going to see Paris, after a great many warnings from Tricotrin, who talks what is meant for Bohemian talk about the bondage of society and the blessings of living with nothing but a monkey and a fiddle, and what is really very like the ordinary declamation of clergymen against the vanities of this world. In fact, Tricotrin's "marvellous eloquence" would have qualified him admirably to be a strolling preacher, and has the true unctuous flow of that style of rhetoric, only that Scripture texts would have to be substituted for quotations from *Beranger*, and a pious remark or two for some rude sneers at the priests. Viva, at any rate, cares as little for it as for sermons, and, if we may judge by the event, seems to have done very wisely. She has, it is true, a narrow escape from some very disreputable society to which she is enticed by an actress; but shortly afterwards she is taken up by a virtuous duke of unbounded wealth, who first sends her to be cultivated by his mother and then marries her himself. Poor Tricotrin feels himself cruelly deserted, being by this time desperately in love with his beautiful charge, who seems to be rapidly forgetting all about him. We fully expect that she will be punished for her ingratitude, and the more confidently when

we find that she really doesn't care about her husband, who, poor man, dies whilst she is at a ball, having concealed all his symptoms, and begging with his last breath that she may not be told in time to spoil her pleasure. The duchess has now such boundless wealth that she gives a week of fêtes, each of which costs a million of francs. In spite of her grandeur she is tolerably civil to Tricotrin, who comes at times to see her, and is, not unnaturally, more desperately in love with her than ever. Unluckily for him, she meets the magnificent Earl Estmere, Tricotrin's long-lost brother, and after some flirtation becomes engaged to him. Here we fancy that her punishment will finally overtake her, for we are rapidly nearing the end of the third volume. Indeed it suddenly comes out that she is the daughter of a disreputable actress, and Lord Estmere, disgusted at her concealment of the fact, proposes to break off the match. Tricotrin, however, comes in at last to solve the difficulty. Whilst endeavouring to quiet an attempted émeute at Paris, somebody who must have been possessed of superhuman strength throws a block of granite at him which crushes in his breast, and leaves him time to do little more than make two or three long speeches to the people, to his long-lost brother, and to the duchess. Their purport is of course to reveal that he is the correct Lord Estmere, to explain various little difficulties that have transpired in the course of the story, to make some remarks of moral and religious application, and to induce Lord Estmere and Viva to consent to marry each other, and live very happily ever afterwards. To this they kindly agree, and Tricotrin dies after Mirabeau's precedent, whilst making a pretty epigram about the sun. Moral, as thoughtless persons would infer, that Viva made an uncommonly good thing of it, and that she would have been exceedingly foolish to listen to Tricotrin's eloquence about the blessings of a simple life, and the extreme danger of exposing oneself to the temptations of Paris. The worst that has happened to her is that she was in doubt for a few hours whether the noble Lord Estmere, whose merits make him a kind of mean term between Tricotrin and mortal man, will marry her or not. That question being satisfactorily answered, she is dismissed with more wealth, rank, and, in short, a larger share of the good things of this world than ever before fell to the lot of a founding even in a novel.

It would be waste of words to remark that this is extravagant. We might as well complain of the adventures of *Sindbad the Sailor*, and point out that rocks and valleys full of diamonds are not frequently met with in this world. It is meant to be extravagant, and we take it up for half an hour's amusement, not for serious study. But it is perhaps worth while to suggest to Ouida how much she would really gain if she would be content to come down a little nearer to the ordinary level of humanity. Not only is there much merit in the descriptions of French scenery, and in little pictures of peasant life, where for a moment she drops her *Garagantuan* style, but even in Tricotrin himself there are proofs of a capacity for better things. He is, we repeat, a ludicrous exaggeration, but if he were described in a more moderate key, there would be a good deal of real originality and grace about his character. He is an interesting figure, whose proportions are distorted by being magnified; and the real interest of the situation is entirely missed by the same misconception. Thus, if Viva were a duchess of less than supernatural beauty and wealth, and Tricotrin a vagrant with some of the faults of ordinary vagrants, a great deal might be made of the struggle between gratitude and social prejudices. We should sympathize with the young woman who has been suddenly elevated by the caprice of a duke and finds it difficult to recognise the rough, careless Bohemian, probably given to eating peas with a knife, and not over particular about cleanliness. Something of the kind was obviously intended by Ouida; but in coming to the point she completely fails to bring out the contrast. The duchess is so magnificent, that she may evidently do just what she likes; and Tricotrin is such a splendid gentleman, that even the highest officials of the State are glad to treat him with profound respect. Thus, besides the shock to our sense of reality, which is of little importance, Ouida fails in making us feel the very sentiment upon which the whole interest of the story depends. She pays the penalty of her extravagance by making it impossible for us really to sympathize with her characters. At the same time, she shows so much power running to waste, that we cannot but hope that she will still do better, and we would humbly suggest that in the next novel she should prune the extravagance of her style by cutting out every other sentence, and reduce her heroes to mortal dimensions by cutting out two-thirds of their virtues, and at least three-quarters of their physical excellences.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

AMONG the American books of the current month are two or three political works of considerable pretensions. The smallest of these is a large octavo work containing 650 pages, Mr. Alfriend's *Life of Jefferson Davis*. The writer's principal object is to vindicate the late President of the Southern Confederacy from three classes of accusations. First, are those relating to his political career before 1860, which impute to him conscious and deliberate disloyalty to the Union, and a long-cherished intention to bring about that secession of which he ultimately became the most distinguished representative. Secondly, there are those preferred against his conduct as the chief of the Southern Government by the partisans of the North, which lay

* *The Life of Jefferson Davis*. By Frank H. Alfriend, late Editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger." Cincinnati and Chicago: the Caxton Publishing Co., &c. &c. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

to his charge a desire to provoke the war, an obstinate determination to protract it after all hope was over, and a complicity in the sufferings of Federal soldiers confined at Andersonville and elsewhere during the later years of the war. And thirdly, there are the accusations advanced by discontented Southerners, which ascribe to the favouritism, self-will, and misjudgment of Mr. Davis the inadequate preparation of the South for war, the incompleteness and uselessness of her victories, and the disasters on the rivers and on the sea-coast which enabled the enemy gradually to penetrate the country in all directions, to lay waste its resources, and finally to hem in its armies and enforce their surrender. Mr. Alfriend answers these charges by abundant and extensive quotations from the speeches of Mr. Davis and from other documents, by a narration of the facts, and by an explanation of the difficulties with which the Southern leader had to contend, and of the state of opinion at the time in regard to many of the acts that are now imputed to him as culpable or erroneous. The biographical narrative is little more than a connecting thread to string together the otherwise incoherent accounts of the various matters on which the accusations have been founded. In short, it is not so much a Life of Jefferson Davis as an *Apologia pro Vita*. For the sake of English readers, it is perhaps to be regretted that Mr. Alfriend, while giving very copious extracts from his hero's speeches, and quoting at length documents bearing on his political career, omits, as well known to the American public, the evidence of some of the most important transactions in his narrative—as, for example, the letters, telegrams, and notes of interviews between Mr. Seward and the Southern Commissioners prior to that attempt to relieve Fort Sumter which hurried North and South into war. On the whole, however, the book is tolerably complete and effective for its purpose. Prefixed to the work is a likeness of the ex-President, which it is very painful to contemplate. Mr. Davis was never a man of strong health or vigorous frame, and the photographs published during the war gave the idea of a worn and anxious spirit, and a nervous system too acutely sensitive for comfort or ease; but still they were the portraits of one able to take his place and part in the labour and strife of politics, and in the fatigues of government. The present likeness is that of a resuscitated corpse; with a countenance calm indeed, but rather with the calmness of death than of life; eyes of that strange and ghastly appearance which blindness always produces in a portrait; and a face almost ghastly in its pallor. No one who looks on this frontispiece will need any further evidence for the truth of Dr. Craven's story of the sufferings endured by the illustrious prisoner during the first period of his captivity at Fort Monroe.

Three large volumes, published by order of the Senate, contain all the materials for a history of the famous Impeachment.* That must be their only practical use; for we can hardly imagine that, at this period at all events, any political student, however courageous and however deeply interested, will venture on an attempt to read them. The matter is not ill arranged. The first volume, by far the thickest, contains the opening arguments and the evidence, as well as the preliminaries of the trial, the records of the proceedings by which the Court was constituted, and so forth. The second consists of the subsequent arguments on either side, and the record of the final vote. And the last contains the "opinions" or speeches of the individual Senators, and an Appendix, principally consisting of the report of the debate on Mr. Wade's right to sit as a judge in a case in which he had a strong and immediate personal interest. To Englishmen it seems strange indeed that Mr. Wade himself and the other Republican Senators should not have been conscious that, whether or not his presence were illegal, it was at least grossly indecent. America narrowly escaped the scandal of seeing the President convicted by the single vote of his successor—a vote foreknown and assured beforehand, and universally taken for granted by friends and foes.

The *American Annual Cyclopædia*†, of which the seventh volume contains the records of 1867, is about the most complete and convenient work of reference, for recent history, for the political events of the last few years, for the various features of social, commercial, industrial, and scientific progress, that has yet come under our notice, or, we believe, that has been published. It is impossible that a scheme so wide and so ambitious, embracing nearly every subject of human interest, should be executed in a manner fully worthy of the conception—that there should not be many omissions, many errors, many blemishes, due to haste, to carelessness, to prejudice, to ignorance, and to the simple impossibility of finding men with the qualifications and the leisure required to keep up with the times in each separate department of human knowledge. Were it otherwise, the work would be invaluable; as it is, its value is not easily estimated. A notion of its character and its range may be gathered by a glance at a few of its articles—Alabama, Bache, Brazil, Chemistry, Cotton, Jamaica, Literature, Nail Machine, Obituaries, Test of Iron by Magnetism, United States. Abyssinia occupies eight pages, closely printed in double columns; Astronomical Phenomena about the same; Congress no fewer than 120. An index of subjects, and another of contents, render reference easy and convenient. On the whole, the work is highly creditable to the literary history and publishing enterprise of America. A likeness of Mr. Peabody forms the frontispiece to the present volume.

* *Trial of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, before the Senate of the United States, on Impeachment by the House of Representatives of High Crimes and Misdemeanours*. Published by Order of the Senate. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *The American Annual Cyclopædia and Register of Important Events of the Year 1867*. Vol. VII. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

The *Old World in its New Face**, by Dr. Bellows, the well-known popular preacher of New York, is one of the most readable books of travel we have come across for some time past. The writer did not go outside the beaten track of Continental travellers, but confined his visits almost entirely to the principal towns of France and Germany. But he is an observant man and a facile writer, and describes in a simple and unaffected style the various scenes which it was his fortune to witness, and the impression made upon him by the contrast or the likeness they presented to those with which he was familiar in America. Though by no means free from the offensive and aggressive assertion of superiority common to his countrymen, he shows himself able to understand and appreciate the more obvious advantages of Continental life—the greater courtesy of manners, the comparative ease and grace of social life, the simplicity and cheerfulness of festive usages, and, in fact, many of those peculiarities which would have been most objectionable in the eyes of ordinary prejudice and bigotry. To an English reader the most interesting portions of the volume are those which relate to the religious condition of France and Germany, the progress of thought and theological inquiry among various Protestant sects, their policy, discipline, and internal conflicts; and still more the passages which describe the leaders and exponents of differing opinions with whom the author came in contact. His position and profession gave him access to a portion of society not familiar to the generality of travellers, and his liberality of tone enabled him to mix freely with and do justice to the leading minds of other schools than his own. Those, however, of whom he naturally saw most and tells us most belonged to the more advanced parties, and it may be doubted whether his account is not sometimes tinged by the prejudices and partialities of others, as well as by his own.

Margaret† is a story of Western life, marked by certain popular and other prejudices, but calculated altogether to assist the reader in forming an idea of the peculiar conditions of social and domestic life on the confines of American civilization.

A very elaborate and lengthy treatise on the *Trotting-Horse of America*‡ tells us probably all that is to be known about the kind of horse most prized in the Northern States, the qualities that most contribute to his success and enhance his value, the class of persons by whom "trotting-horses" are kept and trotting-matches made, and the various interests and usages that have gathered, in the course of years, round the amusement which the youth of the North have substituted for the English sports of hunting and horse-racing. It is worthy of notice that this characteristic preference of the gig or sleigh to the saddle does not extend to the south of the Potomac. Stuart's cavalry, Morgan's guerrillas, Mosby's irregulars, were raised among a nation of bold and skilful riders; and it was long before the Federal commanders were able to collect, among the Irish and German population, a cavalry that could encounter them.

An interesting work on Pisciculture§ informs us that the scarcity of the choicer species of fish is beginning to be felt on the other side of the Atlantic, and to produce the same efforts for the reparation of the mischief that have proved so successful at Stormontfield and elsewhere. Besides making efforts to re-stock their streams, the Americans have taken to breeding trout in artificial ponds, constantly supplied by a stream of fresh water; and a skilful pursuit of this new species of farming appears, in more than one instance, to have led already to decided success and considerable profits. The book will be interesting and useful to fish-cultivators, and entertaining to the public at large.

Kiddle's New Elementary Astronomy|| is not a work likely to suit or interest the general reader; nor, indeed, does it appear to be exactly and consistently adapted to any class of readers. It begins with the very simplest mathematical definitions, such as only the most ignorant would require; and afterwards plunges into mathematical problems and demonstrations not very abstruse indeed, but such as presuppose an acquaintance with the subject which would render the earlier definitions wholly unnecessary. The non-mathematical parts of the work are more satisfactory, and embody a considerable amount of recent and valuable information; but a reader unacquainted with mathematics who wished to acquire an elementary knowledge of astronomy would find Guillemin's great work at once much easier of comprehension and infinitely more interesting, and the facilities afforded by circulating libraries render the difference of price comparatively a matter of no moment.

Dr. Wormley's elaborate and ponderous work on the Micro-

* *The Old World in its New Face*. Impressions of Europe in 1867-68. By Henry W. Bellows. Vol. I. New York: Harper Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

† *Margaret*. A Story of Life in a Prairie Home. By Lyndon. Third Thousand. New York: Scribner & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

‡ *The Trotting-Horse of America; how to Train and Drive Him; with Reminiscences of the Trotting Turf*. By Hiram Woodruff. Edited by Charles J. Foster, of "Wilkes's Spirit of the Times." Including an Introductory Notice by Geo. Wilkes, and a Biographical Sketch by the Editor. New York: Ford & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

§ *American Fish-Culture. Embracing all the Details of Artificial Breeding and Rearing of Trout, the Culture of Salmon, Shad, and other Fishes*. By Thaddeus Norris, Author of "The American Angler's Book." Illustrated. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

|| *A New Manual of the Elements of Astronomy, Descriptive and Mathematical, with Directions for the Use of the Globes and for Studying the Constellations*. By Henry Kiddle, A.M., Assistant Superintendent of Schools, N.Y. New York: Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

chemistry of Poisons * contains careful and detailed information concerning the nature, microscopic structure, appearance, and qualities of various poisonous substances, the different means by which their presence may be detected, the apparatus employed in several modes of investigation, and so forth; the letterpress being explained and illustrated, in a variety of instances, by well-executed engravings. The work is well suited to the use of medical students, analytical chemists, and lawyers who may desire to familiarize themselves with a subject which is often brought under their professional notice, but is hardly calculated to interest the general public.

The reverse is the case with the next work on our list, which also relates to poisoning. The *Opium Habit* † is a treatise on the dangers of one of the most subtle and fascinating of anodynes, which, though little heard of by the public, and little noticed by the preachers of temperance, is affirmed by the author to have caused and to be causing more mischief, misery, and death than alcohol. This may be an exaggeration; but the assertion is fortified by lengthy extracts from the confessions of De Quincey, Coleridge, Blair, and other victims of the fatal narcotic, as well as by an account of various instances known to the writer personally in which the protracted and habitual use of opium has produced death, incurable debility of mind and body, or disease only to be cured by the most careful treatment and through the most terrible suffering. The author describes in detail the mode of its operation, and the nature of the changes which it effects on the system; the reasons which render its abandonment a task of extreme difficulty, requiring infinitely greater courage and resolution than the relinquishment of alcohol by a drunkard; the frightful suffering through which the victim must obtain emancipation, and the method of treatment by which the author believes that a cure might most effectually and least painfully be effected. He more than once declares that in nearly all cases the mischief has been begun by the carelessness of medical men in recommending laudanum for temporary use, without giving due notice of its dangers, and he emphatically insists on the necessity of cautioning all who may be obliged to use it occasionally against permitting the use to become a habit. His book itself conveys the most awful and alarming lesson on the subject that his heart could desire.

We have also to mention two volumes of popular physiology, by Dr. A. J. Bellows, a well-known chemical lecturer in America—the first entitled the *Philosophy of Eating* ‡, which has already reached a fourth edition; the other, its sequel, bearing the less agreeable title, *How Not to be Sick*. We should here observe that the Americans use this word in its proper and original sense; and say “I am sick,” where too many Englishmen would say, less grammatically and less accurately, “I am ill.” Dr. Bellows’ second work is a warning against disease in general, and not against the simpler consequences of excess or imprudence in eating or drinking.

A Hebrew Grammar §, with exercises in translation and re-translation; a Short-trip Guide to Europe ||; and another illustrated edition of Whittier’s Poems ¶, containing *Snow Bound* and his other recent publications, complete our list for the month.

* *Micro-Chemistry of Poisons; including their Physiological, Pathological, and Legal Relations, adapted to the Use of the Medical Jurist, Physician, and General Chemist.* By Theo. G. Wormley, M.D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology in Starling Medical College, &c. With 78 Illustrations upon Steel. New York: Baillière Brothers. London: H. Baillière; Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

† *The Opium Habit, with Suggestions as to the Remedy.* New York: Harper Brothers. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

‡ *The Philosophy of Eating.* Fourth Edition. *How Not to be Sick: a Sequel to the Philosophy of Eating.* By Albert J. Bellows, M.D., &c. &c. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

§ *A New Practical Hebrew Grammar, with Exercises, and a Hebrew Chrestomathy.* By Solomon Deutsch, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

|| *Appleton’s Short-Trip Guide to Europe [1868], principally devoted to England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, France, Germany, and Italy, with Glances of Spain, Short Routes in the East, &c. &c.* By Henry Morford, Author of “Over Sea,” &c. &c. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.

¶ *The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier.* Complete Edition, with Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1869.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES AND STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.—Gas on dark days.
WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of PICTURES by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS is NOW OPEN at the French Gallery, 130 Pall Mall, from Half-past Nine till Half-past Five o’clock. Admission, 1s.—Lighted at dusk.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The BRITISH MUSEUM will be OPEN to the Public on Saturday the 26th, and from the 28th to the 31st December 1868, inclusive, from Ten to Four o’clock; but it will be CLOSED from the 1st to the 7th of January 1869, inclusive, during which period no Visitor can be admitted.
J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.

THE MEYRICK COLLECTION of ARMOUR has been REMOVED from Goodrich Court to South Kensington Museum, and will be Exhibited to the Public Daily, on and after Saturday, December 26, in the Galleries overlooking the Horticultural Gardens.

THE TOWNSHEND BEQUEST to the South Kensington Museum of BRITISH and FOREIGN PICTURES will be Exhibited Daily, on and after Saturday, December 26, in the Galleries overlooking the Horticultural Gardens.

THE COLLECTION of BRITISH ARMS and ORDNANCE Exhibited in Paris by the War Department will be ON VIEW Daily, on and after Saturday, December 26, in the Galleries overlooking the Horticultural Gardens.

THE NAVAL MODELS Exhibited in Paris by the Admiralty and Private Exhibitors will be ON VIEW Daily, on and after Saturday, December 26, in the Galleries overlooking the Horticultural Gardens.

THE DESIGNS for FANS executed by Female Students in Competition for Prizes offered by the Science and Art Department, South Kensington Museum, will be Exhibited Daily, on and after Saturday, December 26, in the Galleries overlooking the Horticultural Gardens.

BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.—MEMBERS are asked the CLUB EXHIBITIONS for the Year 1869 will be as follows:

1. A Collection of ORIENTAL PORCELAIN, arranged with reference to the History of its Manufacture, open during the Months of January, February, March.
2. A Collection of the Works of ALBERT DÜRER and LUCAS of Leyden. Open during April, May, June.

Members desiring to contribute to either or both of these Exhibitions are requested to communicate their intention to the Honorary Secretary as early as possible.
R. N. WORNUM, Hon. Sec.

BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.—The GENERAL MEETING on the Third Tuesday in May, 1869, will be made SPECIAL, to receive a Proposal from the Committee for ENLARGING the Scope and Accommodation of the CLUB.

THE SUNDAY SERVICES at St. JAMES’S HALL will be conducted, on and after Sunday, January 3, 1869, by the Rev. J. H. HALL, I.L.B., by request of a body of Christian Laymen, including Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, and Congregationalists.

At these Services the Doctrines of Evangelical Christianity will be expounded on the basis of Holy Scripture; and the Worship will include portions of the English Liturgy, with Free Prayer. An Offertory for Expenses at each Service.

Afternoon Service from Three to Four: Litany and Sermon, to be followed by a short Prayer Meeting. Evening Service from Half-past Six to Eight: Evensong, Prayer, and Sermon. The Doors will be opened for Free Admission to the Public Half an Hour before each Service. Tickets for Reserved Seats, for a Single Service, a Month, or a Quarter of a Year, may be had of Mr. Edwards, 32 Carnaby Street, Regent Street; Messrs. Nisbet & Co., Berners Street; Mr. Holmes, 120 Oxford Street; Messrs. Snow & Co., Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row; and Mr. Austin, Ticket Office, St. James’s Hall, where also may be obtained the Hymn Book specially prepared for the St. James’s Hall Services, price 3d.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—FACULTY of MEDICINE. THE CLASSES will recommence on Monday, January 4, 1869.

FACULTY of ARTS (including the Department of the APPLIED SCIENCES). THE LENT TERM will commence on Tuesday, January 5, 1869.

In most of the CLASSES such a division of the Subjects is made as enables Students to enter with advantage at this period.

The SCHOOLS for BOYS between the ages of Seven and Sixteen. THE LENT TERM will begin for New Pupils at 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday, January 12, 1869. Former Pupils must return on the following day.

The EVENING CLASSES for Classics, Modern Languages, Mathematics, the Natural Sciences, Law, &c. The LENT TERM will commence on Monday, January 11, 1869.

Prospectuses of the various Departments of the College, containing full information respecting Classes, Fees, Days, and Hours of Attendance, &c., and Copies of Regulations relative to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, and Prizes open to Competition by the Students of the College, may be obtained at the Office of the College on application, either personally or by letter.

The College is very near the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and within a few minutes’ walk of the Termini of the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways.

December 1868. JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—LOGIC: HISTORY of PHILOSOPHY.

Professor CROOM ROBERTSON will commence on Wednesday, January 6, at 10 a.m., a COURSE of about SEVENTY LECTURES on LOGIC. Two Lectures a Week will be given in the Lent Term (on Wednesdays and Thursdays), and Four a Week in the Summer Term (on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays). Fee 24 4s.

On Thursday Evening, January 16, at 8 a.m., Professor ROBERTSON will begin a COURSE for Advanced Students, of TWENTY LECTURES on the HISTORY of MODERN PHILOSOPHY FROM THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. The Course will be continued Weekly, on Thursdays, at the same hour. Fee 48 s.

December 1868. JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—A SERIES of SIX LECTURES on Literary, Scientific, and Artistic Subjects, will be delivered at this College, on the Second Tuesday Evenings of the Months of January, February, March, April, May and June next, commencing at 8.30.

First Lecture, January 12, 1869, by Professor HUXLEY, F.R.S. Subject, THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.

Second Lecture, February 9, by J. NORMAN LOCKYER, Esq., F.R.A.S. Subject, THE SUN.

Third Lecture, March 9, by Professor T. H. KEY, F.R.S. Subject, SOME LEADING PRINCIPLES IN ETYMOLOGY.

An early announcement will be made of the subsequent Lectures.

Tickets for the Course, which are Transferable and will admit either Ladies or Gentlemen, may be obtained at the Office of the College, price 10s. 6d. The proceeds will be paid over to the Fund now being raised for erecting the South Wing of the College.

December 1868. JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

President and Visitor.—THE LORD BISHOP of WORCESTER.

Head-Master.

The Rev. ARTHUR FABER, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford.

The Next Term will commence on Wednesday, January 27, 1869.

Full information on application to HENRY ALDRICH, Esq., the Secretary.

QUEEN’S COLLEGE, London, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1853, for the General Education of Ladies, and for Granting Certificates of Knowledge.

Patrons—HER MAJESTY the QUEEN; H.R.H. the PRINCESS of WALES.

Visitor.—THE LORD BISHOP of LONDON.

Principal.—The Very Rev. the DEAN of WESTMINSTER.

The College will Reopen for the Lent Term on Monday, January 18.

Individual Instruction is given in Vocal and Instrumental Music to Pupils attending at least One Class.

Special Conversation Classes in Modern Languages will be formed on the entry of Six Names.

Pupils are received from the age of Thirteen upwards.

Arrangements are made for receiving Boarders.

Prospectuses, with full particulars as to Fees, Scholarships, Classes, &c., may be had on application to Miss MILWARD, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

QUEEN’S COLLEGE SCHOOL, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.

Lady Superintendent.—Miss HAY.

Assistant.—Miss WALKER.

The CLASSES of the School will Reopen on Monday, January 18. Pupils are received from the age of Five upwards.

Prospectuses, with full particulars, may be had on application to Miss MILWARD, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

QUEEN’S COLLEGE INSTITUTION for LADIES, Tufnell

Park, Camden Road, London.

Fee for Residents in Finishing School, 40 Guineas per annum.

Fee for Residents in Middle School, 40 Guineas per annum.

Fee for Residents in Elementary School, 30 Guineas per annum.

Payment reckoned from Entrance.

Governess-Students received. Certificates granted.

For Prospectuses, with List of Rev.-Patrons and Lady-Patronesses, address Mrs. MOUNTAIN, Lady-Principal, at the College.

Scriptural Teaching under the Superintendence of Rev. Wm. McCall and Rev. J. Wright.

Lectures, by various Lecturers: English, Mr. Wood and Mr. Home; Latin, Mr. Woods; French, Messrs. Des Portes and De Meillac; German, Herr Hirschfeld; Italian, Signor Pizzetti; Spanish, Sr. Pizarro; Persian, Mr. Macarren and Mr. G. Gardner; Singing, Herr Bosch and Mr. W. H. Monk; Drawing, Mr. Gandee and Mr. Sims; Dancing and Callisthenics, Mr. Webb George; Daily Medical Attendant, Dr. Rawlins.

TOR CREST HALL, Warberry Hill, Torquay, under the Rev.

T. R. R. STEBBING, M.A., sometime Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford.

First and Second Class Classics. First Class in Law and Modern History, and formerly Tutor and Assistant-Master at Wellington College.

The Age of Pupils at the time of Admission should be between Ten and Fifteen. In the Domestic Arrangements the Pupils are treated in every respect as Members of the Family. Fees—under Fourteen, 150 Guineas; over Fourteen, 200 Guineas. The next Term begins Jan. 19.

ASPLEY SCHOOL, Woburn, Bedfordshire (for the Sons of Gentlemen), conducted by Dr. LOVELL, formerly of Winslow Hall and Mannheim, Author of "The Practical German Grammar," "Epitome of English History," and other Educational Works. The Course of Study is preparatory to the Universities, Public Schools, Military Colleges, and Army and Navy Examinations. The general instruction comprises the Latin and Greek Languages and Classics, Geography, Elements of Natural Philosophy, and pure Mathematics, together with French and German, for which there are resident Foreign Teachers. The Premises are extensive, and among the best suited to College purposes in all England. A space of Eight Acres, on a lofty elevation, is used for Cricket and other Athletic Sports. The village of Aspley is a remarkably healthy locality, one mile from Woburn Sands Station. Inclusive Terms, Fifty to Sixty Guineas, according to age on entrance.

GLOUCESTER HOUSE, Elms Road, Clapham Common.—Rev. G. ELIOTT, B.A., King's Coll. Lond. receives a limited number of BOYS to be prepared for the Public Schools, Army, Navy, and Civil Service Examinations, &c. Terms, £20 and £70 per annum. Address, till Jan. 10, at Church House, Merton, S.W.

NORTHCOLE HOUSE, Rugby.—The Rev. CHARLES HOUGHTON, M.A., Emmanuel College, Cambridge, receives a limited number of PUPILS, to prepare for the Public Schools, the Naval, Military, and Civil Service Examinations.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—CANDIDATES intending to present themselves at the OPEN COMPETITION, commencing on March 16, 1869, are reminded that CERTIFICATES of Birth, Health, and Character, should be sent to the Secretary to the Civil Service Commissioners, London, S.W., on or before the 1st of February. Regulations may be obtained on application.

CIVIL SERVICE and ARMY.—Mr. W. M. LUPTON (Author of "English History and Arithmetic for Competitive Examinations") has GENTLEMEN preparing for all Departments of both Services.—Address, 15 Beaufort Buildings, Strand.

CIVIL SERVICE, ARMY, ENGINEERING, and UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.—CANDIDATES, resident or not, are prepared by a Staff of experienced Teachers, at the HARTLEY INSTITUTION, Southampton.—Address, the Principal.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.—A CAMBRIDGE WRANGLER, who has been for Five years in the Bengal Civil Service, is willing to Teach the HINDI, HINDUSTANI, and PERSIAN LANGUAGES.—Apply by letter to B. C. S., 3 Cork Street, W.

WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, and CIVIL SERVICE.—The Rev. Dr. HUGHES (Wrangler, Joh. Col. Cam.) receives into his House TWELVE PUPILS for above, has passed 300.—Castlebar Court, Ealing, W.

NAVAL CADETS, &c.—EASTMAN'S

R. N. ACADEMY, SOUTHEAST.—At the Examination in August last MORE than ONE-FOURTH of ALL the Successful Candidates passed from Eastman's R. N. Academy. At this Month's Examination ONE-THIRD of ALL the SUCCESSFUL NAVAL CADETS passed from Eastman's. More than 90 Pupils have entered H. M. Service. A Class of Non-commissioned Officers will meet (D.V.) on the 4th of January, 1869. For every information, address Dr. SPICKEKNEILL, as above.

DR. COATES (LL.D.), M.A., continues to prepare CANDIDATES, in or out of Residence, for the Matriculation and B.A. Examinations of the University of London, and for the Preliminary (Aristo) Examinations of the Royal College of Surgeons, Apothecaries' Hall, Incorporated Law Society, &c.—10 Trinity Square, S.E.

FOLKESTONE.—The Rev. C. L. ACLAND, M.A. of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, late Principal of the Epiphany Institution, Romney, prepare PUPILS for the Indian Civil Service and other competitive Examinations.—Terms and references on application.

FOLKESTONE.—Tuition for the Universities, &c.—The Rev. A. B. FINLAY, M.A. Oxford, continues to receive PUPILS. Number limited to Four. A vacancy at once.

BRIGHTON.—An M.A., who has several PUPILS preparing for the UNIVERSITIES, will be happy to receive others requiring similar instruction. For Terms, &c. address H. O., Messrs. Treacher, 1 North Street, Brighton.

GUERNSEY.—Mr. H. C. WATSON, M.A., Vice-Principal of Elizabeth College, Guernsey (Eighth Wrangler, Trin. Coll. Camb.), receives into his House a limited Number of PUPILS to prepare for the Universities, Woolwich, and Civil Service Examinations.—Address, La Pierre Perce, Guernsey.

EDUCATION IN FRANCE.—A FRENCH PROTESTANT MINI-TER, a Graduate in Honours of the Universities of Paris and Montauban, living in the Vicinity of Rouen and between that city and Paris, has Vacancies for TWO PUPILS from the Ages of Fourteen to Seventeen, for instruction in French, the Classics, Mathematics, &c. A PROTESTANT PENSIONNAT for YOUNG LADIES established at the same place has Vacancies for ENIG PUPILS.—Particulars will be furnished by M. MONTAGNE. References are permitted to MANSLEY HOPKINS, Esq., Roy. Exchange Buildings, London.

PROTESTANT EDUCATION IN PARIS.—Madlle. CREISEL, Miss HOPPEL, receive into their Establishment a limited number of ENGLISH and FRENCH PUPILS. The Younger Classes are taught on the Pestalozzian System; the First Parisian Professors are engaged for the Older Pupils; there is also a Class for those who wish to pass their Examination at the Hotel de Ville. References kindly permitted to the Rev. John Bramston, Witham, Essex, and the Rev. G. Corry, 9 St. Philip's Terrace, Kensington, and the Parents of Pupils.—Address, 57 Boulevard Bineau, Pare de Neuilly, Paris.

EDUCATION.—The Rev. J. W. SHEPHERD, B.A. Trin. Coll. Cambridge, prepares BOYS for the Public Schools and for the Competitive Examinations. Terms (inclusive), 100 Guineas. References on application.—Uxbridge School, Middlesex.

TUITION.—The VICAR of a Small Village near London, of great experience in Tuition, prepares PUPILS for Universities, Civil Service, Army, &c. Has Two Vacancies.—Address, Rev. B., Ingatstone, Essex.

PUPILS.—A COUNTRY VICAR, M.A. (Married), receives PUPILS to prepare for Public Schools, University, Direct Commissions, or Civil Service. Every Home in England a Village. Terms, 100 Guineas.—Address, Rev. J. H. E., Botolph Claydon Vicarage, Cambridgeshire.

SKETCHING FROM NATURE.—LADIES' MORNING CLASS, 41 Fitzroy Square.—Mr. B. R. GREEN, Member of the Institute of Water Colour Painters, receives LADIES twice a Week for Instruction in Drawing and Painting (both Figure and Landscape), Model Drawing and Perspective.—Particulars forwarded.

PRIVATE TUTOR.—An OXFORD MAN, Scholar and Exhibitioner, desires to meet with a TUTORSHIP, either Resident or Travelling. A good Classical and French Scholar.—Address, OXFORD, Woking's Library, Brighton.

HEAD-MASTERSHIP of the GIGGLESWICK GRAMMAR SCHOOL.—THE GOVERNORS will receive Applications and Testimonials until Easter 1869. They propose to proceed to the Election before the close of April 1869, so as to enable the Head-Master to commence the discharge of his duties at Midsummer 1869. A statement of the Duties, Privileges, and Emoluments of the Head-Master and of the intentions of the Governors may be obtained from WILLIAM HARTLEY, Esq., Solicitor, Settle, Yorkshire, to whom all Communications must be addressed. The Head-Master may be either a Layman or in Holy Orders. Settle, December 1868.

TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.—A FIRM of LONDON ARCHITECTS and SURVEYORS, with Town and Country Practice, are willing to receive a YOUNG MAN of good Family and Education as ART-LED PUPIL.—Address, R. T. B. A., the "Jerusalem," Cornhill.

A GRADUATE of OXFORD desires a TRAVELLING TUTORSHIP during the Winter Months.—Address, ETON ROAD, Post Office, Pangbourne.

TRAVELLING COMPANION.—A GENTLEMAN, aged Thirty, of Liberal Education, hitherto engaged in Mercantile Pursuits, who has travelled through the Principal parts of Europe, offers himself as TRAVELLING COMPANION to the SON of a Merchant or Manufacturer desirous of personally acquainting himself with the Resources and Capabilities of any part of the World with which he is connected by Business or otherwise.—Address, COMPANION, Woodcock's Library, Richmond, Surrey.

COURTIERS and TRAVELLING SERVANTS SOCIETY, composed of Respectable Men of different Nations. Established 1861, and enrolled according to Statute.—This Society and Gentry are informed that Efficient and Trustworthy Persons may be obtained by applying to the SECRETARY, 12 Dury Street, St. James's.

GRAND HOTEL, Brighton, Limited.—Under New Management, New Direction, replete with every Comfort, newly Decorated. Dinners à la carte. Table d'hôte at a Quarter to 7 P.M. Restaurant from 1 to 4. Hobden's Sea-water Baths under cover from the Hotel.

GEO. QUIDDINGTON, Manager.

BEDFORD HOTEL, Brighton.—Every endeavour is made to render this Hotel equal to its long-existing repute. The Coffee-room, with extensive Sea-frontage, has been enlarged and improved. Communications to "The Manager" will be promptly attended to.

HYDROPATHY.—ILKLEY WELLS HOUSE, Ilkley, Wharfedale, via Leeds, Yorkshire.—A most desirable WINTER HOME for Patients requiring Treatment, or for Visitors in search of Change and Rest.—For Prospectus, apply to Mr. STRACHAN, House Steward, as above.

HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, S.W. Physician.—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Turkish Baths.

TO the NERVOUS and PARALYSED.—BRIGHTON.—Mr. HARRY LOBB, Surgeon-Electrician, having a VACANCY at his Home, 2 Old Steine, offers to Patients the comforts of a Home, Sea Air, and the professional employment of the latest discoveries in Medical Electricity.—Apply to 31 Sackville Street, London; or 2 Old Steine, Brighton.

MR. WM. HOWARD, Clerical, Educational, and Scholastic Agent, 3 Charing Cross, S.W.—(Patrons: The Earl of Scarborough, the Earl of Feversham, the Lord Muncaster, Sir George Wombwell, Bart., Sir Henry Vavasour, Bart., &c.)

TO LANDOWNERS.—WANTED TO PURCHASE, OAK, ELM, ASH, and FIR TIMBER, as it stands; Cash payments.—Particulars to be sent to FULLER & FULLER, Land and Timber Valuers, 25 Bucklersbury, London (two doors west of the Mansion House).

TO LANDOWNERS.—A MANOR of from 1,500 to 3,000 Acres REQUIRED, with a moderate-sized RESIDENCE.—FULLER & FULLER are instructed to RENT on LEASE some First-class SHOOTING. Distance from London or Railway Station: no object so long as the Shooting through the Season can be depended on.—Particulars and Terms addressed H. W. E., Esq., at the Agent's, 25 Bucklersbury, will receive early attention.

TO LANDOWNERS.—SHOOTING WANTED, in Norfolk or Suffolk, extending over from 4,000 to 8,000 Acres.—FULLER & FULLER are instructed to negotiate for the RENTING on LEASE of a First-class MANOR, well-stocked with Game, and a FURNISHED COTTAGE or HUNTING-BOX.—Particulars addressed to W.C. Esq., care of FULLER & FULLER, Agents, 25 Bucklersbury, London, will receive early attention.

TO LANDOWNERS.—RABBIT and GOOD GENERAL SHOOTING.—THREE GUNS can be admitted for the Remainder of the Season, at a moderate Price, over a Manor extending to 3,000 Acres.—For information apply to the Agents, FULLER & FULLER, 25 Bucklersbury.

TO LANDOWNERS.—£250,000 TRUST MONEY at 4 per cent.—The above Sum or a Portion can be ADVANCED for a Term of Ten Years on ample FREEHOLD LANDED SECURITY.—Application to be made to the Estate Agents and Land Valuers, FULLER & FULLER, 25 Bucklersbury, E.C.

SPLENDID ACHROMATIC TELESCOPE BY COOKE AND SONS, NOW FIXED IN THE OBSERVATORY, HOVE, NEAR BRIGHTON.

MESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY, & Co. have received instructions from the Executors of the late CHARLES HOWELL, Esq., F.R.A.S., to offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, on Wednesday, January 13 next, at Two o'clock, a splendid EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE, with Object Glass 6½ inches aperture, 100 inches focal length, with graduated Hour and Right Ascension Circles, Position Circle, double wire Micrometer Clockwork motion, &c. It is equatorially mounted on massive iron pillar for fixed Observatory, and has been carefully tested by competent Astronomers, and is capable of separating the closest double Stars. May be inspected at the Observatory. Have, on application to ROBERT UFFERTON, Jun., Esq., Pavilion Buildings, Brighton; and more detailed particulars may be obtained of the Auctioneers, 63 Old Broad Street, City.

THE LOMBARD EXCHANGE and NEWS ROOM, Lombard Street, E.C., will be OPENED for BUSINESS on the 1st of January, 1869, under the Management of Mr. J. H. YOUNGHUSBAND, late Treasurer and Secretary of the Liverpool Exchange. In addition to the Advantages enumerated in the Prospectus, arrangements have been made to supply the latest Commercial, Political, and General TELEGRAPHIC INFORMATION. The Terms of Subscription are £3 3s. per annum, payable in advance; and Gentlemen desirous of becoming Subscribers are requested to send in their Applications before the 30th inst., to Mr. A. F. CROOM, 4 Jeffreys Square, St. Mary Axe, E.C.; or to Mr. G. W. BENWELL, Secretary, City Offices Company, Limited, Palmerston Buildings, Old Broad Street, London. N.B.—Cheques sent by Post to be crossed "National Provincial Bank of England."

THE LOMBARD EXCHANGE and NEWS ROOM—BROKERS and SHIPOWNERS, Subscribers to the Room, desirous of Advertising VESSELS LOADING, are requested to make early Application for Space to Mr. G. W. BENWELL, Secretary, City Offices Company, Limited, Palmerston Buildings, Old Broad Street, E.C.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.—NORTH LONDON or UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL, Gower Street.—THE COMMITTEE earnestly Appeals for CONTRIBUTIONS on Behalf of those who cannot PLED. Three new Warms recently Opened. Two are exclusively devoted to little Children. Donations, &c., thankfully received by Mr. FRANCIS H. GOLDWIN, Bart., M.P., Treasurer, St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park; by the SECRETARY; and by Mr. W. J. GOODE, Clerk to the Hospital Committee.

HENRY J. KELLY, R.N. Secretary.

LEGAL, CLERICAL, and MEDICAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, Limited.—STORE, 474 Euston Road, N.W. MEMBERS are informed that the BRUSH and TURNERY DEPARTMENT is NOW OPENED, and that on Friday, January 1, 1869, the WINE and SPIRIT DEPARTMENT will be RE-OPENED by the Society.

MOURNING, ONE GUINEA and a HALF the DRESS.—Janus Cord, Manufactured expressly for Messrs. JAY, and recommended by them as the best, the cheapest, and the most durable Material at the price for Mourning. Janus Cord makes up remarkably well, and Ladies who at this Season of the Year wear Black will find it an excellent wearing Dress.

JAY'S.

BLACK VELVETEEN DRESSES, made from Silk Velvet Paris Model.—Black Velveteens finished for Messrs. JAY have a special brilliancy of colour, and when made up have almost the same effect as Lyons Velvet, at about one-third the cost. These Black Velveteens are also cut from the piece by the yard in any required length.

JAY'S.

FRENCH PATTERN VELVET MANTLES.—LADIES returning to Town, who have not yet bought their Promenade and Carriage Winter Mantle, will find some at Messrs. JAY'S. These Mantles, though purchased at Messrs. Worth and Bobergh's, and other eminent House, are nevertheless now sold at a reduction of from 5 to 10 Guineas less than the cost price in Paris.

JAY'S.

THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE, 247, 249, 251 Regent Street.

MAPPIN & WEBB, ELECTRO-PLATE MANUFACTURERS and CUTLERS.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S LONDON FACTORY is at WINSLEY STREET ELECTRO-PLATE WORKS, Oxford Street.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S LONDON WAREHOUSES are at 71 and 72 CORNHILL, and 77 and 78 OXFORD STREET; and the ROYAL CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

DINNER, DESSERT, BREAKFAST, TEA, and TOILET SERVICES.—The Secret and Best Factors always on view. Every Description of CUT TABLE GLASS in great variety.

The Stock has been selected with much care, and is admirably suited for parties furnishing to choose from.

A large assortment of ORNAMENTAL GOODS, combining novelty with beauty.

First-class quality—superior taste—low prices.

ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39 LUDGATE HILL, E.C. Established 1760.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.
HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.
Bankers—Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, & CO., and BANK OF ENGLAND.
BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and Interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:

At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.
At 4 ditto ditto 6 ditto ditto
At 3 ditto ditto 3 ditto ditto

Exceptional Rates for longer periods than Twelve Months, particulars of which may be obtained on application.

Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.

Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.

Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1 OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17 FILL MALL, LONDON.

Established 1803.

SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL, £1,600,000.

Insurances due at CHRISTMAS should be renewed within Fifteen days thereafter (last day, January 9), or the same will become void.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Instituted 1820.

The Security of a Subscribed Capital of £750,000, and an Assurance Fund amounting to more than seven years' purchase of the total Annual Income.

Eighty per cent. of the Profits divided among the Assured every Fifth Year.

Assurances of all kinds, Without Profits, at considerably Reduced Rates.

Policies granted at very Low Rates of Premium for the First Five Years.

The most Liberal Conditions in respect of Foreign Residence and Travel, Revival of Lapsed Policies, and Surrender Values.

Whole-World Licenses free of charge, when the circumstances are favourable.

Endowments for Children.

Annuities—Immediate, Deferred, or Reversionary.

Notices of Assignment registered and acknowledged without a fee.

The revised Prospectus, with full Particulars and Tables, to be obtained at the Company's Offices in London, 1 Old Broad Street, E.C., and 16 Pall Mall, S.W., and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary.

FOUNDED 1836.

LEGAL AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

10 FLEET STREET, E.C.

Policies of this Society are guaranteed by very ample Funds; receive Nine-tenths of the total Profits as Bonus; enjoy peculiar "Whole-World" and other distinctive privileges; and are protected by special conditions against liability to future question.

Invested Funds £1,220,000
Annual Income 200,000

E. A. NEWTON, Actuary and Manager.

GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established in the Year 1837.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION STERLING.

CHIEF OFFICE—62 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Branches and Agencies in the principal Cities and Towns.

Life Assurers before December 31 will receive One Year's proportion of the next Bonus more than later Entrants.

Loans on Personal Security and Mortgage from £100.

GEORGE SCOTT FREEMAN, Secretary.

SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in 1831.

NEW BUSINESS, 1868.

New Assurances effected during the Year £253,597
Annual Premiums thereon 12,410

POSITION OF THE SOCIETY AT MARCH 1, 1868.

Existing Assurances £6,681,242
Accumulated Funds 1,777,651
Annual Revenue 247,510

TENTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.

At the Tenth Triennial Division of Profits, £14,264 6s. 3d., payable at the death of the parties entitled thereto, was added to the Participating Policies; giving a Bonus at the rate of £1 12s. 6d. per annum on each £100 assured in the First Year of the Society; of £1 12s. 6d. on each £100 Policy of the Fifth Year; and of £1 10s. 3d. on each Policy of the Tenth Year; and so on.

TOTAL AMOUNT OF VESTED BONUS ADDITIONS, £1,706,164.

A Policy for £1000, effected in 1832, now amounts to £1810 17 10
A Policy for £1000, effected in 1837, now amounts to 1678 16 9
A Policy for £1000, effected in 1842, now amounts to 1329 3 3

And so on in proportion to the number of years the Policy has subsisted.

The Annual Report, 1868, Forms of Proposal, Rates, and all information, may be obtained at the Head Office, or any of the Branches or Agencies.

GEORGE TODD, Manager.

WM. FINLAY, Secretary.

HEAD OFFICE: 25 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, Edinburgh.

LONDON OFFICE: 30 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.

ARCHD. T. RITCHIE, Resident Secretary.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

A.D. 1720.

(Established by Charter of His Majesty George the First.)

FOR SEA, FIRE, LIFE, AND ANNUITIES.

OFFICES—ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON. BRANCH OFFICE—29 PALL MALL, S.W.

OCTAVIUS WIGRAM, Esq., Governor.

JAMES STEWART HODGSON, Esq., Sub-Governor.

CHARLES JOHN MANNING, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.

Robert Barclay, Esq., John Garratt Cuttley, Esq., Mark Currie Close, Esq., Edward James Daniell, Esq., William Davidson, Esq., Laurence William Dent, Esq., Alexander Druce, Esq., Fredk. Joseph Edmann, Esq., Charles Hermann Gieschen, Esq., Riversdale W. Grenfell, Esq., Francis Alex. Hamilton, Esq., Robert Amundsen Heath, Esq., William Tetlow Hibbert, Esq., Wilmot Holland, Esq., Egerton Hubbard, Esq., Nevill Lubbock, Esq., Geo. Forbes Malcolmson, Esq., Lord Joceline Wm. Percy, Charles Robinson, Esq., Samuel Leo Schuster, Esq., Eric Carrington Smith, Esq., Joseph Somes, Esq., William Wallace, Esq., Charles Baring Young, Esq., Medical Referee—SAMUEL SOLLY, Esq., F.R.S.

NOTICE.—The usual Fifteen Days allowed for payment of FIRE PREMIUMS falling due at Christmas will expire on January 9.

FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCES may be effected on advantageous terms.

The Duty on Fire Assurances has been reduced to the uniform rate of 5s. 6d. per cent. per annum.

No Charge is made by this Corporation for Fire Policy or Stamp, however small the Assurance may be.

FARMING-STOCK.—No extra charge is made for the use of Steam Thrashing-Machines.

The Reversionary Bonus on British Life Policies has averaged nearly 2 per cent. per annum on the sum assured.

Equivalent reductions have been made in the Premiums payable by persons who preferred that form of Bonus.

The Divisions of Profit take place every Five years.

Any sum not exceeding £10,000 may be insured on one Life.

This Corporation affords to the Assured—
Liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.
The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a half.
Royal Exchange, London. ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

ATTENTION IS INVITED TO THE REPORT OF THE SIXTH SEPTENNIAL INVESTIGATION OF THE
SCOTTISH AMICABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
And to the Special Pamphlet explaining its economical and popular system of Minimum Premiums. Copies free on application.
LONDON OFFICE—1 THREADNEEDLE STREET, E.C.

THE GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED 1821—11 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Subscribed Capital, Two Millions.

NOTICE is hereby Given that FIRE POLICIES which expire at CHRISTMAS must be renewed within Fifteen Days at this Office, or with the Company's Agents throughout the Kingdom, otherwise they become void.

All Insurances now have the benefit of the REDUCED DUTY of 5s. 6d. per cent.

For Prospectus and other information apply to the Company's Agents, or to

T. TALLEMACH, Secretary.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE,

1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

The Oldest Office in the Kingdom. Instituted for Fire Business, A.D. 1696. Extended to Life, 1836.

The Whole of the Profits divided Yearly amongst the Members.

RETURNS FOR 1868.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

LIFE DEPARTMENT—55 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of above Five Years' standing.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL (25th December 1867), £1,191,508.

The Directors are willing to appoint, as Agents, Persons of good Position and Character.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION,

61 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

Amount of Policies now in force £7,300,000
Amount of Policies paid £5,350,000

President—BARON HEATH.
Vice-President—ALFRED HEAD, Esq.

Founded in 1806 on the principle of Mutual Assurance, and on the plan of reducing the Annual Premiums, after Seven years, to the lowest amount consistent with the security of the Society.

The Reduction this year (1868-69) is as follows:

On all Policies taken out before Jan., 1856 88 per cent.
July, 1865 78 per cent.

And it is fully expected that to all New Insurers it will begin at 70 per cent.

* * The average increase in the reduction of Premium has been One per cent. per annum for the last 28 years.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.**BILLIARDS.—DINING, LIBRARY, or HALL TABLES.**

Can be changed by One Person from a Billiard to a Dining Table Five Times in a Minute.

NO MACHINERY.
NOTHING TO REMOVE.
ALWAYS LEVEL.

SLATE BEDS.
Sole Manufacturers, COOPER & HOLT,
Wholesale and Export Cabinet Makers and Upholsterers, 48, 49 & 50 Bunhill Row.
Five Minutes' Walk from Moorgate Street and Broad Street Stations.

THE ZOETROPE, or Wheel of Life; the greatest Wonder

of the Age. This marvellous Optical Toy, complete, with 12 strips of Figures, price 1s. Carriage free for 90 Stamps.

H. G. CLARKE & CO., 2 Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

THE MOST LAUGHABLE THING ON EARTH.—A NEW

PARLOUR PASTIME. £50,000 Comical Transformations of Wit and Humour. Endless Amusement for Parties of Two to Fifty. Post free for 14 Stamps.

H. G. CLARKE & CO., 2 Garrick Street, Covent Garden.

THE MAGIC DONKEYS.—Roars of Laughter.—These

wonderful Animals go through their extraordinary Evolutions daily, at 2 Garrick Street. The Fair sent post free for 14 Stamps.

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